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JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin

Published May 1st 1781 by J. Nichols &c &c.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.

WITH

Notes, Historical and Critical.

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

CORRECTED AND REVISED BY

JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A. EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; R. BALDWIN; OTRIDGE AND SON; F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. PAYNE; R. FAULDER; G. ROBINSON; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; R. LEA; J. NUNN; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; J. WALKER; T. EGERTON; CLARKE AND SON; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; J. CARPENTER; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; CADELL AND DAVIES; W. MILLER; J. AND A. ARCH; S. BAGSTER; J. MURRAY; J. HARDING; R. H. EVANS; AND J. MAWMAN.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRANCIS RAWDON HASTINGS,

EARL OF MOIRA, BARON RAWDON, ETC. ETC.

THAN WHOM THE UNITED DOMINIONS

CONTAIN NOT A TRUER PATRIOT;

WHO COULD DISTINGUISH HIMSELF BY HIS PEN,

NO LESS THAN BY HIS SWORD AND HIS ELOQUENCE;

THE WORKS

OF

DEAN SWIFT

ARE,

WITH STRICT-PROPRIETY,

INSCRIBED,

BY

A MEMBER OF THE CORPORATION OF LONDON,

WHO HAS THE HONOUR TO SUBSCRIBE HIMSELF

HIS LORDSHIP'S

GREATLY OBLIGED

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN NICHOLS.

June, 1808.

187905

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OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN presenting to the publick a new edition of the Works of so well known and popular a writer as Dr. SWIFT, it would be equally unjust and invidious to withhold the preliminary observations of men high in esteem for critical sagacity, who on former occasions have not disdained to undertake the office of ushering the Dean's writings into the world: These, therefore, will be found collected into one point of view in the General Preface.

From a large accumulation of useful materials (to which the present Editor had contributed no inconsiderable share, and to which in 1779 he annexed a copious index to the Dean's works, and a chronological list of the epistolary correspondence) a regular edition in seventeen volumes was in 1784 compiled by the late Mr. Sheridan; to whom the former biographers were collectors of materials; and who prefixed an excellent life of the Dean, which no man was better qualified than himself to undertake. This renders it unnecessary to enter farther on that subject, than merely to observe, in the words of a late worthy

friend*, that, "if we deduct somewhat from report, which is apt to add to the oddities of men of note, the greatest part of his conduct may be accounted for by the common operations of human nature—'*Choler*,' lord Bacon observes, 'puts men on action; when it grows adust, it turns to melancholy.' In Swift, that humour seems to have been predominant; governed, however, even in his younger days, by a fund of good sense, and an early experience of the world. He was thrown, luckily, in the prime of life, into the family of a great personage, where he had the happiness of an interview with a monarch; from whence he had resonable hopes of satisfying his towering ambition. But he found them followed by nothing but disappointment. In a course of years, honours seemed a second time to make their court to him. He came into favour with a prime minister under another reign, even when different principles prevailed from those which guided his former patron; a rare felicity! which, however, in the event, served only to convince him, that he was banished to Ireland for life, and that all hopes were cut off of his rising, even there, any higher than the Deanery. What would one of his parts and wit do in such a situation, but drop mankind as much as possi-

* Mr. Bowyer, the juſtly celebrated printer.

ble, especially the higher class of it, which to a man of humour is naturally a restraint; where, at best, as he observes, the only difference is, to have two candles on the table instead of one? What, I say, would such a one do, but cultivate an acquaintance with those who were disappointed like himself? what but write compliments on ladies, lampoons on men in power, sarcasms on human nature, trifle away life between whim and resentment, just as the bile arose or subsided? He had sense, and I believe religion, enough to keep him from vice; and from a consciousness of his integrity, was less solicitous about the appearances of virtue, or even decency, which is often the counterfeit of it. The patriot principle, which he had imbibed in queen Anne's reign, lurked at the bottom of his heart; which, as it was more active in those days than since, sometimes roused him to defend the Church, and Ireland his asylum, against any encroachments.—View him now in his decline. Passions decay, and the lamp of life and reason grows dim. It is the fate of many, I may say most geniuses, who have secluded themselves from the world, to lose their senses in their old age; especially those who have worn them out in thought and application. Providence, perhaps, has therefore ordained, that the eyes, the inlets of knowledge, should be impaired, before the understanding, the repository of it, is decayed;

that the defects of the former may protract the latter. Few of us are enough sensible how much the conjugal tie, and the several connexions which follow from it, how much even domestic troubles, when surmountable, are the physick of the soul; which, at the same time that they quicken the senses, preserve them too."

Not wishing to trouble the publick with any more *last words* of Dr. Swift; the Editor contented himself with writing in the margin of his own books such particulars as occurred, relative either to the Dean or to his writings; a circumstance which now enables him to supply several matters which had escaped Mr. Sheridan's observation, and to elucidate ſome passages which were left unexplained. Careful, however, not very materially to interfere with the general arrangement of Mr. Sheridan's edition; what has been superadded, though attended with no small labour, it is useless to the general reader to point out. To the critical collator, it would be superfluous.

For the first admission into the Dean's Works of the articles marked in the several Tables of Contents with an asterisk, the present Editor is responsible; and the authority on which the Miscellaneous Tracts are adopted is in general given.

The Epistolary Correspondence sufficiently speaks for itself, and needs no apology. Some of these are now first printed from the originals; and "Letters written by wise men," says an experienced writer, "are of all the works of men, in my judgment, the best*."

One advantage at least this edition possesses: a complete general Index, corrected by a Friend, whose kind attention has much facilitated the labours of the Editor.

For the critical notes the reader is almost wholly indebted to the late Mr. Sheridan. Those which are historical are selected from the former publications of lord Orrery, Dr. Delany, Dr. Hawkesworth, Deane Swift, esq., Bishop Warburton, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Warton, Mr. Bowyer, Dr. Birch, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Bowles, and the present Editor.

J. NICHOLS.

* Bacon, de Augment. Scientiarum.

GENERAL PREFACE.

THE Advertisement having in some degree explained the nature of the present edition, this Preface shall give the history of those which have preceded it.

Swift's earliest appearance before the publick as a writer was in the separate Pindaric Odes which appear in the beginning of the Sixteenth Volume, and in the Prefaces prefixed to the Works of his friend and patron, Sir William Temple, 1692.

In 1701 he published a pamphlet of some consequence, in quarto, under the title of "The Contests and Dissentions," &c. which were followed in 1704 by "The Tale of a Tub;" and by several occasional essays in prose and verse between that year and 1711; when, an attempt having been made to obtrude on the publick a spurious collection of his Tracts, which had now become popular; he consented that his friend John Morphew should present to the publick, but still without his name,

name, a volume of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," to which the following Advertisement, undoubtedly with Dr. Swift's concurrence, was prefixed:

"To publish the writings of persons without their consent, is a practice, generally speaking, so unfair, and has so many times proved an unsufferable injury to the credit and reputation of the authors, as well as a shameful imposition on the publick, either by a scandalous insertion of spurious pieces, or an imperfect and faulty edition of such as are genuine; that though I have been master of such of the following pieces as have never yet been printed, for several months, I could never, though much importuned, prevail on myself to publish them, fearing even a possibility of doing an injury, in either of these two respects, to the person who is generally known to be the author of some; and, with greater reason than I am at present at liberty to give, supposed to be the author of all the other pieces which make up this collection. But as my own unwillingness to do any thing which might prove an injury to the supposed author's reputation, to whom no man pays a juster esteem, or bears a greater respect than myself, has hitherto kept me from giving the world so agreeable an entertainment as it will receive from the following papers; so the sense I had that he would really now suffer a much greater, in both instances, from other hands, was the occasion of my determining to do it at present: since some of the following pieces have lately appeared in print from very imperfect and incorrect copies. Nor was the abuse like to stop here; for these, with all the defects and imperfections they came out under, met with

with so much applause, and so universal a good reception from all men of wit and taste, as to prompt the booksellers, who had heard that some other of these tracts were in manuscript in some gentleman's hands, to seek by any means to procure them; which should they compass, they would without question publish in a manner as little to the author's credit and reputation, as they have already done those few which unfortunately have fallen into their possession. This being a known fact, I hope will be sufficient to make this publication, though without the author's consent or knowledge, very consistent with that respect I sincerely bear him; who, if it should not appear to be perfectly without fault, can with little justice complain of the wrong he receives by it, since it has prevented his suffering a much greater, no more than a man who is pushed down out of the way of a bullet, can with reason take as an affront, either the blow he falls by, or the dirt he rises with.

"But indeed I have very little uneasiness upon me for fear of any injury the author's credit or reputation may receive from any imperfection or incorrectness in these following tracts; since the persons from whom I had them, and in whose hands I have reason to believe the author left them, when his affairs called him out of this kingdom, are of so much worth themselves, and have so great a regard for the author, that I am confident they would neither do nor suffer any thing that might turn to his disadvantage. I must confess I am on another account under some censure, which is, lest some of the following papers are such as the author perhaps would rather should not have been published at all; in which case, I should look upon myself highly obliged to

to ask his pardon: but even on this supposition, as there is no person named, the supposed author is at liberty to disown as much as he thinks fit of what is here published, and so can be chargeable with no more of it than he pleases to take upon himself.

"From this apology I have been making, the reader may in part be satisfied how these papers came into my hands: and to give him a more particular information therein will prove little to his use, though perhaps it might somewhat gratify his curiosity, which I shall think not material any farther to do, than by assuring him, that I am not only myself sufficiently convinced that all the tracts in the following collection, excepting two, before both of which I have in the book expressed my doubtfulness, were wrote by the same hand; but several judicious persons, who are well acquainted with the supposed author's writings, and not altogether strangers to his conversation, have agreed with me herein, not only for the reasons I have before hinted at, but upon this account also, that there are in every one of these pieces some particular beauties that discover this author's vein, who excels too much not to be distinguished, since in all his writings such a surprizing mixture of wit and learning, true humour and good sense, does every where appear, as sets him almost as far out of the reach of imitation, as it does beyond the power of censure.

"The reception that these pieces will meet with from the publick, and the satisfaction they will give to all men of wit and taste, will soon decide it, whether there be any reason to suspect an imposition, or the author to apprehend an injury; the former I am fully satisfied will never be, and the latter I am sure I never intended: in confidence of which,

which, should the author when he sees these tracts appear, take some offence, and know where to place his resentment, I will be so free as to own, I could without much uneasiness sit down under some degree of it, since it would be no hard task to bear some displeasure from a single person, for that for which one is sure to receive the thanks of every body else."

The contents of this volume of Miscellanies shall here be given.

1. "A Discourse of the Contests and Dissentions between the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome, 1701;" 2. "The Sentiments of a Church of England Man, 1708;" 3. "Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity, &c. 1708;" 4. "A Project for the Advancement of Religion, 1709;" 5. "Meditation on a Broomstick, 1704;" 6. "Various Thoughts, moral and diverting, 1706;" 7. "Tritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind, 1707;" 8. "Predictions for the Year 1708;" 9. "Account of Partridge's Death, 1708;" 10. "Vindication of Bickerstaff, 1709;" 11. "A Famous Prediction of Merlin, 1709;" 12. "Letters on the Sacramental Test, 1708."—The Poems were, "Verses on a Lady's Ivory Table-book;" "Frances Harris's Petition;" "Ballad on Lady Betty Berkeley's adding a stanza to a former Ballad;" "Van's House;" "The Salamander;" "Baucis and Philemon;" "To Biddy Floyd;" "The History of Van's House;" "Grub-street Elegy on Partridge;" "Apollo Outwitted;" "Description of the Morning;" "A City Shower;" and "The Virtues of Sid Hamet's Rod."

In 1712 Swift deviated from his accustomed

habit, byaffixing his name to a favourite project, in a "Letter to the Lord Treasurer;" and in 1714 he had prepared for the press a "History of the four last Years of the Queen;" on which he had bestowed much attention; but which the decease of his Royal Mistress threw wholly into the shade; nor, after that period, was he at all solicitous for acquiring reputation as an author.

The "Drapier's Letters" were presented singly to the publick as they came out. The copy of "Gulliver's Travels" which in 1726 was transmitted to the press through the medium of Mr. Pope, is thus alluded to by the Dean, in a letter to Mr. Pulteney, May 12, 1735: "I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except once about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me." The sum which was received for Gulliver is stated to have been £300; and on the publication of three volumes of their joint Miscellanies, which were left wholly to the disposal of Mr. Pope*, the profit was £150.†

* See Pope's Letter to Mr. Motte, August 16, 1732, in vol. XII. p. 369.

† These particulars were communicated in 1749 to Dr. Birch by Mr. Faulkner; who added that "Dr. Swift had long conceived a mean opinion of Mr. Pope, on account of his jealous, peevish, avaricious temper."

In

In July 1732, the Dean gave to Mrs. Pilkington the following loose assignment, the original of which is in the hands of the present Editor:

"Whereas several scattered papers, in prose and verse, for three or four years last past, were printed in Dublin, by Mr. George Faulkner, some of which were sent in manuscript to Mr. William Bowyer, of London, printer; which pieces are supposed to be written by me; and are now, by the means of the Reverend Matthew Pilkington, who delivered or sent them to the said Faulkner and Bowyer, become the property of the said Faulkner and Bowyer: I do here, without specifying the said papers, give up all manner of right I may be thought to have in the said papers, to Mr. Matthew Pilkington aforesaid, who informs me that he intends to give up the said right to Mr. Bowyer aforesaid.

"Witness my hand, July 22, 1732.

"JONATH. SWIFT.

"From the Deanery-house in Dublin, the day and year above-written."

"Pursuant to an assignment, dated the 22d day of July, 1732, granted to me by the Rev. Doctor Swift, of several pieces in prose and verse, supposed to be written by him, which pieces were printed by Mr. Faulkner in Dublin, and Mr. Bowyer in London, most of which pieces were conveyed to them by me; I do hereby give up all manner of right which is conveyed to me by the said assignment to Mr. William Bowyer of London, printer, as impowered by the Rev. Doctor Swift aforesaid:

"In witness whereof, I have set my hand, this 5th day of October, 1732. MATT. PILKINGTON."

Four

Four volumes of the Dean's Miscellanies were published by Mr. Faulkner in 1734; and speedily reprinted in England. These were followed in both kingdoms by several other single volumes. But the earliest regular edition was in twelve volumes, 8vo. 1755 (reprinted in 1767,) under the respectable name of the late Dr. JOHN HAWKESWORTH, who thus very properly introduces them:

"The Works of Dr. Jonathan Swift were written and published at very distant periods of his life; and had passed through many editions before they were collected into volumes, or distinguished from the productions of contemporary wits, with whom he was known to associate.

"The Tale of a Tub, the Battle of the Books, and the Fragment, were first published together in 1704; and the Apology, and the notes from Wotton, were added in 1710; this edition the Dean revised a short time before his understanding was impaired, and his corrections * will be found in this impression.

"Gulliver's Travels were first printed in the year 1726, with some alterations which had been made by the person through whose hands they were conveyed to the press; but the original passages were restored to the subsequent editions.

"Many other pieces, both in prose and verse, which had been written between the year 1691 and 1727, were then collected and published by the

* From a corrected copy then in the hands of the late Deane Swift, esq.

Dean in conjunction with Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Gay, under the title of *Miscellanies**. Of all these pieces, though they were intended to go down to posterity together†, the Dean was not the author, as appeared by the title-pages: but they continued undistinguished till 1742; and then Mr. Pope, having new-classed them, ascribed each performance among the prose to its particular author in a table of contents; but of the verses he distinguished only the Dean's, by marking the rest with an asterisk.

"In the year 1735, the pieces of which the Dean was the author were selected from the Miscellany, and, with Gulliver's Travels, the Drapier's Letters, and some other pieces which were written upon particular occasions in Ireland, were published by Mr. George Faulkner, at Dublin, in four volumes. To these he afterwards added a fifth and a sixth, containing the Examiners, Polite Conversation, and some other tracts; which were soon followed by a seventh volume of letters, and an eighth of posthumous pieces.

"In this collection, although printed in Ireland, the tracts relating to that country, and in particular the Drapier's Letters, are thrown together in great confusion; and the Tale of a Tub, the Battle of the Books, and the Fragment, are not included.

"In the edition which is now offered to the publick‡, The Tale of a Tub, of which the Dean's corrections sufficiently prove him to have been the

* See the joint preface of Pope and Swift, vol. XVIII. p. 3.

† "At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked friends to posterity both in Verse and Prose." Pope to Swift, March 23, 1727-8.

‡ This was Dr. Hawkesworth's arrangement; Mr. Sheridan's will be described hereafter.

author,

author, the Battle of the Books, and the Fragment, make the first volume; the second is Gulliver's Travels; the Miscellanies will be found in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth: and the contents of the other two volumes are divided into two classes, as relating to England or Ireland. As to the arrangement of particular pieces in each class, there were only three things that seemed to deserve attention, or that could direct the choice; that the verse and prose should be kept separate; that the posthumous and doubtful pieces should not be mingled with those which the Dean is known to have published himself; and that those tracts which are parts of a regular series, and illustrate each other, should be ranged in succession, without the intervention of other matter: such are the Drapier's Letters, and some other papers published upon the same occasion, which have not only in the Irish edition, but in every other, been so mixed as to misrepresent some facts and obscure others: such also are the tracts on the Sacramental Test, which are now first put together in regular order, as they should always be read by those who would see their whole strength and propriety.

"As to the Pieces which have no connexion with each other, some have thought that the serious and the comick should have been put in separate classes; but this is not the method which was taken by the Dean himself, or by Mr. Pope, when they published the Miscellany, in which the transition

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,'

appears frequently to be the effect rather of choice than accident*. However, as the reader will have

"Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume, in which methinks we look like friends

the whole in his possession, he may pursue either the grave or the gay with very little trouble, and without losing any pleasure or intelligence which he would have gained from a different arrangement.

" Among the Miscellanies is the history of John Bull, a political allegory, which is now farther opened by a short narrative of the facts upon which it is founded, whether suppositious or true, at the foot of the page.

" The notes which have been published with former editions have for the most part been retained, because they were supposed to have been written, if not by the Dean, yet by some friend who knew his particular view in the passage they were intended to illustrate, or the truth of the fact which they asserted.

" The notes which have been added to this edition contain, among other things, a history of the author's works, which would have made a considerable part of his life; but, as the occasion on which particular pieces were written, and the events which they produced, could not be related in a series, without frequent references and quotations, it was thought more eligible to put them together; in the text innumerable passages have been restored, which were evidently corrupt in every other edition, whether printed in England or Ireland.

" Among the notes will be found some remarks on those of another writer; for which no apology can be thought necessary, if it be considered that the same act is justice if the subject is a criminal, which would have been murder if executed on the innocent.

friends side by side, *serious* and *merry* by turns—diverting others just as we diverted ourselves." Pope to Swift, March 8, 1726-7.

" Lord

"Lord Orrery has been so far from acting upon the principle on which Mr. Pope framed this petition in his Universal Prayer,

"Teach me ————————
"To *hide* the faults I *see*,"

that, where he has not *found* the appearance of a fault, he has laboured hard to *make* one.

"Lord Orrery has also supposed the Dean himself to have been the editor of at least six volumes of the Irish edition of his works; but the contrary will incontestibly appear upon a comparison of that edition with this, as well by those passages which were altered under the colour of correction, as by those in which accidental imperfections were suffered to remain.

"The editor of the Irish edition has also taken into his collection several spurious pieces in verse, which the Dean zealously disavowed, and which therefore he would certainly have excluded from any collection printed under his inspection and with his consent. But there is evidence of another kind to prove that the Dean never revised any edition of his works for Faulkner to print; and that on the contrary he was unwilling that Faulkner should print them at all. Faulkner, in an advertisement published October 15, 1754, calls himself the editor as well as the publisher of the Dublin edition; and the Dean has often renounced the undertaking in express terms. In his letter to Mr. Pope, dated May 1, 1733, he says, that when the printer applied to him for leave to print his works in Ireland, he told him he would give *no* leave; and when he printed them without, he declared it was *much to his discontent*; the same sentiment is also more strongly expressed in a letter now in the hands of the publisher

lisher*, which was written by the Dean to the late Mr. Benjamin Motte, his bookseller in London."

In 1762, the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes were added by the late Mr. BOWYER, whose advertisement is worth preserving:

"The pleasure Dean Swift's Works have already afforded will be a sufficient apology for communicating to the reader, though somewhat out of season, these additional volumes, who will be less displeased that they have been so long suppressed, than thankful that they are now at last published. We have no occasion to apologize for the pieces themselves; for, as they have all the internal marks of genuineness, so, by their farther opening the author's private correspondence, they display the goodness of his heart, no less than the never-ceasing sallies of his wit. His answer to "The Rights of the Christian Church" is a remarkable instance of both; which, though unfinished, and but the slight prolusions of his strength, show how sincere, how able a champion he was of religion and the church. So soon as these were printed in Dublin, in a new edition of the Dean's works, it was a justice due to them to select them thence, to complete the London edition. Like the author, though they owe their birth to Ireland, they will feel their maturity in England†, and each nation will contend which shall receive them with greater ardour.

"We have added, in the last volume, an Index to all the Works; wherein we have ranged the *bons*

* See this letter, dated Nov. 1, 1735, vol. XIII. p. 265.

† See this thought poetically expressed in an epigram printed in vol. XVII. p. 312.

mots

mots scattered throughout them under the article SWIFTIANA, by which their brightness is collected, as it were into a focus, and they are placed in such open day, that they are secured, for the future, from the petty larceny of meaner wits."

The fifteenth and sixteenth volumes were published in 1765, under the immediate direction of DEANE SWIFT, esq., with this Preface:

"It may appear somewhat strange to the world, and especially to men of taste and learning, that so many poetical, historical, and other miscellaneous productions of Dr. Swift should have lain dormant such a number of years, after the decease of an author so universally admired in all nations of the globe, which have any share of politeness. However, not to be over and above particular on this occasion; were it of any consequence to relate by what extraordinary means these several papers were rescued from the injuries of time and accidents; or, to insist upon some other circumstances, which, at present, we choose to pass over in silence; it would, perhaps, seem rather more astonishing, that ever indeed they should have had the good fortune to make their appearance at all. It may suffice to observe, that, in order to gratify the curiosity of the publick, we shall ascertain these writings to be genuine; although to every man of taste and judgment they carry their own marks of authenticity. And therefore, as all the original manuscripts, not to mention two or three poems taken from the publick prints, are in the doctor's own hand; or, transcribed by his amanuensis, have the sanction of his indorsement; some few copies, for which indeed we have

have the honour to be obliged to our friends, only excepted; we shall deposite them in the British Museum, provided the governors will please to receive them into their collection."

Three volumes of Epistolary Correspondence were thus inscribed in 1766:

"To the Right Honourable Richard Earl Temple, Viscount and Baron Cobham, one of his Majesty's most honourable privy council, and knight of the most noble order of the garter; these letters of persons eminent for their rank and genius are inscribed, as a tribute of esteem and veneration, due to a character so highly distinguished for private and publick virtue, for the display of amiable qualities as a man, and the exertion of great abilities as a patriot, by his lordship's most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS WILKES."

The following Preface to these volumes was by Dr. HAWKESWORTH:

"The letters here offered to the publick were a present from the late Dr. Swift to Dr. Lyon, a clergyman of Ireland, for whom he had a great regard: they were obtained of Dr. Lyon by Mr. Thomas Wilkes, of Dublin, and of Mr. Wilkes by the booksellers for whom they are published.

"As many of them mention persons who have been long dead, and allude to incidents not now generally known, they would have been too obscure to afford general entertainment or information, if they had not been elucidated by notes.

"This necessary elucidation I have endeavoured to supply, at the request of the proprietors, from such knowledge of the Dean's connexions and writings as I was able to acquire, when I revised twelve volumes of

of his works, which were published about ten years ago, with notes of the same kind, and some account of his life.

" Many passages, however, occurred, which, though they wanted explanation, I could not explain: these I made the subject of queries; which being shown to the late reverend Dr. Birch, he furnished answers to most of them, which are distinguished from the other notes by inverted commas. The favour cost him some trouble; but he conferred it with that readiness and pleasure, which has made his character amiable upon many occasions of much greater importance.

" It has been thought best to print all the letters in order of time, without regarding by whom they are written; for if all the letters of each person had been classed together, the pleasure of the reader would have been greatly lessened, by passing again and again through the same series, as often as he came to a new collection; whereas the series is now preserved regular and unbroken through the whole correspondence. Those which, being of uncertain date, could not be brought into this series, are printed together in an appendix.

" Three letters from the Dean to the late earl of Bath, general Pulteney was pleased to communicate to the editor, by the favour of the reverend Dr. Douglas; two of these will be found in the appendix, the other had been already printed from a copy in the Dean's hand-writing. In the appendix will also be found some letters between the Dean and Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh, with a few others, which did not come into the hands of the proprietors till the rest of the work was printed.

" Some letters of a private nature, and some that relate to persons who are still living, have been suppressed;

pressed; but the number is very small. Some are inserted that persons still living have written; but they are such as would reflect no dishonour upon the highest character.

"For the publication of letters, which certainly were not written for the publick, I shall however make no apology in my own name, because the publication of them is not my own act, nor at my own option; but the act of those to whom they had been sold for the purpose, before I knew they were in being.

"It may, however, be presumed, that though the publication of letters has been censured by some, yet that it is not condemned by the general voice, since a numerous subscription, in which are many respectable names, has been lately obtained, for printing other parts of the Dean's epistolary correspondence, by a relation who professes the utmost veneration for his memory; and a noble lord * has permitted Mr. Wilkes to place this under his protection.

"A recommendation of these volumes is yet less necessary than an apology; the letters are indisputably genuine; the originals, in the handwriting of the parties, or copies indorsed by the Dean, being deposited in the British Museum; except of those in the appendix, mentioned to have come to the proprietors' hands after the rest was printed, the originals of which are in the hands of a gentleman of great eminence in the law in Ireland.

"They are all written by persons eminent for their abilities, many of whom were also eminent for their rank; the greater part are the genuine effusions of

* Richard earl Temple.

the

the heart, in the full confidence of the most intimate friendship, without reserve, and without disguise. Such in particular are the letters between the Dean and Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Gay.

"They relate many particulars, that would not otherwise have been known, relative to some of the most interesting events that have happened in this century: they abound also with strains of humour, turns of wit, and refined sentiment: they are all strongly characteristick, and enable the reader 'to catch the manners living as they rise.' Those from the Dean to Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley are part of the journal mentioned in his life; and from them alone a better notion may be formed of his manner and character than from all that has been written about him.

"But this collection must not be considered as a ording only entertainment to the idle, or speculative knowledge to the curious; it most forcibly impresses a sense of the vanity and brevity of life, which the moralist and the divine have always thought an important purpose, but which mere declamation can seldom attain.

"In a series of familiar letters between the same friends for thirty years, their whole life, as it were, passes in review before us; we live with them, we hear them talk, we mark the vigour of life, the ardour of expectation, the hurry of business, the jollity of their social meetings, and the sport of their fancy in the sweet intervals of leisure and retirement; we see the scene gradually change; hope and expectation are at an end; they regret pleasures that are past, and friends that are dead; they complain of disappointment

disappointment and infirmity; they are conscious that the sands of life which remain are few; and while we hear them regret the approach of the last, it falls, and we lose them in the grave. Such as they were, we feel ourselves to be; we are conscious to sentiments, connexions, and situations like theirs; we find ourselves in the same path, urged forward by the same necessity, and the parallel in what has been is carried on with such force to what shall be, that the future almost becomes present, and we wonder at the new power of those truths, of which we never doubted the reality and importance.

"These letters will therefore contribute to whatever good may be hoped from a just estimate of life; and for that reason, if for no other, are by no means unworthy the attention of the publick."

Three similar volumes succeeded in 1767, with the following epistle from DEANE SWIFT, esq.

To Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

"SIR, Worcester, July 25, 1767.

"ALTHOUGH I gave you my reasons, some time ago, for not troubling either the publick or myself with any Preface to these volumes of Dr. Swift's writings, you still press for some kind of Advertisement, by way of ushering them into the world. But what occasion is there for such formality? If the letters now printed merit general regard, they will have a chance to live as long as the rest of his epistles: if they deserve contempt, their days will be of short continuance. And as for the reigns of William Rufus, Henry the First, and Stephen; it is supposed they will appear to be such a model of English

history, as will make all men of taste, and especially foreigners, regret that he pursued his plan no farther.

"I can tell you a secret, which I was not apprised of myself until about a year ago, and which perhaps may give you pleasure. There are many of the Doctor's writings, long since printed (don't be surprised, for I am supported in what I say by the authority of manuscripts now in my own study) which are not to be met with in any collection of his works: so indifferent he was, and careless, whether they lived or died. Yet even these, by one means or other, as I know their titles, and conjecture where they can be found, I hope I shall be able to recover, and send down to posterity.

"To the best of my recollection, when I talked to you last November of a preface to these volumes, I had some thoughts of opening a scene, which would have exposed to view several things which are still involved in darkness. But, as I have neither youth, leisure, nor inclination, to engage in altercations of any sort, I think it is better to postpone what I have principally to say relating to these matters, and particularly to the subject of Dr. Swift's writings, until a more convenient and proper season; when perhaps it would be thought early enough to inform the curious, by what a strange variety of accidents the Doctor's works have happened to make their appearance in so disorderly, uncouth, and miserable a condition (to say nothing of a thousand mistakes and blunders committed by several editors, both in England and Ireland) as they do at present.

"I am, Sir, wishing you all success in your publication, your most sincere, and very humble servant,

"Deane Swift."

In

In this state was the Collection, when, in the latter end of 1774, the present Editor, having occasion to peruse with attention the fifteenth and sixteenth volumes, was induced to read, in a regular series, the whole of Dr. Swift's Correspondence. In this pursuit, he could not but be astonished to perceive that many pieces, which the Dean acknowledges as his own, were not to be found in the most expensive editions of his Works. In truth, from the volumes having been published at different periods, the smaller editions may be said to have been nearly complete, while those in which exactness might well be looked for have remained much more defective. To remedy that inconvenience, he published in 1775 the seventeenth volume; consisting of materials, which, if not entirely new to the world, were such in the editions just mentioned. From the preface to that volume a short extract shall be given:

"The several pieces now offered to the publick are of too miscellaneous a nature to need any formal apology. Many of them are admirable; some of them indifferent; and some, perhaps, rather below mediocrity. Yet there are few readers who would not wish (as Swift has said of Sir William Temple) 'to see the first draught of any thing from this author's hand *.' And the present Editor hopes to escape

* See vol. II. p. 476.

escape the imputation of reviving 'libels born to die, if he expresses a wish that the less valuable parts of the whole Collection were removed from the places they now possess, and (by being classed in a separate volume) consigned to whatever fate their respective degrees of merit may deserve."

One very material part of the last-mentioned volume consisted of Swift's "History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne;" which having been adopted by Mr. Sheridan, will be found in the sixth volume of this Collection, introduced with some prefatory remarks by the present Editor.

The following note, written by bishop Warburton, was printed with the letters of Dr. Swift, Mr. Pope, and others, concerning this History:

"These papers some years after were brought *finished* by the Dean into England, with an intention to publish them. But a friend on whose judgment he relied dissuaded him from that design. He told the Dean, there were several facts he knew to be false, and that the whole was so much in the spirit of party-writing, that though it might have made a seasonable pamphlet in the time of their administration, it was a dishonour to just history. The Dean would do nothing against his friend's judgment; yet it extremely chagrined him: and he told a common friend, that since —— did not approve the History, he would cast it into the fire, though it was the best work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in being."

"So

"So says the right reverend Annotator. And yet it is certain, that a friend of Dr. Swift's took occasion (in some conversation with lord Bolingbroke at Battersea in 1750) to ask his lordship about the facts mentioned in the said work, alleging, "that a great part of the materials was furnished from his lordship's papers, when secretary of state;" who replied, "That indeed he did not recollect any thing he might object to, as concerning the matters of fact, but one; which was about the *suspension of arms* being mentioned there as a transaction of the Queen's ministry. Whereas, said he, I do assure you, I was utterly unacquainted with that measure; having advised against it, until it was fully agreed upon in concert with Dr. Swift's hero (meaning lord Oxford); nor had I any other hand in that matter more than to ask the queen in council, after the written order for suspending all military operations was put into my hands, *Madam, is it your Majesty's pleasure that this order be signed?*

"In a letter to Mr. Pope, Jan. 10, 1721, the Dean says, "I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the Queen's reign, with some other informations which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in a place then designed me*; but, as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it."

Mrs. Whiteway, in a letter to Mr. Pope, May 16, 1740, says,

"A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted, except *a few loose papers* which are in my possession, and which I promise you (if I outlive

* The office here alluded to was in the gift of Henry Grey, duke of Kent.

him)

him) shall never be made publick without your approbation. There is one Treatise in his own keeping, called *Advice to Servants*, very unfinished and incorrect; yet what is done of it has so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the four last years of Queen Anne's Reign I suppose you have seen with Dr. King, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is *the only piece of his* (except Gulliver) which he *ever proposed making money by*, and was given to Dr. King with that design."

Encouraged by the favourable attention of the publick, the twenty-fourth volume* was brought forward in 1776, with this apology:

"Additions to the works of an Author already esteemed too voluminous, it is acknowledged, should be made with caution. The Editor, however, with confidence relies on the merit as well as authenticity of his materials; and, if any particular article which has been admitted should appear liable to objection, will rest his appeal on the real motive for entering on a task not unattended with labour—a desire of preserving those scattered materials without which the works of Swift can never be completed: an event the world has long had reason to expect from the person in every respect best qualified for such an undertaking. 'Many of the Doctor's writings' (says Mr. Deane Swift, the worthy guardian of his kinsman's fame), 'long since printed, are not to be met with in any collection of his works†.' The

* The volumes of Letters were at that time numbered XVIII—XXIII.

† See before, p. xxxiv.

The pieces now presented to the reader are exactly under this predicament; and some of them, it is presumed, are part of what Mr. Swift alludes to.

"In the state in which the Dean's writings now stand, the Editor flatters himself, he shall not be censured for what is added. He does not pretend to say, that the whole ought to be adopted in a regular edition: yet, whenever such a work shall be actually undertaken, he doubts not but the present volume will be considered as an interesting part of it*; and at the same time will be a proper appendage to all former editions; being strictly, what it professes to be, a Collection of Miscellanies by Dr. Swift and his most intimate friends.

"The first part consists of several scarce tracts, originally published in that memorable period the four last years of the Queen: some of which are avowedly the Dean's, though hitherto they have never appeared under his name; and others are ascribed to him, on *his own* authority, either as having written a part of them, or at least as having suggested the hints.

"As the sound politican and indefatigable champion of Ireland, our Author already stands unrivalled. But, when we consider him as the *confidential friend* of an able ministry involved in perpetual *disputes*†, in vain do we look among his works for the writings which exalted him to such consequence. The *Examiners* excepted, they are thinly scattered through the

* This was the case in Mr. Sheridan's edition of 1784.

† "My letters will at least be *a good history*, to shew you the steps of this change," says Dr. Swift to Stella, on an interesting event, Dec. 9, 1711.—And again, "My letters would be *good memoirs*, if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass." March 14, 1712-13.

the collection, and far inferior in number to what might naturally be expected from the pen of so steady a writer. Like Virgil's mariners,

"*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto!*"

"That he was not idle in that busy period, a slight perusal of the Journal to Stella will demonstrate; and what is here collected may be considered as a specimen of his labours.

"It is much to be lamented indeed that he did not follow the advice given him in the year 1733: 'I have long had it at heart,' says his friend Mr. Ford, 'to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with Pope, &c. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet with them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the *Examiners*, and *other political papers* written in the Queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies: but *I have them bound up, and most of them single besides* *. I lent Mr. Corbet † that paper to correct his Gulliver by; and it was from that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errours which should be avoided in the new edition.'

"Had Dr. Swift attended to this advice, the present publication would undoubtedly have been superseded; or, could the Editor have fortunately obtained the collection so diligently made by Mr. Ford, it would have been a collateral proof of authenticity, and have probably increased the number of the Dean's political pamphlets. Those which are now printed

* Many others are here preserved.

† Dr. Swift's successor as dean of St. Patrick's.

are

are all which the Editor has met with; and each of them is separately left to vouch for its own excellence, and for the authority on which it has been admitted into this volume.

" The lighter prose parts of the collection have been selected, by various accidents, from different sources. For a few of them, the editor readily acknowledges himself indebted to Mr. Faulkner; to whose diligence the reader is also obliged for the additional letters; and for some entertaining anecdotes, particularly in matters relative to Ireland.

" Many of the poetical essays are the Dean's, and all of them such as are immediately connected with his writings. Among these, the productions of Dr. Delany are particularly distinguished.

" Facts and circumstances of a temporary nature are so soon forgotten, that little apology seems necessary for the number and minuteness of the notes. It has ever been the Editor's opinion, that every book should include an explanation of the obscure and less known passages in it, without obliging the reader to refer to other sources of information. When it is considered that these helps are designed for the use of such as are not general readers, it is presumed those who are more informed will pardon the insertion of some circumstances, which to them may appear superfluous."

To these, in 1779, was added the twenty-fifth volume; from the preface to which, a very few lines shall be taken:

" After what the Editor of this volume has prefixed to those he before introduced to the press, it is needless to enlarge on the motives, or even on the contents, of the present publication. The numerous corrections

corrections in the ‘ Journal to Stella’ are too material to pass totally unnoticed. That part of it which was published by Dr. Hawkesworth, appearing abundantly *more polished* than the other given to the world by Mr. Deane Swift; it was natural to imagine that some alteration had been made. On examining, I find that in the originals now in the British Museum, besides a few corrections which appear to have been by the Dean at the time of writing them, there are some *obliterations*, and many whole sentences omitted. It is true, they relate principally to private matters. But how far there is a propriety in making such corrections, the reader will best determine, on a perusal of the passages here restored; many of which he will plainly perceive to have arisen from the carelessness of a transcriber, who frequently omitted what he could not read.

“ The characters extracted from the Dean’s MS. ‘ Notes on Macky *’ are sufficiently authenticated; and the ‘ Biographical Anecdotes †’ and ‘ Epistolary Correspondence’ cannot fail of being acceptable.

“ It may perhaps be objected against some of the articles which will be found throughout Swift’s works, that they are too trifling, and were never intended by the author for the eye of the publick. But it was thought it would be an agreeable entertainment to the curious, to see how oddly a man of his great wit and humour could now and then descend to amuse himself with his particular friends. ‘ His bagatelles,’ lord Chesterfield tells us, ‘ are much more valuable than other people’s;’ an observation which will

* See these in vol. V. p. 159.

† These formed a valuable article at that time; but are now in a great measure superseded by Mr. Sheridan’s life of the Dean.

fully

fully justify the publication of his 'Remarks on Dr. Gibbs's Psalms *.'

"The Editor returns thanks to those respectable gentlemen who have so liberally honoured him with their communications; and particularly to the friend † whose assistance has been of the most singular use to him in these researches. The titles of such pieces as are known to have been written by the Dean, not yet recovered, shall here be given:

1. "The Poet, an Ode," written before 1693. See his Poem to Mr. Congreve, in vol. XVI.

2. His Letter to the Bishop of Killaloe. "Tooke is going on with my Miscellany. I'd give a penny the letter to the bishop of Killaloe was in it; it would do him honour: Could not you contrive to say you hear they were printing my things together; and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest? but don't say any thing of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it ‡." If this was ever printed, it must have been *in* or *before* the year 1708.

3. A Tract, "On Reading, and the Corruption of Taste in Writing." This tract was written by Swift, and sent to sir Andrew Fountaine. It never was printed, or is not ascribed to the true author; but is probably alluded to in the Journal to Stella, Nov. 4, 1710. 'I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine.' Oct. 12, he says, 'They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came; I have printed but *three*.' Q. What were they?

* See vol. XIX. p. 143.

† The late Isaac Reed, esq., of Staple Inn.

‡ Journal to Stella, Oct. 17, 1710.

4. "A

4. " A Ballad (full of Puns) on the Westminster Election, 1710." In the Journal to Stella, Oct. 17, 1710, he says, ' This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went together to Kneller's, who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying, ' A Colt, a Stanhope, &c.' We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken; and so were always of their side.' Journal to Stella, Oct. 5, 1710. —' There is a Ballad full of Puns on the Westminster Election, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing.' Ibid.

5. " Dunkirk still in the Hands of the French, being a plain and true Discovery of a most notorious Falsehood, invented by Jacobites and Tories, that the Town of Dunkirk was lately delivered to the English. Price 1d." Advertised July 17.—This and the *three* following are certainly part of the *seven penny papers* Swift mentions to Stella, Aug. 7, 1712.

6. " A Hue and Cry after Dismal; being a full and true Account how a Whig Lord was taken at Dunkirk in the Habit of a Chimney Sweeper, and carried before General Hill. Price 1d."

7. " It's out at last, or French Correspondence clear as the Sun. Price 1d."

8. " A Dialogue upon Dunkirk, between a Whig and a Tory, on Sunday Morning the 6th Instant. Price 1d."

9. What means " guessing is mine," in the Journal to Stella, Nov. 7, 1710? and " Goodman Peasley and Isaac," Feb. 9, 1710-11?

10. When the Earl of Oxford was under prosecution, Swift saw a pamphlet, called ' The Conduct of Lord Treasurer impartially considered;' upon which he

he wrote observations; but whether he published them, does not appear.

11. He wrote in 1725 more papers against Wood than are printed.

12. " MS. Scheme to Mr. Pulteney, about proper Measures to be followed by the Court."

13. It appears by his letter to Mr. Winder in vol. X. p. 25, dated Jan. 12, 1698, that several of his very early Sermons had been transcribed by that gentleman.

14. The rev. Walter Harte, author of the Life of Gustavus Adolphus, &c. informed some of his friends, that he had read *eleven* Sermons of the Dean's, which he had lent to Mr. Pope, who assured Mr. Harte, they were the best he ever had read; and Mr. Harte has said the same, who was very circumstantial in telling, ' they were not only stitched together, but in a black leather case; that they were among Mr. Pope's papers when he died; and that he believed that Dr. Warburton, who had the revisal and publication of all Pope's writings after his death, might have seen them.'

15. An original letter of the Dean's (unprinted) is in the possession of Mr. York of Erthig *, containing a criticism on Pope's Homer. Three more to Miss Waryng of Belfast †, to whom Swift seriously paid his addresses, are existing.

In the same year, 1779, Dr. Swift's poetry, as arranged by the present Editor in the collection then published under the superintendance of Dr. Johnson, was thus noticed:

* From the information of a gentleman of distinction.

† Two letters to this lady are already in this collection. See vol. X. pp. 14, 27.

" The

" The poetical writings of Swift have been long obscured by the mode in which they are scattered through his numerous writings. They are now collected in a regular point of view, and arranged in a chronological series. This is one of the advantages for which the publick are indebted to the late excellent *Supplement* to Dean Swift's Works. It would be endless to point out the many useful additions in these volumes; they must be seen, to show their value *."

The Dedication and Preface of Mr. Sheridan to the edition of 1784 shall be given at large:

" To Henry Grattan, Esq.
Founder of the liberties of Ireland—
This new edition of the Works
Of his great precursor,
The immortal Drapier!
In whose footsteps he has trodden,
And whose ideas realized,
Is respectfully inscribed
By his grateful Countryman,
(Now made proud of the name of Irishman)
THE EDITOR.

" Never did any writer show less solicitude about the fate of his Works, than Swift. From the time they were sent into the world, he seems not to have had any farther concern about them. As soon as his eaglets were fledged—

> He whistled them off, and let them down the wind,
> To prey at fortune. SHAKSPEARE.

And ever after he was as careless about their fate, as birds are with regard to their dispersed broods.

* The late Rev. J. Duncombe; in Gent. Mag. vol. XLIX. p. 552.

" For

" For a long time his several productions remained in a detached state, without the name of any author; nor could the general admiration they excited prevail on him to reveal himself, or claim them as his own. In this respect, he seems to have been actuated by the same principle which governed his whole conduct in life, that of the most perfect disinterestedness; and as he had laid it down for a maxim, from the beginning, that he never would receive any pecuniary gratification for his writings, so he used his best endeavours to avoid, as much as possible, even the reward of fame. Or if, in process of time, the author of works bearing the stamp of such uncommon genius, should be discovered, it would be allowed that he courted not fame, but fame followed him. The improvement of mankind being the chief object he had in view in all his publications, he thought the extraordinary talent, bestowed on him, for this purpose, with so liberal a hand, ought to be as liberally employed, without any mean mixture of selfish motives.

" In Swift's letter to Mr. Pulteney, dated May 12, 1735, we have a confirmation of what I have advanced, that he had laid it down as a maxim not to accept of any pecuniary gratification for his writings, by the positive assertion of the author, whose veracity cannot be doubted. And that he swerved from it in this single instance he imputes to Mr. Pope's *prudent management* for him. By which expression he seems to insinuate that it was not altogether with his approbation.

" On the other hand it has been asserted that Swift got a sum of money for his first work, " The Tale of a Tub;" and as a proof of this, it is said, there is still in being an entry made in the books of the first publisher of a certain sum paid for that work. But

this entry does not say to whom it was paid; and I shall here produce a certain proof that it was neither to Swift nor his order. That the first edition was made without his privity or consent, appears clearly from the following passages in the Apology prefixed to his own edition in 1709, where Swift, speaking of himself, says, "He was then a young gentleman much in the world, and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, or graver characters; and which he could easily have corrected, with a very few blots, had he been *master of his papers, for a year or two before their publication.* How the Author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact: of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had, however, a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations, and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the Bookseller's Preface, that they apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could, which indeed was needless, the Author not being at all prepared: but he has been told the *bookseller was much in pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.*"

"From the above passage it is evident that the first edition was printed, without the Author's privity, from a surreptitious copy, and the money was paid to the possessor of that copy; who certainly, under such circumstances, must wish to be concealed, and therefore no name is annexed to the entry in the Bookseller's account book mentioned before.

The

" The first time that any of his straggling pieces were collected together, with his own consent, was so late as the year 1726, when he was far advanced in life. These were published by Mr. Pope in some volumes of Miscellanies, interspersed with works of his own, preceded by a Preface to which both their names were subscribed.

" Seven or eight years after this, the first collection of his Works, unmixed with those of others, was made by George Faulkner, printer and bookseller in Dublin, in four volumes octavo. This was carried on, not only without the Dean's consent, but much against his inclination, as may be seen by several of his Letters written to different persons about that time *. Yet Faulkner, in order to stamp a credit on his edition, had the confidence to assert (not indeed till after the Dean had lost his senses) in some of the latter volumes, that the whole was carried on under his inspection; nay that he even corrected the press, sheet by sheet: the falsehood of which must appear to every one, who sees what a number of absurd and stupid notes are to be found there. But, indeed, he was so far from encouraging the Work, that he never

* Among many others, the following passages in two of his letters to Mr. Pulteney, will clearly prove the point. " You will hear, perhaps, that one Faulkner has printed four volumes, which are called my Works. He has only prefixed the first letters of my name. *It was done utterly against my will*; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. *I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall.*" March 8, 1734. Again, May 12, 1735, he says, " You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my Works. I have looked on them very little —The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him; and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should." S.

could be prevailed on to give the least information about any other of his writings, not before publickly known to be his, though frequently importuned on that head by Dr. Sheridan, and many others of his friends, who were inclined to serve Faulkner, and wished to make the edition as complete as possible: on which account they could, at that time, furnish out only four volumes *. There was but one point in which he interfered; that of not suffering his name to be prefixed, but only the initial letters.

" The avidity with which these works were devoured by the Publick, brought on a search for all the other writings of the Author, not contained in this collection, and several successive volumes were published as they were found out. Out of these the ingenious Dr. Hawkesworth formed an elegant edition enriched with notes, many of which are retained in this.

" When all that had hitherto been printed was exhausted, the curiosity was keener with regard to original pieces, and such manuscripts as had never seen the light. Among these none have met with a more favourable reception from the Publick, than the collection of his Epistolary Correspondence; for, though it is evident that none of these letters (if we except only Mr. Pope's) were intended for the press, yet this very circumstance seems to have enhanced their value, according to an observation of lord Bolingbroke's in one of his Epistles to Swift, where he says—' Pliny writ his letters for the publick; so did Seneca; so did Balsac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When

* The Dean's assignment of these papers to Mr. Pilkington is printed in the present Preface, p. xxi. N.

we

we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure.'

" When we reflect that among his correspondents are to be found the celebrated names of Bolingbroke, Pope, Addison, Gay, Arbuthnot, Prior, archbishop King, Peterborow, Pulteney, Voltaire, &c. we need not wonder that the curiosity of the present times has been so highly gratified by their publication. Nor is there any doubt but that their value will continue to increase with posterity, in proportion to the distance of time, down to the latest period. And even among those correspondents of an inferior class, the letters will perhaps be found the best patterns in our language, whether of the easy, familiar, or elegant style; in which some of the ladies have distinguished themselves, particularly the duchess of Queensberry and lady Betty Germain. But Swift's own style, in his Epistles, as in every thing else, will always remain unrivalled, until some great original genius like himself shall arise.

" In this collection nothing is more valuable, or has more highly gratified the curiosity of the publick, than his Journal to Stella; as it lets us more into the real character of Swift than all his other writings put together. In this Journal, daily addressed to his bosom friend, every thought as it rises in his mind, and every feeling of his heart, are laid open in all the nakedness of truth. Throughout the whole he is thinking aloud, as if he were conversing with her *tête à tête*; and out of this as true a portrait may be made of the peculiar features and complexion of his

mind, as could be done of his external form, by any artist, to whom he might sit for his picture; and to this I have been chiefly indebted, for the proofs produced in support of his character.

" The first thing to be done in this edition, was, to disembroil these works from the chaos in which they have hitherto appeared, and reduce them into some regular order under proper heads.

" The first volume is wholly taken up with the History of his Life.

" The second contains his Tale of a Tub, Battle of the Books, being his earliest productions, and the first of his Political Tracts written in England.

" The third and fourth contain all his other Political Tracts relative to English Affairs.

" The fifth, his Essays on various Subjects.

" The sixth, Gulliver's Travels.

" The seventh and eighth, all his Poetical Works, and Polite Conversation.

" The ninth, all his Political Tracts relative to Ireland.

" The tenth, his Sermons, and a variety of detached Pieces written in Ireland.

" The eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth volumes contain the whole of his Epistolary Correspondence. As the several parcels containing these Letters had fallen into different hands, and were published at different times, they were printed without any regard to order, insomuch that the answers to numbers of the Letters were to be sought for in different volumes. They are here digested in a regular series according to their dates. The correspondence between Mr. Pope and the Dean, not in the former edition, is here added, as published by Pope; and the whole closed with his Journal to Stella, in an uninterrupted series.

" In

" In the sixteenth volume are thrown together all his Sketches and unfinished Pieces.

" The seventeenth volume consists of Martinus Scriblerus, John Bull, and various other Pieces in prose and verse, published in Pope's Miscellanies. As these Pieces are admirable in themselves, and as it is well known that Swift had a great share in some of the most capital, though, according to his usual practice, he never claimed any, but let his friends Arbuthnot and Pope enjoy the whole reputation as well as profit arising from them; and as these have always made a part of Swift's Works, where only they are now to be found collected, it was thought proper to add this volume to the rest.

" As Swift has been universally allowed to write the purest and most correct English, of any of our Authors, I thought it might be of publick benefit, to point out all grammatical errours, solecisms, or inaccuracies, that mignt occur in his style. For—

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.

This I have done throughout, as occasion offered, in notes; except in his more familiar letters, where some degree of negligence is allowable, and the use of colloquial phrases not consistent perhaps with strict propriety, is permitted, as giving them a more natural air. Nor have I taken notice of many inaccuracies of a similar kind in his Gulliver's Travels; where he sometimes purposely makes use of phrases and expressions not strictly grammatical, in order that the style might seem more in character, as coming from a seafaring man. The not adverting to this, has been the reason that several criticks, who have taken upon them to point out Swift's inaccuracies, have produced almost all their instances from Gulliver's Travels.

" But,

" But, besides the particular passages which I have commented upon in the notes, there are some general improprieties which run through the whole body of the works, not only of our author, but of all other English writers. These have been established by long custom, and suffered to keep their posts through an unpardonable neglect of studying our own language. To point these out wherever they occurred, would have been an endless task, and occasioned a disgusting repetition; I have therefore corrected them throughout; and that the reader may judge of the propriety of so doing, I here subjoin a list of them.

" As the living speech has never engaged our attention, the whole being employed about the written language, many barbarous words of uncouth sound are still retained, notwithstanding there are others of the same import, more pleasing to the ear. Such as—

Whilst *	For	While
amongst		among
betwixt		between
amidst		amid

No final sound can be more disagreeable than that of *st*—as it is only the sudden stop of a hiss.

Downwards	For	Downward
forwards		forward
towards		toward

What occasion is there for continuing the final *s* in those words?

* See this barbarism corrected by Swift himself in a letter to Mr. Beach, dated April 12, 1735, printed in vol. XIII. p. 172. N.

Further—farther—

Why is this anomaly suffered to remain, when we have the regular degrees of comparison in—

Far, farther, farthest?

Beside—besides—

These two words being of similar sound, are very improperly used promiscuously, the one for the other. When employed as a preposition, the word *beside* should always be used: when as an adverb, *besides*—The first signifies—*over and above*—The last, *moreover*. As in the following sentences. Beside *(over and above)* what has been advanced upon this subject, it may lead us to inquire, *&c.*

" Besides, (moreover) what has been advanced upon this subject, may lead us to inquire, *&c.*

" It is always an imperfection in a language to have the same individual word belong to different parts of speech; but when there are two words differently pronounced, and differently spelt, used promiscuously for each other, both in point of meaning, and in discharging the different offices of preposition and adverb, it savours much of barbarism, as it is so easy to allot their peculiar province to each. When I said that the word *beside*—should be always used as the preposition, and—*besides*—as the adverb, the choice was not made at random. In its prepositional state, it must be closely united to the following word; in its adverbial, it should always have a pause after it. Now the word bes*ide*—not loaded with the final *s*, is rendered more apt to run glibly into the following word: and the word bes*ides*, always preceding a pause, has, by the addition of the *s*, a stronger sound to rest upon.

Like—likely.

" These two words also, from a similitude of sound, though

though of such different meanings, are used promiscuously. Like—should be confined to similitude,—Likely—to probability.

No-ways—nowise—

" No-ways—is a vulgar corruption from nowise, and yet has got into general use, even among our best writers. The terminating—*wise*—signifies manner; as—like*wise*—in like manner—other*wise*—in a different manner. It should be always written—*no-wise*, in no manner.

From whence—whence.

" The preposition—*from*—in the use of this phrase, is for the most part redundant, as it is generally included in the word whence. Thus—*whence* come you? signifies—from what place come you? *Whence* it follows—from which it follows.

No—not.—

" The particle—*no*—is often substituted in the place of—*not*; as—I care not whether you believe me or *no*—To show the absurdity of this, it will be only necessary to add the words after—*no*—which are understood—as thus—I care not whether you believe me, or *no* believe me—instead of do *not* believe me. The adverbs *no* and *yes*, are particles expressive of the simple dissent or assent of the speaker, and can never be connected with any following word; and we might with as much propriety say—I care not whether you do not believe me or *yes*—as make use of its opposite—*no*—in that manner. This vulgarism has taken its rise from the same cause before-mentioned, the similarity of sound between no and not.

Never so—ever so—

" This is a strange solecism in language. *Never* so, signifies *not* ever so. Let us substitute the one

for

for the other, and the absurdity will be apparent. Thus, when we say—I will do it, let him be *never* so angry—how contrary to the intention would it appear, should the phrase be changed to—let him not be ever so angry. Or if we use the same word in a phrase of like import—I will do it *however* angry he may be—how glaring would the absurdity appear, should any one say—how*never* angry he may be!

—I *had* rather—

"This phrase is strangely ungrammatical; *rather* —means—more willingly. Now let us substitute the one in the place of the other—as—I *had more willingly* go, than stay—*rather*—is expressive of an act of the will, and therefore should be joined to the verb—to *will*—and not to the auxiliary—to *have*. Instead of I *had* rather—it should be—I *would* rather.

A—an—

"In the use of this article, it has been laid down as a rule, that it should be written—*a*—before a consonant, and—*an*—before a vowel; but by not attending to the exceptions to this rule, the article *an*—has been very improperly placed before words of a certain class, which ought to be preceded by the vowel singly. All words beginning with *u*, when the accent is on it, or when the vowel is sounded separately from any other letter, should have *a*, not *an*, before them. As, a únit, a úniverse, a úseful project, &c. For the vowel *u*, in this case has not a simple sound, but is pronounced exactly in the same manner as the diphthongs commencing with *y*, as in *you* the pronoun, the individual sound given to the name of the vowel *u*. Now, *an*, is never written before any words beginning with *y*; nor should it be placed before words commencing

mencing with *u*, when sounded exactly in the same manner; if we write—*a youth*, we should also write —*a use*.

" In like manner—*an*—never precedes words commencing with *w*, nor should it therefore the vowel *o*, when it forms the same sound. Thus the word, *one*, has the same sound as if written, *won*, and yet it has been the custom to write—such *an* one. In both cases contrary to the usage of speech.

" When words begin with the letter *h*, they are preceded sometimes by *a*, sometimes by *an*; and this by an invariable rule in speaking. When the *h*, or aspirate, is sounded, the article *a* is used; as a house, a horse; when the *h* is mute, *an* is employed; as, an hour, an honour; pronounced as if written an our, an onnur. And yet in all books published of late years, the article *an* precedes all words beginning with *h*, alike—as an house, an horse, &c. Surely the printers ought to reform this abuse, when they have such an obvious rule to guide them. They have nothing to do but to follow the established mode of speech, whereof printing ought, as nearly as possible, to be the transcript.

" I have also taken the liberty of changing throughout an affected use of the third persons singular in verbs, by employing the termination *eth*, long since become obsolete, as, loveth, readeth, writeth, instead of—loves, reads, writes. This habit seems to have been caught from his professional use of the Church Service, the Bible, sermons, &c. for in the early editions of his first publications, it had not obtained; nor indeed in any of the others has it uniformly prevailed, as not only in the same page, but even the same sentence, the different modes are frequently to be found; and the terminating *es*, is, out

of

of all proportion, oftener used than that of *eth*; which would not have been the case, had it been the effect of judgment or of choice. Now, as this singularity is not to be met with, in any of the polished writers from the days of Charles the Second to this hour, I thought it should no longer have the sanction of so distinguished a name, by the casual use of it here and there in his works; especially as the change was much for the better, and founded upon good taste. None of the elements of speech have a less agreeable sound to the ear, than that of *eth*; it is a dead obtuse sound, formed of the thickened breath, without any mixture of the voice; resembling the noise made by an angry goose, from which indeed it was borrowed; and is more disagreeable than the hissing *s*, which has at least more of sharpness and spirit in it. On this account, as well as some other causes arising from the genius of our tongue, not necessary to be explained here, it has long been disused by our best writers; but as it yet remains in the translation of the Bible, and in the Common Prayerbook, it may be still employed, even to advantage, in sermons, and works of divinity; as it borrows a kind of solemnity, and somewhat of a sanctified air, from being found only in those sacred writings; on which account, I have suffered it to remain in such of Swift's Works as may be classed under those heads.

"Those who are advocates for the change of *s* into *eth*, assign as a reason for it, that in so doing we avoid the frequent repetition of that hissing letter, objected to our language as an imperfection. But in this, as in many other instances where sound is concerned, they judge by the eye, not the ear; for the letter *s*, after every consonant in any language, except four, loses its own power, and assumes that of *z*, one of our most pleasing sounds.

"In

" In this edition I have given all the genuine Writings of Swift hitherto published, of whatever kind, and however trifling; as it was the general opinion, that an edition which should omit any thing of his, printed in a former one, would be considered as imperfect. The eagerness with which every thing has been sought after, which casually dropped from his pen, confirms this opinion. His slightest sketches, like those of some great painter, still show a masterly hand; and his most imperfect pieces, however great may be the quantity of alloy, still contain some particles of gold worth extracting. If the more fastidious criticks should object that there is some trash to be found among them, I shall give them the same answer that lord Chesterfield did to one of that sort, 'It is true, there is some stuff to be found there, but still it is Swift's stuff."

In 1783, some letters from Dr. Swift to Dr. Atterbury were given to the publick, in the " Epistolary Correspondence" of the last mentioned very eminent Dignitary.

In 1789, a small volume of Dean Swift's " Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," was published by Mr. Dilly; which the anonymous Editor thus modestly introduced:

" To the Miscellanies now presented to the publick * little preface is necessary. The productions of Dean Swift will ever speak for themselves. The

* In this volume was inserted the Dean's " Ode to King William on his Successes in Ireland;" which the present Editor had previously recovered, in 1780, in his " Select Collection of Poems." N.

publisher

publisher has only to lament that the death of a literary friend, to whom he owes the communication of the greater part of this volume, has deprived him of that satisfactory elucidation the collection would otherwise have received; and to acknowledge the assistance of another friend, from whom he has had some valuable additions.

"Whenever a complete edition shall be formed of Swift's Writings, it must be by an accurate comparison of the seventeen volumes published by Mr. Sheridan, with the twenty-five volumes in the editions of Dr. Hawkesworth and Mr. Nichols. When that is done, the present volume will form an interesting part; and till then it may be considered either as an eighteenth volume of the one edition, or as a twenty-sixth of the other."

In the same year, 1789, seven letters * from Dr. Swift, and nine from his housekeeper Mrs. Whiteway, appeared in a valuable publication, by the late George Monck Berkeley, esq. entitled, "Literary Relicks;" to which an elegant and spirited Inquiry into the Life of Dean Swift is prefixed †.

The Gentleman's Magazine for the last twenty years has been an occasional storehouse, whence many of the articles now first collected have been carefully extracted.

* One of these was the celebrated letter to Varina, April 29, 1796, (vol. X. p. 14); in which, by the kindness of Mr. Malone, I am now enabled to make some material corrections. (See vol. X. p. 474.

† See some copious extracts from it in vol. II. p. 131.

The

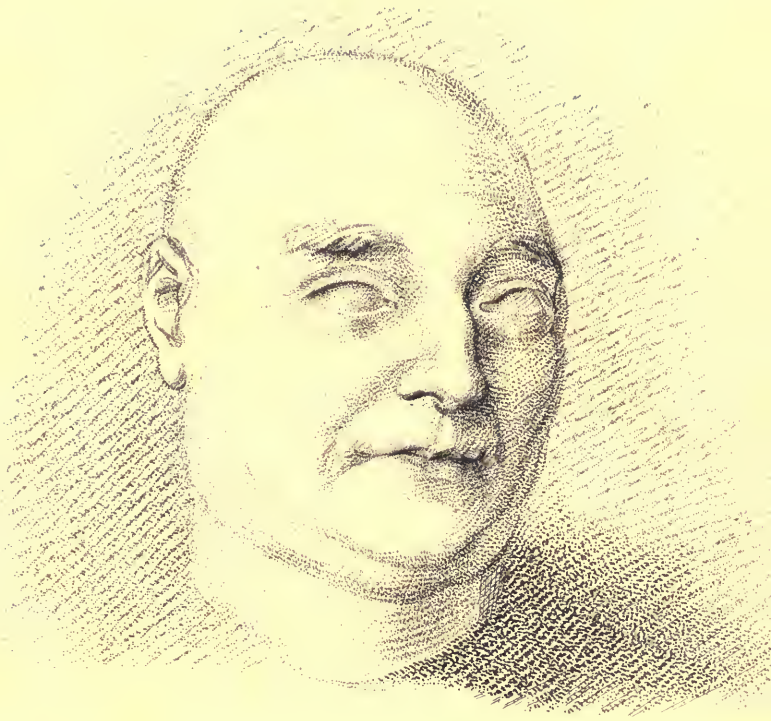
The only publication which remains to be mentioned is a collection of the Dean's Poetry, in "The Works of the British Poets, with Prefaces Biographical and Critical, by Robert Anderson, M. D. 1795;" to which the ingenious editor has prefixed a Life of Dr. Swift, and some remarks on his character and writings. These are very properly closed with that furnished by Dr. Johnson; which, though "less favourable" than those of his preceding biographers, will "by no means warrant the severe recrimination of Mr. Sheridan*."

In the present Edition a valuable letter, communicated by Mr. Malone, from a copy in the possession of Lord Viscount Cremorne, is now first added; and to the kind interference of Mr. Malone the publick are also indebted for the annexed Portrait of the Dean, which is accurately engraved from a drawing of him taken immediately after his death.

J. N.

June, 1808.

* That the Reader may judge for himself, Dr. Johnson's character of Swift is inserted in the Second Volume of the present edition, p. 122.



Engraved from a Drawing of Swift, taken immediately after his Death.

Pub[illegible] by J. Johnson, J. Nichols, & Son, &c. &c.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

EARLIER PART

OF

THE LIFE OF SWIFT.

BY THE REV. JOHN BARRETT, D.D.
AND VICE-PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

*** By the kindness of Mr. Malone, and the learned writer, we have obtained the copy of a very interesting Essay, as an ornament and an illustration to the present edition. The MS. was not received till after the Title-pages, Preface, and a part of the Index, were actually printed off; which must be our apology for its not being more regularly and earlier noticed.

AN

ESSAY ON THE EARLIER PART

OF

THE LIFE OF SWIFT.

AFTER the many accounts which have been given to the Public of the Life of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, it may justly be thought a matter of wonder, that room should be left to add to the narratives already supplied by his biographers, and to increase the stock of general information on the actions and writings of so extraordinary a character. But we should recollect, in what a cursory manner they pass over all that relates to his earlier years (which portion of his life I mean principally to consider); and that, while they profess minutely to detail those transactions in which he bore a considerable share as one of the supporters of the measures of Lord Oxford's administration, (when his political life may be said to have commenced,) or to relate his conduct in a private station whilst he was Dean, (which last chiefly fell under their inspection,) they seem unacquainted with his earlier transactions: nor have they vouchsafed to seek that information relative to them, which the College where he had the honour to be educated, might be supposed best able to supply.

The same conclusions will force themselves upon us, if, from considering the *persons* who have favoured

us with accounts of his life, we pass to a review of the *times* when these events happened. At his departure from College, the political hemisphere was covered with thick clouds; the Protestant religion seemed on the point of being extinguished in Ireland; and the College experienced such convulsions from the troubled state of the times, as produced a temporary dissolution, and had well nigh destroyed the society. Once more restored to the blessings of peace, religion, and freedom, many of its members were exalted to high stations, the reward of their distinguished attachment to the principles of true religion and constitutional freedom: the few who remained, in no great length of time gave place to others, and, in the change of the parties concerned, was lost much of the recollection of the past.

The first ten years after the Revolution, Swift appears to have almost exclusively spent in England, where he took his Master's degree, and where all his hopes of preferment were centred: the death of Sir William Temple was the epocha of his return to Ireland, with the fixed intention of there residing; and although he spent much of the next ten years in Ireland, yet it was not without many and long excursions to that country where he was one day to act so distinguished a part. During all this time he was a person but little known; he had not attained that celebrity of character which attracted and fixed the attention of the world, and which only could bestow importance on, and render interesting, the most trivial occurrences of his past life. His earliest production, the Tale of a Tub, he was ashamed or afraid to avow; it was therefore sent into the world anonymously; as were also many of his other

other juvenile pieces. At length, in the year 1710, we behold him emerging from obscurity, but this upwards of twenty years after he had left college; and the earliest of his college friends, who has favoured us with an account of his life, Dr. Delany, a person who was admitted into college fourteen years after Swift had left it. Can it then be any wonder that, when the office of collecting and transmitting to us the transactions of his earlier years, devolved on different persons inadequate to the task, because they were long posterior to the times, and not sufficiently careful to consult the proper authorities, we should labour under much ignorance and uncertainty upon the subject?

Subsequent long to those times as was their connexion with Swift, what then was the source whence they derived all they knew about his conduct in college?—It was from his own information, and no other.—Depending on his authority, they all enlarge on his neglect of science, and the ignominious circumstances which attended the taking of his degree; and in them imagine they have found a true solution of that disgust which Swift sometimes expressed against that society where he received his education.—That a degree of A. B. taken in the manner he did, was ignominious, I readily admit: for I find in the petition of the College to Lord Tyrconnell, that a degree of A. M. confered SPECIALI GRATIA on the unworthy Bernard Doyle, in July 1685, is thus spoken of:—"Add hereunto his ignorance and want of scholarship, whereby he obtained his degree with much difficulty, out of compassion chiefly, and because he had long since left the college, so that it was registered with the mark of unworthiness and disgrace

disgrace in the public acts of the University." But while they think they have found in this, the true cause of Swift's pique to the college, they are ignorant that degrees of this nature were very frequently conferred in those days; and they forget that Swift always acknowledged the justice of the measure, and candidly admitted that it was what he deserved.—And granting that Swift, in the moments of peevishness or disappointment, did write or utter things to the disparagement of the college, are we warranted thence to infer that he was the real enemy of this institution, and it the settled object of his aversion? Was he not the approved and staunch friend of Ireland, and yet known on some occasions to express resentment against it? Were not his principal connexions among members of the college, and do not his letters contain abundant proofs of his regard for it? I would particularly refer to his letter of July, 1736, to the Provost and Senior Fellows, as containing a very explicit declaration of his feelings towards their society. See also his letter to Lord Peterborough, 28th April, 1726. And did he not abide in college near three years after the supposed slight and affront?

After thus considering what they have told us, let us next turn our eyes to the points on which they have left us in the dark, and respecting which they are entirely silent. And here, in case we find from undoubted authority that Swift became the object of academic censure on more than one occasion, and yet find these circumstances unnoticed by his biographers, to what can we ascribe it, except to the silence which Swift himself (who was their sole authority) preserved on the subject? And why was he silent, unless some disgrace had attended these censures, which, to a spirit

a spirit so high as his was, it must have been peculiarly grating to reflect upon? Would it not have been most probable, that in order to avert inquiry into the causes of any ill-nature or pique in which he could not avoid sometimes indulging, and to obliterate, as far as in him lay, all memory of past disgrace, he would have assumed the appearance of a candid confession, and frequently rehearsed the circumstances that attended his degree; and that thus, in the repetition of a lesser miscarriage, he was likely to abolish the memory and avert the suspicion of a greater delinquency?—For that he left college in a disgust, is pretty evident from the following passage, taken from his own letter of 28 November, 1692: "I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers, than I was in seven years to Dublin College."

I propose therefore in this Essay, to draw up a short account of that early part of Swift's life which he spent in Trinity College, and to notice some omissions respecting this celebrated author, even in his more advanced years, into which his biographers have been betrayed. Such an account, if properly authenticated, will discover some particulars that cannot fail to interest us: will discover the true sources of any intemperate language or harsh expressions respecting his ALMA MATER, which he may have been led to adopt; and will prove a proper introduction to the papers that accompany this Essay, and shew that they are not ascribed to him as their author, upon weak or slight evidence.

But first it will be proper to premise what are the sources whence I derive my information respecting the time he spent in college. They are these:

1. The

1. The Book of Admission into College, or Senior Lecturer's Book. This contains the names, ages, and descriptions of all students admitted from the year 1637 to 1725.

2. The Book of Registry; or of the Transactions of the Provosts and Senior Fellows, from 1640 to 1740: in which are found all elections, collations to degrees, censures, &c. during that period.

3. The Buttery Books. In them are written every week the names of the students, and the punishments inflicted on them for missing duties; also, whether they be in commons or not, is marked in these books.

Of these I make use of three, viz. one Junior Book, as it is called, and two Senior Books. The Senior Book contains the names of those who are on the foundation, that is, the Provost, Fellows and Scholars of the house; also resident doctors, masters, and fellow-commoners. The Junior Book contains the names of all the other students.—The books of the Buttery relating to Swift's times, and which I was able to find, were, a Senior Book, and the Junior Book corresponding to it; they extend from 14 November 1685, to 14 October 1687. The third is the succeeding Senior Book, extending from 31 December 1687, to 18 September 1691: and to this I was unable to procure the corresponding Junior Book. The want of this last will be felt in making out some of the conclusions I mean to establish; but as it will leave room for reason to operate in making those inferences, and as I have good grounds to proceed upon without it, the loss is the less to be regretted.

The Senior Lecturer's Book informs us, that on 24 April 1682, were admitted as pensioners, under the

the tuition of St. George Ashe, from the school of Mr. Ryder at Kilkenny,

"Thomas Swift, son of Thomas, aged fifteen years, born in Oxfordshire," and

"Jonathan Swift, son of Jonathan, aged fourteen years, born in the county of Dublin."

When we compare this entry with the particulars given by Swift in the short account of his own life, published by Mr. Deane Swift, we cannot doubt, that the Thomas here mentioned is that cousin of Jonathan Swift, who was rector of Puttenham, where he died in May, 1752, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. For if he had been born in 1666, he would in April 1682, have completed fifteen years, and in 1752 completed eighty-six years, and therefore have been in the eighty-seventh year of his age at his decease. Nor does he agree in the circumstances of age only, but in the other particulars. Thus the rector of Puttenham was the son of Thomas, and this last was bred at Oxford, and probably (from his matrimonial connection with the family of Davenant) a resident there.—Thomas Swift then being one year older than Jonathan, it is probable that he would be denominated Swift senior, when both entered on the same day: and we accordingly find him so styled.

And as a person of the name of Jones was intimately connected with Swift in the earlier part of his life, although such connexion has totally escaped the observation of all Swift's biographers, this will be the place for me to relate what particulars we learn from the same college record concerning this person, who will bear, as I apprehend, no inconsiderable share in what concerns Swift in the sequel. It thence appears that John Jones, a sizer, was admitted under the tuition

tuition of St. George Ashe, at the age of seventeen, on 1 May 1682: that is, only seven days after Swift's admission, and under the same tutor; circumstances which alone would sufficiently prove that he must have been known to and acquainted with Swift.

After their admission into college, Swift senior (that is, Thomas,) and Jones appear to have prosecuted their studies with more success than Jonathan; for after an examination in classical literature for two days by the Provost and Senior Fellows, according to the course observed in the College of Dublin, the former was elected a Scholar of the House on 26 May, 1684; as was the latter on 30 May, 1685. All the three, however, commenced A. B. at the same time, in February 1685-6: the grace of the house for that degree having been conferred on Thomas Swift on 11 February, and the *special* grace for the same granted to Jonathan Swift, John Jones, and three others, on the 13th of the same month.

We learn from the short Account of his Life, drawn up by Swift himself, "that previous to his taking his degree, he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes:" and agreeably to this representation I find no censures on him in the registry previous to that period. The first public punishment he received is thus detailed in that book:

"18 March, 1686-7. Mr. Warren, Sir Swift senior, Sir Swift junior, Web, Bredy, Serles, and Johnson the pensioner, for notorious neglect of duties and frequenting the town, were admonished."

And note also, that one of the above (Bredy) was expelled, 19th September 1687, "for writing and publishing a scandalous libel on some ladies of quality."

Let us next inquire and see what account the Buttery

Buttery Books give of Swift's attendance on duties. From them we learn, that the duties to which students were then liable, were these:

Chapel,—hall,—surplice,—catechism,—lectures in Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, as also morning lecture; also disputations and declamations. Of these the first four were in force all the year: the lectures, only in term. And I further find, that between the periods of 14 November 1685, and 8 October 1687, (being the time comprized in the first and only Junior Book I could get) he had punishments on him, whether confirmed or taken off, upwards of seventy weeks: that after he had received the above-mentioned punishments, he appears both out of commons and unpunished, for ten weeks and upwards; whence, (as I do not believe the censure wrought any reformation in him,) I am inclined to believe that he spent the three or four months subsequent to his censure, in the country, his high spirit being unable to brook the disgrace. During other periods he was frequently out of commons; thus, previously to 20 March, 1685-6; also from May 1 to 18, 1686; and from 28 August to 16 October, 1686; and from 27 November 1686, to January 8, 1686-7; but he has punishments confirmed on him, in those times: whence I conclude that he was then in college, notwithstanding he was out of commons. Most of his punishments are for non-attendance in chapel; the amount is *1l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* confirmed, and 19*s.* 10*d.* taken off.—For surplice, (that is, for non-attendance in chapel at those times when surplices are required to be worn,) 11*s.* 4*d.* confirmed: and 6*s.* 6*d.* taken off.—Of his other punishments, those for lectures appear all confirmed; and are, for chatechism 3*s.*,

Greek lecture 9*d.*, Hebrew lecture 8*d.*, mathematic lecture 1*s.* 10*d.*; and those for missing night-rolls, or town-haunting, (that is, for halls *,) amount to 3*l.* 4*s.*; but are all taken off, the admonition being substituted in their place.

His negligence did therefore principally consist, 1st. in the neglecting to attend divine service in the college chapel; concerning which I observe that there are very few weeks in which he is not fined for a partial and remiss attendance, although there appears scarce any in which he was totally and completely idle. 2dly. In the frequent missing of night-rolls or halls, and also the missing of tickets †. He is sometimes punished for disputations and declamations; and once 1*s.* for verses, which appear to have been some exercise given in at the time of the quarterly examinations.

The want of the second Junior Book (in which alone I could hope to find the name of Jonathan Swift) obliges me to have recourse to its corresponding Senior Book, to determine several points relating to the second punishment inflicted on him, and to the time of his leaving college. I shall therefore now proceed to state what information respecting his cousin Thomas, and Jones, the two Senior Books supply us with; observing only, that as Thomas and Jo-

* The names of the students are called over in the college hall every night at nine o'clock.

† The students of Trinity College are required by the statutes not to go into town without the written permission of their tutors, left at the porter's lodge; this is called a ticket: and consequently *missing tickets* and *town-haunting* mean the same thing, and the offence is punished by a pecuniary fine, or (when that is found inefficient) by admonition.

nathan

nathan have their names written in separate books, all possibility of our confounding the one with the other is thereby prevented.—The names Thomas Swift and John Jones are found among the scholars not then commenced, on November 21, 1685: but appear among those who commence in the succeeding February. Thomas (from some omission or other) is not called Sir Swift senior, previous to 21 September 1688: from thence he appears always under that appellation, (with the exception only of the weeks between 1 December 1688, and 5 January 1688-9) until 1 June 1689: from which time until 17 August 1689, he is styled only Sir Swift: a chasm then ensues in the book until 9 August 1690; the College having been seized on by King James the Second, and converted into a prison for the Protestants, no accounts seem to have been kept. And as his scholarship must in the interim have expired, his name is of course not found on the books, when the accounts were again resumed.—From all this I infer, that the name of Jonathan was taken off the books about 1 June 1689: at which time we know he was at Moor Park, his Ode to Sir William Temple bearing date in June, 1689. But I consider him and his cousin as having left college the end of January 1688-9; for I find that Thomas is marked out of commons from 26 January 1688-9, to August 17, 1689: whereas he does not appear to have been out of commons previously to that time, except only twice; and for each time about a month; viz. about Christmas 1685-6, and September 1686. I am therefore of opinion, that Thomas left college about January 26, 1688-9; and think it probable that Jonathan accompanied him.—Thomas Swift appears to have

have had a NON CO. from 16 October 1686, to 18 March 1686-7; and again from 26 March to 30 July, 1687: and Jones to have had the same indulgence from 26 February 1686-7, to March 18, 1686-7; and from 30 April 1687, to 12 July 1688. In this last week he is marked, *out of commons*, and the following censure annexed to his name in the Buttery Book; *suspensus a discipulatu et ab omni jure quod habuit in collegio.* But a pen has been drawn across the latter words, " et ab omni jure quod habuit in collegio," as if for the purpose of expunging them. He remained out of commons, until 21 September 1688, at which time his name was finally taken off the books.—The reasons of all these things I shall proceed shortly to explain, chiefly on the authority of the Registry; and will shew how these two records, the Registry and Buttery Book, confirm each other.

The second public punishment inflicted on Jonathan Swift was on the 30th of November, 1688, a day when he had just completed his twenty-first year. The entries concerning it in the Registry are in these words:

" 1688, November 30. The crimes objected against Sir Web, and others, having been fully proved, the following sentence was drawn up against them by the Vice-Provost and Senior Fellows, and published in the Hall by their orders:

" Nemini obscurum, &c. &c. Constat vero Dom. Web, Dom. Sergeant, Dom. Swift, Maynard, Spencer, et Fisher, huic legi contravenisse, tam seditiones sive dissensiones domesticas excitando, quam juniorem decanum ejusque monita contemnendo, eundemque minacibus verbis contemptûs et contumaciæ plenis lacessendo,

lacessendo, unde gravissimas pœnas commeriti sunt, &c. Placuit Dom. Web, Dom. Swift, et Dom. Sergeant, omni gradu suspendendos tam suscepto quam suscipiendo, &c. Ast verò Dom. Swift et Dom. Sergeant, quoniam cæteris adhuc intolerabilius se gesserunt, ab eodem decano publicè in Aulâ flexis genibus secundum præscriptam formulam die tertio Decembris proximè futuri, horâ nonâ antemeridianâ veniam petere."

" 1688-9, January the 8th. The persons suspended by the decree of November 30, were restored."

In addition to the above I have to observe, that the Vice-provost * was Dr. Acton, on whom the government of the College had devolved while the Provost was in England; that Mr. Owen Lloyd was the junior dean, elected to that office on 20 November, 1688; and that Fisher, one of the parties punished, was a scholar of the house, and that a part of his punishment consisted in the suspension from his scholarship.

I admit that in the above sentence, we do not find mention of the christian name of Swift, the delinquent; neither is any title annexed of senior or junior: yet that the person so censured was Jonathan, and not Thomas, the following considerations will render certain.

1. The Senior Buttery Book remains; and from thence it is most clear, that Thomas never was suspended from his degree; for he is always styled *Sir* Swift.

* At this time, Dr. Huntington the provost, and Dr. G. Browne, a senior fellow, were in England, for the purpose of admitting the new chancellor, the Duke of Ormond, whose father died July 18, 1688.

2. During

2. During the precise time of the suspension, Thomas has not the word, senior, annexed to his name; although he is denominated Sir Swift senior, prior to the censure, and subsequent to the restoration. But whence arose this, unless from the circumstance of Sir Swift junior having been suspended from his degree, and therefore no longer designated on the books as Sir Swift jun. but simply as Swift: there being therefore during the suspension, only one Sir Swift, he would of course lose the title of Sir Swift senior; and be styled only—Sir Swift.

3. The sentence itself admits that Swift's conduct was more culpable than that of Fisher. And we know that Fisher was suspended from his scholarship. Had the Swift then that was punished, been a scholar, we may justly wonder why he also was not suspended from his scholarship. My opinion is, that it was because he had not a scholarship to be suspended from. Now if this answer be true, it is most certain that the delinquent must have been Jonathan. For Thomas had a scholarship, a suspension *from* which, had he been the censured person, would have formed a part of the sentence, and which we find it does not.

Let us now see what reasons can be drawn from Swift's own accounts, to shew that he actually was in college at that time.

1st. His own account says, he entered at fourteen: now he completed fourteen years on 30 November, 1681; and entered as I have above stated, (and as appears also from the time of taking his degree,) in April 1682, that is, when he was fourteen years and a few months old. Which agrees with his own account; for in April 1681, he was not fourteen years old.

old.—And he says in his letter of 28 November, 1692, that he spent seven years in Dublin College; which added to April 1682, bring us to April 1689, and of course include November, 1688.

2d. Mr. Deane Swift, one of his biographers, says, that he spent three years in college after taking his degree of A. B.—But this he took at the regular time in 1685-6. And three years thence computed lead us to February, 1688-9.

3d. He himself says, in the Account of his own Life, that he left college when the troubles broke out. But the troubles broke out in England in November, 1688, when William landed, and shortly after they extended to Ireland. A general alarm prevailed among the Protestants, that a massacre, similar to that of 1641, was intended to take place, and that the day appointed for this scene of horrour was the 9th of December, 1688: in consequence of these reports, multitudes sought their safety by a timely flight into England: and this I would call the beginning of the troubles.

The accounts then that Swift gives us of the time he spent in college, and the informations on the same head, derived from the college records, are perfectly consistent, and confirm each other.—It remains to shew, what particulars in his future life and conduct may be explained from the events I have above stated, and what light they may throw upon his character.

1. Hence is assigned the true reason of any aversion, which he might sometimes have expressed to the College of Dublin; and hence we see why he studiously enlarged upon the circumstances of his degree; probably to banish the recollection and pre-

vent the suspicion of his having been the object of a severer punishment, and compelled to submit to an indignity at the idea of which his haughty spirit could not but revolt.

2. Hence we learn, why Dr. Owen Lloyd became so obnoxious to Swift; who, in his account of Lord Wharton, has heaped upon him such abuse as he never was known to have bestowed on any other person who had been a fellow or member of the college. Not the interval of twenty years elapsing could extinguish the resentment he felt, and the rage that burned in his breast, when he remembered the intolerable humiliation to which he was forced to submit, in imploring pardon publicly on his knees from a person, the object of his contempt: an humiliation which I cannot believe his haughty temper could have stooped to, had there not been another person involved in the same act of degradation, and had not the Board given him this fellow-sufferer.

The events I have hitherto mentioned are those in which Swift took a direct and avowed part: but was there nothing else? was there no crime of a deeper dye, in which, though there was no direct and positive evidence, yet Swift did not pass unsuspected? To this particular I now hasten, which took place in a time intermediate between the two punishments; and in which I own, it does not appear from any existing college record, or probably from any that ever did exist, that Jonathan Swift was implicated. The nature of the offence precluded such a proof, and rendered suspicion the only thing that could ever have reached him; and strange as it may appear, the suspicion is perhaps stronger at the present time, when we know more of his writings, than when the

the offence was newly committed.—And that suspicion did extend to him, the following passage which is extracted from the Correspondence of Samuel Richardson, lately published, may probably lead us to believe.

Vol. VI. page 171. Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh, April 22, 1752:—" I am very well warranted by the son of an eminent divine, a prelate who was for three years what is called his chum, in the following account of that fact. Dr. Swift made as great a progress in his learning at the University of Dublin in his youth, as any of his cotemporaries; but was so very ill-natured and troublesome, that he was made Terræ-Filius,--on purpose to have a pretence to expel him. He raked up all the scandal against the Heads of that University, that a severe inquirer, and a still severer temper, could get together into his harangue. He was expelled in consequence of his abuse; and having his *discessit*, afterwards got admitted at Oxford to his degree."

So far has Richardson preserved this valuable anecdote to us, in which there is some truth, though mixed with much error; and it shall be my business to separate these from each other, and to discriminate that which is true, from that which is not so.—Is it then true, I ask, that Swift ever was appointed Terræ-Filius, for a purpose so base and unworthy? Or that he ever was Terræ-Filius? Or that he ever incurred the punishment of expulsion? To all these questions, I answer in the negative.—But if this be so, where then lies the truth in the anecdote transmitted by Richardson? My answer is; that on the 11th of July, 1688, there actually was a Tripos or speech pronounced by a Terræ-Filius, in

which very sarcastick reflections were made, and gross abuse poured, on some members of the University; and that its reputed author was punished with a severity which would almost justify the assertion, that he had been expelled for it. And so far this anecdote is certain truth. The entries relative to it, which I find in the registry, are these:

1688, July 13. "It was ordered that Sir Jones should be deprived of his degree, for false and scandalous reflections in his Tripos."

1688, July 19. "Ordered by the Vice-Provost and Senior Fellows, that Sir Jones's degradation should be remitted, upon application made to the Provost, and intercession in his behalf; and that he should be suspended of the benefit of his Scholar's and Native's place *, and chamber."

And I do not find any mention made of punishment ever inflicted for the like offence, except the above-recited, and this one which I proceed to state; which having long preceded the times that Swift and his cotemporaries spent in college, could therefore never have been the one alluded to by the chum of Swift or the informer of Richardson.

1680, July 15. "Ordered then by the Provost and Fellows, that Mr. George Finglas shall make a confession, and absent himself from the college, for his abuses in his tripos speeches: which punishment if he do not submit to, he shall be expelled from the college."

* In the College of Dublin there are seventy Scholars on the foundation, of whom thirty are termed NATIVES, or Hibernici; and to encourage the natives of the country to resort to this college, and receive their education there, a more liberal allowance is made to them. This is called a Native's place.

Beside

Beside these two, there is not the least mention made of any censure ever inflicted for irregularities of this kind: and as that of July 1680, could not possibly be the one that gave ground to the person from whom Richardson derived his information, to communicate to him such an anecdote, I must conclude that the occurrence, which happened in 1688, shortly before Swift's punishment and leaving of the college, is that alluded to. And I further observe, that the Buttery Book and Registry both concur and ascertain the person who sustained the censure; that he was the person who was in the same class, and under the same tutor, with the two Swifts.

Warranted then as we are by the assertion of Richardson's friend, let us make this hypothesis: that Jonathan Swift was the true and real, though secret, author of that production which so greatly incensed the Heads of the University; that Jones was the reputed ostensible and nominal author; and let us see by what arguments such an hypothesis can be maintained.

Now these arguments will be either external or internal; that is, derived either from a connexion and intimacy subsisting between Jones and Swift, both before and after the misfortune that befel the former: or from consideration of the work itself, the Tripos, from finding therein passages corresponding to the undoubted and genuine productions of Swift, and bearing, if I may so say, the stamp of his genius and talents.

And such conclusions will be strengthened by reflecting that Jones never produced any thing that we know of, corresponding to such a beginning: and by recollecting that it was the well-known practice of

Swift to send his juvenile productions into the world, without prefixing his own name.

Let us then first take a review of the external evidence, which may tend to shew whether our suspicions be well or ill founded; and for this purpose assemble all the facts we can collect, relative to Mr. John Jones.

And first:—From the Senior Lecturer's book I find, that between the years 1690 and 1713, a person of the name of John Jones did keep a very flourishing school in Dublin, from which more students were admitted into the college than from any other; the first entered being on the 7th of August, 1690, and the last on 28 February, 1711-12:—that this person is styled Dr. Jones in the Senior Lecturer's book perpetually, after 10 July, 1700, as he was continually stiled Mr. Jones previous to the Shrovetide that preceded it; and is sometimes stiled Dr. Jones in the time between that Shrovetide and the succeeding July.

Secondly, I find from the Registry, that in Shrovetide 1700, the grace of the house for D.D. was conferred on a person of the name of Jones; and that such person did, on or about July 1700, take the degree of D.D.

From these two premises I conclude, that the person who taught the school, and the person who took the degree, were one and the same: and when we consider that the number of those who commence Doctors in Divinity (the members of the college excepted) is extremely few, and the concurrence of the times and names, I have no doubt of the truth of the conclusion.

I further conclude, that the person who commenced D.D. in July 1700, was the person who entered

tered college on 1 May, 1682. For the class of this latter person had commenced its academical standing from July 8, 1681, and therefore on July 8, 1700, nineteen years were completed; and immediately after Jones entered into his twentieth year of academic standing. He therefore was capable at that time of commencing D.D. in case the College had pleased to confer the degree: and there can be no doubt, but it would have done so; because it did the very same thing in the case of Peter Browne, afterwards Bishop of Corke, who was in this very class, and commenced in like manner in 1700.

Now if these two conclusions be both true, it follows as a conclusion from them both, taken as premises and compared together, that Jones the schoolmaster and Jones who was in Swift's class, and was punished for pronouncing the Tripos, were one and the same person.

Thirdly, the Tripos is taken from a Miscellany, in three vols. 4to. in MS. in the College library. This Miscellany is called "The Whimsical Medley;" contains much that was published or written in the reigns of William, Anne, and George the First; but nothing posterior to the year 1723, that I can find. And it appears to have been composed by (or for the use of) Theophilus, first Lord Newtown Butler, who died in that year; and who had been in the college at the very time the Tripos was delivered. In this Miscellany the Tripos is attributed to "Mr. John Jones, then A.B., since D.D."—Now upon searching the Registry I find no person between the years 1700 and 1723 to have taken the degree of D.D., that was of the name of Jones, except the one in 1700: and

and to have begun my researches before 1700 would have been useless, on account of want of standing.—It is therefore plain that the author (real or reputed) of the Tripos, and the person who commenced D.D. in 1700, are one and the same person. And therefore he is also the same person with Swift's class-fellow, and with the person who taught a school in Dublin in the times above specified.

We should next consider what proof may be afforded to us, independent of the college records, to shew that a school was taught in Dublin in the very times I have mentioned, and that by a Doctor Jones. —Such proof I find in Chetwood's History of the Stage, in the life of Mr. James Quin, the celebrated actor. His words are, (p. 213,) "Mr. James Quin was educated under the care of Doctor Jones, of Dublin, a person eminent for learning, till the death of his father in the year 1710."

And in the Dublin Gazette of October 28, 1707, No. 263, and some following numbers, is this advertisement: "On Thursday, 20th November, those gentlemen who have been scholars to Dr. Jones, are desired to meet at his house, thence to go to St. Bridget's Church, where will be a sermon preached by Mr. Howard, one of the fellows of T. C. D., and from thence to attend the stewards to dinner."

Fourthly. Let us next see what further information the Senior Lecturer's Book can supply to us, respecting this Doctor Jones. From it I learn that two persons, both sons of Counsellor Godwin Swift, and consequently both cousins to Jonathan Swift, were admitted into college as pupils of William Tisdall, the well-known friend of Swift, and from this very school: the one of them was Meade Swift, aged fifteen,

fifteen, admitted 6 October 1698; the other Michael, aged 15, admitted 25 March, 1700. Doctor Jones appears also as schoolmaster to one Abraham Swift, son of Abraham, (whether of the Dean's family I know not,) admitted under Dr. Hall, 5 September, 1702. And to mention no more, Thomas Sheridan, Swift's great friend in the latter part of his life, was educated under this very man, and thence admitted into college, 8 October, 1707.—In short, no person certainly known to be of Swift's family, was admitted into college, so far as I can judge, during the time that Jones taught a school, who had not received his previous education from Jones.

These facts may serve to shew us on what footing of friendship and intimacy Jones and Swift lived together, after they had ceased to be class-fellows and acquaintance in the college: and the circumstances of their being cotemporaries in college in the same class, under the same tutor, taking their degrees at the same time, and leaving college nearly at the same time, will not permit us to doubt that they were well acquainted while they were members of it. This then forms what I term the external evidence; whose force chiefly consists in the support it receives from the anecdote furnished by Richardson.

But is it not likely that we should find some passage or passages in Swift's writings, in which this very person would be mentioned by name? and is it not to be expected, that in some of his numerous letters written to his friends, he should make some friendly inquiries about Jones? I answer; it appears to me, that he has so done in a letter of his to William

liam Tisdall, dated 3 February, 1703-4 *. His words are: "My humble service to dean Ryves, Dilly, Jones, and other friends." The Editor, in a note, it is true, supposes this latter to be a *Dean Jones*, mentioned in Dr. William King's Works, vol. ii. p. 250, because he knew no other Jones: but is, as I think, mistaken therein †. For that person was a non-juror; whereas John Jones took the degrees of A.M. in 1691, or 1692, and D.D. in 1700, and must have taken the oaths prescribed by act of parliament on both occasions; he therefore was not the same with Jones mentioned by King.—And if we should admit that Jones is mentioned in no other place by Swift, yet this cannot be a matter of surprise or ground of objection; because but little of Swift's life or correspondence, previous to 1710, has reached us; and because Swift did not permanently reside in Ireland until after the Queen's decease, previously to which event Jones, from what cause I know not, had ceased keeping school; and when either death might have dissolved, or change of party broke off, the mutual ties of friendship that united them. Now we have proof that Swift knew the one Jones; that this last was different from the Dean Jones; and no proof that I know, that Swift knew this latter: hence I believe the person mentioned in the letter to be John Jones.

The next thing I proposed to consider was the internal evidence, or that which a careful and attentive perusal of the piece itself would suggest to every reader who had studied the genuine and undoubted

* See vol. X. p. 41.

† This is very probable. N.

productions

productions of Swift. The proofs of this kind which have occurred to me, I have here collected in one view; and believe that to those who are better acquainted with his style and composition, than I can pretend to be, many more will present themselves.

1. The Tripos is a piece that argues its author to have been a person who held abstract science in little estimation, such as logic and mathematics. It begins thus:

"Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.
"Your *probabo, probabo,* is as dull as a Trinity Sunday Sermon."

Now to understand this exordium rightly, we ought to conceive that these words contain a tacit reference to, and reprehension of, the modes of logical disputation, in which the expressions, *probabo aliter,* did frequently recur, and are the *crambe* here complained of: and further, that previous to the delivery of this speech, such disputations in logic had been held. A similar contempt for logic occurs at the end of the first act: and the little repute the writer held mathematics in, is perceivable in the first two scenes of the third act.—Nor can we pass over the expression—"as dull as a Trinity Sunday Sermon," when we recollect that Swift has a sermon fitted for that day: and consider the manner in which he has treated that subject, from which it seems that he thought all inquiries on such abstruse points superfluous and unnecessary.

2. Nor is his aversion restrained to science only. The author of the Tripos lashes with his satire virtuosi of all descriptions; nor are Freemasons exempted from the severity of his censure.—Such passages bear evident indications of the hand of Swift: by whom abstract science was ever held in contempt; whose

whose voyage to Laputa is one continued censure of all kinds of projectors; and who has written a letter on the very subject of Freemasonry, printed in his works. In this letter he compares certain Hebrew letters to a gallows, and speaks of Freemasons to be hanged thereon: as in the Tripos, the author gives the elegy of Ridley, a Freemason hanged.

3. The zeal which Swift ever entertained against fanatics and innovators in Church and State, and for which he was so remarkable, is visible in like manner, in the author of the Tripos. See what this latter says of Colonel John Hewson, whom he calls the blind cobler.

4. But nothing is more observable in the true and undisputed productions of Swift, than the pains which he seems to take in raking together the most nauseous ideas, and dwelling upon the most indelicate images. It is unnecessary for me to bring examples of this strange propensity of his nature; which is the more serviceable to us, because he is almost singular in this respect, and it forms the strong outline that distinguishes him from almost every other writer. In a pamphlet which came out in 1704 at London, called "Some Remarks on the Tale of a Tub," he is thus described: "The Author's first aim is to be profane; but that part I shall leave to my betters, since matters of such a nature are not to be jested with, but punished. The second is, to show how great a proficient he is at hectoring and bullying, at ranting and roaring, and especially at cursing and swearing. His third is, to exceed all bounds of modesty. His next is, a great affectation for every thing nasty. He takes the air upon dunghills, in ditches, and in common sewers, and at my Lord Mayor's dog-kennel. By

the

the first of these, he shews his religion, by the second his conversation, by the third his manners, and by the fourth his education. Now were the crow who at present struts so much in the gutter, stripped of these four sorts of feathers, he would be left quite naked."

Now the Tripos furnishes no mean specimens of the same talents. See the description given of a college steward, wherein one passage can only be paralleled for filthiness with the Lady's Dressing-room, or the poem of Strephon and Chloe, or the character Swift gives of Primate M—h; in all which the same filth occurs.—See also the place where the author undertakes to describe the breeches of the infamous Barnard Doyle.

Swift, it is also observable, frequently unites images that have no natural connection with each other, and makes quick transitions from one to another. Compare an instance in the beginning of the tenth chapter of the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms, with a parallel passage in the Tripos; wherein he describes the persons who are to compose a society of Freemasons that was about to be introduced into a college, which was to be newly erected.

5. Resemblances are not wanting between particular passages in the Tripos, and others taken from the works of Swift, where the imitation is too strong and the features too prominent to be the effect of chance.—Thus, the foundation of the Tale of a Tub is laid in the testamentary disposition of a father, whereby he bequeaths three coats among his three sons; now the second act of the Tripos begins in like manner with a disposition of her property, by the last will and testament of a lady, Mrs. Mary Hewitson;

Hewitson; and the author thence takes the opportunity of introducing his satire, and making it the vehicle of his abuse.—Compare what Swift says in the Tale of a Tub, section second, concerning the taylor and the animal, the delight of the monkey; with a corresponding passage in the Tripos, concerning the monkey that devoured Doyle's breeches.—I may add, that the author of the Tripos, when he gives the character of a college steward, makes the doctrine of transubstantiation the object of his ridicule; and we know that satire on that doctrine forms a leading part of the Tale of a Tub.

6. How much Swift delighted in the composition of barbarous Latin, is sufficiently evident from the correspondence that passed between him and Sheridan; now the same affectation of writing in barbarous Latin, is every where discernible through the Tripos, but especially towards the conclusion of the first act.

7. The same person who in November, 1688, was treated insolently by Swift and his associates, Mr. Owen Lloyd, is also the subject of gross abuse in the Tripos.

8. But the poetical part of the Tripos is that which to me seems, much more than the prose, to breathe the spirit of Swift, and to bear evident marks of his very peculiar mode of writing. The lines upon Mr. Weaver and Mr. Ridley, seem entirely composed in his manner: which is the more remarkable, because the earliest of his known productions, his Odes and Pindarics, bear no similitude to those later compositions in the light and humorous style, which have raised his character so high. And here I may be allowed to observe, that the aversion the author of the Tripos expresses towards a fop, in the character of

of Mr. Weaver, accords well with what we know of Swift, especially with an anecdote related of him and Faulkner; to whom dressed out first as a beau, with a laced waistcoat, and afterwards as an humble printer, he is recorded to have given very different receptions. And further: when we read in the Tripos, the metamorphosis of the Fellows into trees, it cannot fail to remind us of Swift's tale of Baucis and Philemon turned into yews.

And that Swift was used to copy from himself, and in his later productions sometimes to pursue the ideas he had adopted in his more early years, we may see, by comparing the Discourse on the Operations of the Spirit, printed at the end of THE TALE OF A TUB, with his Poem, called PETHOX THE GREAT. Of what he says there of Hermes's Rod, in the story he tells of the Banbury Saint, he afterwards gave a striking imitation in the passage extracted from Pethox, and thus beginning:

"How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
"With Hermes, son of Pleias bright," &c.

As I have had frequent occasion to refer to the Tale of a Tub, the following particulars relative to that extraordinary piece, which are found in pamphlets published about those times, may perhaps not be uninteresting. From one of these, entitled, "Some Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; to which are annexed, Mully of Mountown, and Orpheus and Euridice: by the author of the Journey to London *, Lond. 1704,"—I have already given an extract. I have only to add, that in the Preface, the publisher tells the reader, that he has authority from the author of Mully of Mountown to say, "That he

* Dr. William King. N.

had no hand in writing "The Tale of a Tub." He happened one day to discourse more largely than ordinarily of that book with one of his friends, and found the following remarks the next morning laid upon his table." From these remarks I gave the former extract; and add this: "The author, by the oaths, should rather be an Irish evidence. Another cries, What if after all it should be a parson; for who may make more free with their trade? What if I know him, describe him, name him, and how he and his friends talk of it, admire it, are proud of it?"

Another pamphlet is entitled, "Miscellanies, by Dr. Jonathan Swift; viz. Meditation upon a Broomstick, Baucis and Philemon, Petition of Mrs. Harris, To Mrs. Biddy Floyd, History of Vanbrugh's House: to all which is prefixed, A complete Key to the Tale of a Tub." London, printed for E. Curll, 1711. At the end is this advertisement, "Speedily will be published, some other *Pieces* relating to the last subject herein mentioned;" which last subject is Vanbrugh's House.

In this pamphlet, the Tale is ascribed on general reputation only, to "Thomas and Jonathan Swift, who composed it in 1697, having been domestic chaplains to Sir W. Temple, and therefore thought themselves obliged to take up his quarrel. Thomas began a defence of Sir William, under the title of a Tale of a Tub, under which he intended to couch the general history of Christianity. His aim is to ridicule the stubborn errors of the Romish Church, and the humours of the fanatic party. He designed to shew the purity of the Christian Church in primitive times; and consequently how weakly and partially

tially Mr. Wotton passed his judgement in preferring the modern divinity before the ancient. But his companion Jonathan, borrowing the MS. to peruse, carried it with him to Ireland, and having kept it seven years, at last published it imperfect."—The parts of the book are in this pamphlet thus allotted to them.

To Jonathan: The Dedication to Lord Somers, Preface, Epistle to Prince Posterity, and the Four Digressions; 1. On Critics. 2. In the Modern Kind. 3. On Digressions. 4. In Praise of Madness.—Also, the Battle of the Books.

To Thomas: The Tale of a Tub, and the Fragment on the Mechanical Operations of the Spirit.

Concerning these pretensions of Thomas, see Swift's Works, [1808, vol. ii. p. 168.]

One of the annotations in this pamphlet I shall mention, both because it is not noticed in the editions of the Tale, that I have seen; and because the allegory of Swift is not explained there or any where else, that I know of. It relates to the two monsters, Camelion and Moulinavent, which are mentioned in the Tale, section viii. as sworn enemies of the Æolists. The pamphlet thus explains them: "The CAMELION is the priest, who denies inspiration; and the Infidel, who argues against such a thing as a Deity, from his shuffling and turning every way that will make for his argument, is here represented by MOULINAVENT." This explanation appears to me to labour under great difficulties: first, that it does not distinguish between the two monsters; for the Priest who denies inspiration, and the Infidel who argues against a Deity and therefore against inspiration, appear to me not to be different, but the same:

and however they may differ in name, to agree in reality. Secondly, That no reason is assigned, why these monsters should be sworn foes to the Æolists only, and not to Christians of every denomination.

My solution of the allegory is, that by CAMELION and MOULINAVENT, are understood the Church and State; that is, the Episcopal Church of England by law established, and the Monarchy. The union between these two has ever been held inseparable; and it was the well-known assertion of an English Prince, "No King, no Bishop." Against these two, all Æolists (that is, sectaries of every description) have ever opposed themselves, and waged incessant war: and though they destroyed the Monarchy for a time in the reign of the First Charles, when the Church fell with it, yet in the reign of Charles the Second both revived, and the sectaries received many violent blows from the Monarchy. MOULINAVENT has four arms; these are the four sceptres (of England, Scotland, France and Ireland), issuing from the centre of the coin, and including the arms of those kingdoms. A windmill (which is what the word *moulin à vent* means) is a proper image of the State or Monarchy, whose condition is subject to much alteration and many vicissitudes.—As for the Camelion, it is an animal that lives upon air, and refunds no part of it by eructation. This is the image of the Church of England; whose articles acknowledge the inspiration of Holy Scripture, whilst its members make no pretences to supernatural powers, or to the possession of inspiration in themselves, but have an established Liturgy and set form of prayer, and do not make use of extemporaneous praying and preaching, here called Eructations. This

Church

Church Dryden had represented under the image of a panther; and Swift (in imitation of him I suppose) compares it to a camelion. But further; the camelion lives upon air, and varies his colours according as the objects that surround him vary: and will not this be a just representation of those ecclesiastics (if there be any such) who exist on the promises of the great, and rise to power by complying with their variable humours?

In the same work, Swift attributes to Lord Peter, a powder, which he calls Pimperlimping [vol. ii. p. 275, sect. iv.]: relative to this I find in a pamphlet published about 1690, and called, a Dialogue between Dr. Sherlock, the King of France, the Great Turk, and Dr. Oates, the following passage: "This famous Doctor (Sherlock) plays the Merry Andrew with the world, and like the Powder of Pimper le Pimp, turns up what trump the Knave of Clubs calls for."

But that I may return to my subject;—we are led to give small credit to what the famous Dean of St. Patrick's related, when his recollection of the past was much impaired, concerning the earlier events of his life, when we consider what he himself asserted about the *Testimonium* which he received from the college of Dublin. Mr. Deane Swift positively affirms (p. 30.) on the Dean's own authority, "that the University of Oxford misconceived the meaning of the expression *in it*, "speciali gratiâ:" and yet when he afterwards produces a copy of the *Testimonium* (p. 43), he finds no such expressions *in it*, and feels no small difficulty in defending the veracity of his relation. He ascribes to the friendship of the college the omission; whereas there was no friendship practised, or compliment intended; and the College

only pursued the conduct always adopted on such occasions *. On this point therefore it is impossible to defend the veracity of either Swift or his biographer, or to vindicate them from the imputation of mistake. But, if he could be mistaken in this point, I think the inference warranted—that he might be equally mistaken with respect to transactions in the college, that were still further removed from the times when he conversed with Mr. Deane Swift on those subjects; and therefore that we cannot implicitly depend on his own representations; much less can we argue, from what is merely silence in him, against the conclusions deducible from authentic documents, whose testimonies do mutually confirm each other.

From Swift himself let us now turn our eyes to those who have described his life and actions; and one fact which I proceed to relate will shew us what little care they have used to procure information as to the earlier part of his life. None of them mentions the fact that he was a prebendary in St. Patrick's †, and enjoyed that dignity with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin: and yet that this was the case plainly appears from his own letters. I am pos-

* The University of Dublin could never have inserted the words—*per specialem gratiam*—in any *Testimonium*, because all that is certified in such an instrument is only the mere fact of taking the degree, under the circumstances required by the customs of the college and the laws of the land.—I may add, that the above statement not only disproves Lord Orrery's idle suggestion, that the learned University of Oxford mistook the meaning of these expressions, but also decisively shews that there is no ground whatsoever for Dr. Hawkesworth's conjecture, that probably by the influence of Swift's uncle, these disgraceful words "were *omitted* in the copy which he procured, and sent [to Oxford.]"

† This fact was not wholly unnoticed; see vol. II. p. 53. N.

sessed

sessed of the presentation copy of the third volume of Temple's Miscellanies, (said in the title to be published by Jonathan Swift, A.M. Prebendary of St. Patrick's, London, 1701), which he himself presented to Primate Marsh. He has written in it this address:

To the most Reverend
Narcissus Lord Archbishop of
Dublin, and one of the
Lords Justices of Ireland;
By his Grace's
most obedient, and
most obliged
humble servant,
THE PUBLISHER.

Having applied to the Dean of St. Patrick's to learn the name of the Prebend, I understood from him that it was Dunlavin; that Swift was presented to it by Narcissus Archbishop of Dublin, on 28 September, 1700; and installed on 22 October, and that it had become vacant by the resignation of Dr. John Bolton. His patent for the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, vacant by the deprivation of William Milne, bears date 28 January, in the sixth year of William [1694-5]; and that to the vicarage of Laracor and rectory of Aghir, in the diocese of Meath, vacant by the cession of John Bolton, D.D. on the 20th of February [$\frac{1699}{1700}$], in the twelfth year of the same reign.

And as the accounts which he himself and his biographers deliver of the earlier transactions of his life appear thus defective, it may not be unuseful to consider whence these imperfections appear to have arisen; and

and what may have been the causes why the world has been so little acquainted as to some of his earliest productions, such as the Tripos, &c. Now these appear to me reducible to the following heads:

1st. To the confusion of the times that immediately succeeded.

2dly. To the little notoriety attached to the character of Swift previous to the year 1710. At that time indeed he commanded the public attention, but it was only for the space of four years. He appeared, it is true, a comet in the political world; but his duration was almost equally short-lived. With the administration of Lord Oxford he set, and lost all hopes of ever rising to political consequence: he was forgotten by one party, and was so much detested by that which had supplanted them, that he was the object of their persecution for above ten years.

3dly. To the silence which Swift preserved on this topick, and which is the more remarkable, because he never failed to enlarge on the imaginary disgrace that accompanied the taking of his degree.

4thly. To develope these truths, a concurrence of circumstances was necessary, which could scarcely be hoped to be ever met with in the same person. For instance; it was necessary to be acquainted with the facts related by Richardson; with the work called the Tripos; with the connection between Swift and Jones, its reputed author, and with those transactions of Swift and Jones which were only to be discovered from the Registry and Buttery Books; where the omission of the Christian name in the Registry, and the loss of the Junior Buttery Book, seemed to threaten insuperable difficulties.—On these subjects my information

formation was obtained at different times: I had no copy of the Tripos until 1802; knew not the connection between Swift and Jones, or their transactions, before 1803; nor was acquainted with the anecdote preserved by Richardson, prior to 1804.

5thly. To his own peculiar conduct with respect to his writings; agreeably to which he most generally sent his works into the world, without acknowledging himself as their author.

6thly. To the nature of the composition itself; which, being of the scandalous kind, subjected his friend to a punishment. But who (if even the fear of punishment were removed) could ever derive any pleasure from the reflection, that he had been the author of personality or scandal? The person who could boast of this, might justly be said to glory in his own shame. Do we not see, from the words at the conclusion of this very Tripos, that its reputed author was ashamed of his performance? How much hurted then would Swift have felt himself, even at the suspicion of his being the author; and how great must have been his unwillingness that it should be attributed to him! an unwillingness that would have been increased, when by the means of such a composition, he found himself accessary to the punishment of his friend.

The same imputation,—of their being of a scandalous kind,—does not, I acknowledge, attach itself to some other pieces of his, which have fallen into my hands, and have been hitherto unnoticed; and yet we may observe, that the nature of these compositions also did preclude them from being generally known. They are of a desultory kind, written upon the spur of the moment, by an individual at that time obscure,

scure, (for they were written in his earlier days,) and upon individuals almost equally unknown with himself: the occasions of them are merely local, and such as the public felt little concern about; and the most probable supposition we can make is, that their author retained no copies of them, and thus they became lost even to himself.

Having thus brought before the reader's view a short account of Swift's academic conduct and behaviour, it will now be necessary to deliver the piece itself, which so strongly attracted the notice of his superiors in the college. And as the names of many of them, and of other members of the college, occur in this performance, it will be requisite, for the better understanding it, to premise some few particulars concerning the parties mentioned; in doing which I have to lament that the scanty materials which have reached me, have rendered it impossible for me in some cases to do more than to supply names and dates.

The Provost at that time was Dr. Robert Huntington: the Senior Fellows were, Dr. Richard Acton, Vice-provost, George Brown, Dive Downes, John Griffith, John Barton, St. George Ashe, and Benedict Scroggs.

The Junior Fellows were, Patrickson, Reader, Thewks, Smith, Hall, Lloyd, Sayers, Allen, and Hassett.

Of these, Griffith was absent by a King's letter, dated 3 July, 1687, which gave him leave of absence for two years: this leave expiring in 1689, and he not returning, the King issued a mandamus in favour of one Arthur Green, to be made a Senior Fellow in his place. The Vice-provost, Dr. Acton, refused to obey, alleging, as I suppose, that Griffith not having

having been deprived, no senior fellowship was vacant. The King, with an armed force, seized on the college, and committed several of its members to prison. Not deterred by this, Dr. Acton presented a remonstrance to the King, against his Majesty's own proceedings, and did actually hold an Election of Officers in the college, on 20 November, 1689: so that he appears to have recovered the possession of his freehold, as he termed the college in his petition, although surrounded by James's army.

By another King's letter, dated 15 March, 1686-7, Patrickson, a Junior Fellow, had a like leave of absence granted to him.

The other persons alluded to in the Tripos, who were not fellows, are Michael Hewitson, Dudley Loftus, Thomas Weaver, Dean Manby, Archdeacon Baynard, Bernard Doyle, Dr. Gwithers, Sir Michael Creagh, and several others; of whom I shall proceed to give the best account I have been able to collect.

The first person whom his Satire attacks is the Rev. Michael Hewitson, the last will of whose sister Mary furnishes the subject of the second act. He was admitted into college, 18 July, 1660, was afterwards elected a scholar, and had a Master of Arts degree, (in which the acts were remitted to him in consequence of his contributing thirty guineas towards the college buildings) on 27 February 1681-2. Shortly afterwards, in 1684, he was tenant to the college for the lands of Coolremur, in the county of Donegal, which, it is believed, are now possessed by some of his descendants.

The next person who is addressed, and represented as Doctor Civilis, sed Polyglottus, is probably Dr. Dudley Loftus, who was eminent for his skill in the

Oriental languages, and contributed his assistance to Bishop Walton's celebrated Polyglott. See an Account of him and his numerous Works in Ware's Writers of Ireland, p. 254; which confirms the representation given of him here.

Mr. Thomas Weaver, the next person (that I can discover) who incurs Swift's censure, was of a family settled in the King's or Queen's County. I find several persons of the name of Weaver in the reigns of Charles the Second, and William, and Anne, representing the King's and the Queen's Counties, or places in them, in the Irish House of Commons. One of them enjoyed a lease under the college of the tithes of Moyana and Stradbally, in the year 1668; but neglecting to renew it, lost it about the year 1685. The family probably came into Ireland about 1650: for a person of this name was one of the four Commissioners whom the Parliament sent into Ireland at that time, and was by marriage related to Samuel Winter, who came along with them, and was made by Oliver Cromwell, Provost of Dublin College.—The person mentioned in the Tripos appears to have been admitted into the college, 9 November, 1678; and on February 25, 1688, had the grace for A.M., and his exercises were dispensed with.

For Peter Manby, Dean of Derry, see Ware's Account of the Writers of Ireland, p. 257.

John Baynard was Archdeacon of Connor: having (like Manby) apostatized to the Church of Rome, he resigned his archdeaconry in 1691, to which Philip Mathews (nephew of Lemuel Mathews,) was collated.

The antagonist of Manby was William King, Chancellor of St. Patrick's, and afterwards Archbishop of

of Dublin; censured in the Tripos for the inaccuracy of his Latin style.

We are now come to the infamous Bernard Doyle, who is the next person censured in the Tripos. He was admitted as a sizar on 14 April, 1678, under the tuition of Richard Acton, at the age of nineteen; and was born at Athlone. On 11 July, 1685, he had the grace of the house for A.M. "per specialem gratiam." He was usher of the school at Drogheda; and on the merit of conforming to the religion of James the Second, sought to be admitted to the place of a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. To this end he presented a mandamus from the King on February 13, 1687-8, directed to the Provost and Senior Fellows, and dated January 11, 1687-8; which required them to admit the said Doyle to a Fellowship, then vacant (by the cession of Dr. George Mercer, who is mentioned also in the Tripos), or the first that should become so, without taking any oath but that of a Fellow. When this oath was tendered to him by them, he refused to take it; as it was inconsistent with the religion he professed. And it having been represented by the College to the Lord Lieutenant, that Doyle was a person of shameful ignorance and scandalous immorality, he was pleased to order the Mayor of Drogheda to take examinations upon oath relative to Mr. Doyle's conduct, while usher of that school. For this purpose Mr. Downes, one of the Fellows, went down thither; and it was proved by examinations, taken on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of March, that Doyle was guilty of fornication (having had two bastards), drunkenness, theft, and other crimes; such as violently assaulting and beating various persons. Notwithstanding this representation, Doyle persevered

vered in his applications to Lord Tyrconnell, and spared no kind of scandalous assertions against the college; but in the mean time Mr. Arthur Hassett procured a mandamus in his own favour, which he presented to the Provost and Fellows on 16 April, 1688; and having satisfied them on the points which they proposed to him, he was sworn and admitted a Fellow. He is mentioned in the Tripos: as is also Eleanor Wall, who was one of Doyle's mistresses.

Sir Michael Creagh was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1688; and represented that city in the Parliament of 1689. He was Paymaster General of King James's army.

Ezekiel Burridge, who is mentioned in the beginning of the second act, was elected Scholar in June, 1683, commenced A.B. February, 1683-4, and A.M. July, 1687. He is mentioned by Ware in his Account of the Writers of Ireland; and by King, in his State of the Protestants.

At the Commencement in July 1688, when this Tripos was pronounced, I find that the undernamed persons took the following degrees; to all of whom allusions are made in it.

Mr. William King (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), B.D. and D.D. Mr. Charles Gwithers, M.D.;—and Jeremy Marsh, Alexander Jephson, Thomas Cox, Richard Barry, William Tirrell, Allen Maddison, William Warren, Jo. Travers, &c. were admitted to the degree of A.M.

Jephson was afterwards a clergyman, and had the school of Camberwell: he and Gwithers and several others were censured on various occasions by the Board; as was also Nich. Knight, whose name occurs in this Tripos.—At the same time appear on the books

books of the Buttery, among the resident Doctors and Masters, the names of Dr. Foy (who had been a Senior Fellow, but, like Foley, had resigned), Dr. Gwithers, Mr. Napper, Mr. Jephson, Mr. Cox, Mr. Terrill, and Mr. Delauny. The other names occurring in the Tripos are all names of persons who had been students in the College, but at that time some of them had left it.—We also may find some of the names occurring in King's State of the Protestants, such as that of Dean Glandee, a person of abilities, but whose character has been reproached with the imputation of immorality.—The Butler of the college (or Promus) who is satyrized in the latter part of the first act, was Mr. Andrew Donnell, called there Daniel: from the Senior Lecturer's Book it appears, that his son was admitted a pupil under Mr. Smith, a few days before the Tripos was delivered; in which mention of his familiarity with Mr. Smith is made.

Having thus endeavoured to make the reader acquainted with the several characters mentioned in the Tripos, I proceed to deliver the composition itself; as preserved to us in the MS. of Theophilus, Lord Newtown Butler, a nobleman, who, with his brother Brinsley (afterwards Viscount Lanesborough,) was admitted into Trinity College on the 27th of September, 1686, almost two years before Jones's censure.

A TRIPOS,

Or Speech, delivered at a Commencement in the University of Dublin, (held there, July 11, 1688,) by Mr. John Jones, then A.B. afterwards D.D.

ACT I.

Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.

Your *probabo, probabo,* is as dull as a Trinity Sunday sermon.

Dii boni, quas novas aves hic video! Tot habemus barbaros ignoramos et foppos; tot doctores indoctos, rummos academicos, cives aldermanicos, rusticos personas, and so many pretty, pretty little rogues, that, should I speak Latin, I should banter ten parts of the company. Wherefore, for the sake of the ladies, bullies, the Rums * and Fellow-Commoners, I'll order it, (as I know you all would have it,) that the English be ten to one against the Roman.

Lenite clamorem, till I shew these gentlemen the civilities of the house.

Non temere decet quidem ut salutemus libenter. Salvete igitur quotquot reverenda vel ridicula, docta vel rummosa capita; sed imprimis salvus sit Doctor Acton, (ut inquit Erasmus) athleticè: superannuati omnes salvi sint pancraticè: et, si qui adsint cornuti, quod verisimile est, valeant tauricè; deinde si quis adsit medicus immedicabilis, qui skulkat subter id manticæ, quod in tergo est, docto in cujus capite Æsculapius viget, sed in ossibus dominatus astronomiæ et effæto corpore totus inhæret Galenus et Hip-

* Mr. Sheridan, in the Life of Swift, has given us Swift's translation of the line—Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam: whence we may learn that the term, RUM, was familiar to that writer, in the sense here used.

pocrates,

pocrates, si possibile sit, inquam, valeat ille; sed præ cæteris clericum istum clericorùm salvere jubeo, who preaches in an oven, and is of the same name and heraldry with an eminent blind cobler, who, when the kingdom was all out of the stitches, vampt himself a colonel; if his gravity be here, I salute him for seven several reasons.

First, because he drinks and goes to the boghouse for fourteen reasons; but cannot give one for selling his organs to a mass-house.

Secondly, Because (according to his own phrase) he preaches by the London standard, which never lessened, as I know of, but thrice; and then Stillingfleet and Tillotson themselves were not one jot better or worse, unless we say with the poet,

Sed malè dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Thirdly, Because when he came from England, he wore as much silk for a doublet as made his sister (joy be with her, as he said) a manteau and petticoat. Quere, whether then Mr. Parson wore the breastplate of righteousness? It is plain he did, and that his intentions were honourable, for the next Sunday following he preached,—Give Cæsar his due. It is illnature then in Bunbury's wife's husband to revile him for this; and, to speak in the phrase of a pretty little Senior Fellow, There's no Jew but would be more gentle.

Fourthly, Because he consecrates as much water at once, as makes Christians for a month.

Fifthly, Because he invited to his sister's funeral none but (as he was pleased to call them) the cream of the parish; viz. those that kept coaches. Now himself upon himself: his conclusion in such a case will be thus, That all the curds and cream in the parish

rish tour it in coaches, while the poor skim-milk and bonny-clobber trudge a-foot. I wonder, Mr. Leeson, with his cream of Theology, is not his parishioner. There is a mess for the Freshmen. But,

Sixthly, Because he lives by the Canon, and yet corrects the Rubrick.

Seventhly and lastly, Because he made himself a large and ponderous night-cap, after the exact model of his church; and this he did for two reasons.

First, to shew that no noddle in the diocese could bear such a weight as his. Secondly, to cure a distemper, which, to the grief of his congregation, has troubled his brains these many years. Sed ad rem.

Salvus sit ille inter socios juniores cum pede brevi et naso rhinocerotis, who by his own sermon of angles and triangles has thrice shown his smattering in the mathematics. Valeat etiam Doctor ille Civilis, sed Polygamista, edentulus sed Polyglottus; qui adeo plenus est literis, ut in ipsa facie omnes linguarum characteres graphicè scribuntur: frustra igitur, reverende doctor, susurrant invidi, te jam senio confectum orientales linguas non callere, cum revera index tui animi sit vultus. Sed etiam atque etiam salvus sit purpuratus noster grandiloquus, cui dedit ore rotundo Musa loqui:

Quem quoad faciem et linguam vocamus Ulyssem;
Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.—
No Tartar is more fair, no Athenian better hung;
Sol varnish'd o'er his face, and Mercury his tongue.—

quoad altitudinem salutemus Ajacem, quoad gracilitatem Tithonum, quoad caput versatile Priamum paralyticum, quoad pedes Achillem, quoad crura denique, Colossum.

Sponte suâ properant, labor est inhibere volentes.

Anglicè,

Anglicè,

With aukward gown tuck'd up, he scow'rs along,
And at each stride measures a parasang.

Inter cæteros, peculiari dignus est salutatione bellus quidam homunculus; I do not mean Mr. Brady's pretty little man, but the neat, spruce, dapper, finical, nice, spark, who'd rather sing and dance in his chamber, than bowl without an umbrella: who constantly carries as many patch-boxes in his pocket, as would beautify our beadle; as many several sorts of snuff, as would furnish Major-General Maccarty and Colonel Dempsy for a year, and as much essence as would perfume Sir Stampe's chamber; as many comfits as would sweeten Mr. Travers's hacksters; together with as many jewels as would make Sir Jephson a gentleman, or buy Mr. Delauny a coat of arms. Besides; he has such a veneration for the fair sex, that he would not presume to visit a lady in a shirt he had worn a day, but by way of apology sent her this billet-doux:

I'gad, Madam, I beg your pardon ten thousand times for not paying my devoir to your ladyship to-day: of which transcendent happiness nothing under the planets could have deprived me, but the damned disappointment of my sempstress, by whose neglect I have at present but seven day-shirts: by which means I am unprovided with linen, and so rendered utterly incapable of attending your ladyship now: but as soon as my dress is agreeable, I fly with the wings of duty and obedience to implore your ladyship's mercy for my unfortunate absence, and will ever snatch at all opportunities of manifesting myself,

Madam, your Ladyship's most humble and devoted
Slave, to the stars or centre,
TOMMY WEAVER.

O curas hominum, O quantum est in rebus inane.

Ipsissimum hunc homuncionem hoc in epigrammate notat Martialis:

Cotile, bellus homo es, &c.

Anglicè,

There's scarce a well-drest coxcomb, but will own
Tommy's the prettiest spark about the town.
This all the tribe of fringe and feather say,
Because he nicely moves by Algebra;
And does with method tie his cravat string,
Takes snuff with art, and shows his sparkling ring:
Can set his foretop, manage well his wig,
Can act a proverb, and can dance a jig;
Does sing French songs; can rhyme, and furnish chat
To inquisitive Miss, from Letter or Gazette;
Knows the affair of cockpit and the race,
And who were conquerors at either place;
If Crop or Trotter took the prize away,
And who a fortune gain'd the other day.
He swings fring'd gloves, sees plays, writes billet-doux,
Fill'd up with beauty, love, oaths, lies, and vows;
Does scent his eyebrows, perfum'd comfits eat,
And smells like phœnix' nest, or civet cat;
Does shave with pumice stone, compose his face,
And rolls his stockings by a looking-glass.
Accomplish'd thus, Tommy, you'll grant, I hope,
A pretty spark at least, if not a fop.

Finitâ salutatione, (more Erasmiano) paucis vobiscum confabulandum est. Sed uti solet graculus ille Maddison, mihi cordi est totum occupare sermonem; I'll take all the chat to myself.

In familiaritatem me nuper exceperunt virtuosi, (hominum genus in mininis non minimùm laborans) et

et mihi quædam naturæ non vulgaria nota fecere; quæ humanitatis ergo, et publicæ salutis gratiâ, in lucem jam profero.

First, Mr. Allen's infallible cure for the mawworms.

R. poti fortis ab hatcho quartum unum; rowlorum, sive brownorum sive alborum, ad minimum tres: his addatur butyri culinaris quantum valet duos denarios, cum bunsho radishorum vel watergrassi; deinde stomachi equini quantum sufficit. Hæc omnia horâ octavâ antemeridianâ quotidie devorentur, et certè vix ad prandium usque latrabit stomachus.

Secondly, Dr. Molyneux * his rare discovery of part of the meat's sudden digestion and corruption in the mouth, thus:

R. pinquis caponis leggum unum et wingum, tosti shouldromotontis et carnis bovinæ unà slizum unum vel alterum; anseris juvenilis cum sauso goosberiano modicum quid; panis domestici lunsheum moderatum; vini rubri et poti minoris pocula bina vel tria; et, quod instar omnium est, fœtidissimi spiritus quantum sufficit: compressu oris fiat bolus, et proculdubio inter hiatus dentium et super gingivas tam statim fœtida fiat concoctio; quod primus omnium mortalium, si modo credibile sit, ingenuus notavit ille medicus.

Thirdly, The College Butler's admirable invention of selling a mixture of ale and mum for nine-pence per quart: and his water bewitched, viz. small beer and water, for a penny a bottle: likewise his elixir bonæ famæ, or cure for his first fault. The experi-

* Dr. Thomas Molyneux, the younger brother of William Molyneux, the correspondent of Mr. Locke, commenced M. D. July, 1687. See an account of him in the BIOGR. BRITAN. vol. v. p. 3133, note A, edit. 1760.

ment of the liquids is wrought by the help of a trap-door at midnight.

The elixir is made thus:

℞. vini rubri flaskum duplex, Canarii, sive vini Hispanici, amphoram unam, vel alteram: academici et grubbinorum tolemanni quantum sufficit: deferantur ad cameram Junioris Decani, quo participante ingurgitentur omnia post nocturnum catalogum.

If this will not work the effect alone, I refer you to his wonderful sympathetick prescription, which is thus:

' ℞. the tongue of Mother Jenkinson, alias Madam University, which will soothe the affections of the head of the society. This being done, let the patient dine thrice a week on a national dish; and if this fail, 'tis an odd thing, nam probatum est.

Moreover I recommend to you,

Dean Manby's and Archdeacon Baynard's ointment for a warping conscience.

Mr. Oliver Talent's * prescription for the worms in the noddle.

Sir Conolly's new Treatise of Armory, entitled, Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

Madam Dicky Barry's ingenious machine for putting on finical bands.

Mr. Scroggs's composition of puns.

Mr. Griffiths's approved-of opium matutinum, for soaking.

Mr. Downes's excellent potio coffiana, for expelling soporiferous humours.

Priscianus vulneratus, aliàs, methodus credendi Articulos, by the Rev. Dr. King.

* Oliver Tallant, admitted 20 May, 1677.

Doctor

Doctor Nappier's * Elegy on a broken Bellarmine of Ale, entitled, Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

An excellent engine for working embroidery, by my very good Lord Charlemont.

Likewise his Lordship's Praxis Arithmetica, shewing that 24 and 24 make 48: this, as simple as it seems to be, cost the Honourable Lord some pains, and his lady some blushes.

An infallible unguent for the spleen in the toe, by the Rev. Dr. Foy.

And lastly, Mr. Smith's Art of Compliance, proving humility to be the practice of the age, and shewing how the College Butler may be the dear companion of the Junior Dean. For all which I refer you to the respective authors, except the last, which Mr. Smith proves syllogistically thus:

Moris est humilitas, ergo
Junior Decanus et Promus Senior
possint esse magni.

Probo antecedens.

Si generosus marmorizat cum puero,
Anglicè, plays marbles with his boy,
Tunc moris est humilitas.
Sed generosus marmorizat cum puero. Ergo, &c.

Probo minorem instantiam.

Magister Sayers marmorizat cum puero,
Sed magister Sayers est generosus. Ergo, &c.

Probo aliter.

Si doctissimus, altissimus, necnon longè notissimus

* Gerard Nappier, admitted 18 July, 1677.—See a Latin piece in Swift's Works, [vol. xvi. p. 289,] on this very title, "Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori."

Doctor

Doctor in Universitate scrubbat suas tabulas et brushat suas cathedras, tunc moris est humilitas.

Sed talis Doctor scrubbat suas tabulas, &c. Ergo,

Hoc etiam probari potest instantiâ.

But the tall gentleman in the robes would not have it known. Cum itaque, Magister, (te Decanum alloquor) argumentis hisce validis vindicetur tua humilitas, quid obstat quo minus inter te et Danielum mutua foveatur familiaritas.

Ede, bibe, dormi, post mortem nulla voluptas,
Namque inter Tanaim nihil est socerumque Viselli.
Coach it away then, and empty his pitchers;
A lord in Fingall plays tennis with ditchers.

Heu, heu, quanti hic desiderantur socci et handkerchiefi, tantum est inter vos clamoris, sudoris: tantum est hogorum, ut piget usque morari. Pergat igitur (ut inquit Dr. Acton) suo modo Dominus Barry. Sed heus tu, Magister Will-be, sive graduate medioxime, Serenissimæ Elizabethæ dormiant cineres. Not a word of Protestant Bess.

ACT II.

Oppon. Dom. Barry.—In tempore veni, quod omnium rerum est primum.

Nam vereor, Domine, you are brought as low as Witherington in Chevy Chace, or Mr. Lloyd in the chapel. Ridicula capita! inepto risu res ineptior nulla est.

Absint joci, (as Sir Jephson said, when he had none,) res seria jam, imo de funeribus, agitur. Mulierecula enim misella humanissima, nobis vicina, et Magistri Hewetson soror unica, non ita pridem moriebatur; nec amicorum immemor ingrata discessit:

sed quicquid vel corpusculi sui vel rei humano foret usui, hoc supremo testamento, amicis suis in formam subsequentem benigna legavit.

The last Will and Testament of Mrs. Mary Hewetson.

She bequeathed her brains to a learned grave gentleman, who has shaked his own out of his noddle; whose name I was forbid to tell you, but I'll do as good as will, I'll find somebody here, that——Amoveate quæso, amoveate paulisper. Oh! salve, Magister Burridge; I remember Tommy Cox told me, your's were addle, and therefore I present them to you, if her brother lays no claim to them.

Her tongue (which even after death is the cause of controversy) some affirm she left to Mrs. Horncastle *: but the true opinion is, she bequeathed it to Mrs. Jenkinson, whose speaking organ (as I told you before) is employed in Mrs. Donnell's Elixir bonæ famæ.

Her teeth she left to Mrs. Horncastle, who has such an unruly member of her own, that it needs at least a double guard.

She bequeathed her hair to Mr. Leeson, to make him a wig.

Her coloured silk petticoat, to furnish Mr. Delauny with a pair of breeches; and her looking-glass and night-rail to my Lady Neddy Hall. Her tooth-pick to Dr. Loftus, and patch-box to Mrs. Lucy Coghill †, which so disguised her at the Confirma-

* A person of this name is mentioned in King's State of the Protestants.

† Daughter of Sir John Coghill, and sister to Dr. Marmaduke Coghill.

tion

tion in St. Werburgh's Church, that the zealous Archdeacon did not know Sir John's daughter; sed zelo verè Fitzgeraldino exclamavit, "My Lord, my Lord, her face is against the Canon: I know not who she is, and I won't present her."

Sed, reverende vir, monstrat tibi poeta, quo pacto agnosceres virginem.

Cui numerosa linunt stellantem splenia frontem,
Ignoras, quæ sit? Splenia tolle, leges.

But to return; she left her courageous heart to pretty Mr. Weaver.

Her beauty (now you all expect I'll say,—to Sir Bayly and Fitzsimons,—no truly, but) to as worthy a gentleman, the Rev. the Provost: and her conscience to the clerk of the kitchen, of whom (by way of digression *) take this character.

A College Steward

is an animal mixture, a medley or hodge-podge of butcher and cook, of scullion and scholar. He lives † negatively by the privation of others, and mortifies more flesh than all the divines in the kingdom. Did he live among the ancients, he would be taken for a wrestling master, with his skin oiled for the palæstra. Hence it comes to pass, that his greasy shirt pays his laundress, and finds her in soap and candles. You may follow him (like the old pyewoman) by his smell.

* These digressions, interspersed, may remind us of the digressions in the Tale of a Tub.

† The office of College Steward was formerly exercised by a Scholar of the House, who was called Clerk of the Kitchen: it is probable that he might derive some advantages from the punishment that consisted in depriving delinquents of commons. These advantages are here alluded to.

Strangers passing by his door take it for the college chandler's: an ignorant woman went there, directed by her nose, to sell her kitchen-stuff. The butchers' dogs fawn upon him, and follow him for his hogoes. Without doubt they fancy he carries a slaughter-house about him. He spends half his salary a-year in wash-balls, fuller's-earth, and socks. The scent of the kitchen has infected his breath, and poisoned his whole mass of blood. What the hyperbolical poet said of the Cappadocian is verified in him, without a trope:

Vipera Cappadocem malesana momordit, at ipsa
Gustato periit sanguine Cappadocis.
Anglicè,
A famish'd rat, progging one night for food,
Bit Mr. Hogoe's toe, and suck'd the blood:
Then dull and drooping, the pensive vermin sat,
Gorg'd with infectious gore, and pois'ning fat.

If he goes to market fasting, he taints all the meat he cheapens; therefore the butchers, in their own defence, treat him to a breakfast. Every Sunday morning he so stuffs himself, that if you come nigh him, you'll know what is for dinner. Every belch* is a bill of fare; his bed-fellow dreams of grubbins all night. One that lay with him by accident, fancied himself at the mouth of an oven, full of tainted mutton-pyes. Mr. Butler junior *, who, to stifle his hogoes, lies in his socks, would match him for a bed-fellow, provided that they lay heads and points. The pestilence of the head would be requited by the

* This reminds us of the author of the Tale of a Tub: who enlarges so much upon the *eructations* of the Æolists.

+ Probably Brinsley Butler, at that time a Student in the college.

plague

plague of the heels. Were he in orders, it would be dangerous for him to baptize; he would make more ghosts than Christians, and with good words send the sucklings packing to the other world. Were he Doctor in the civil law, his brother would rather not commence than kiss him: he would be as terrible as the old gentleman with the rainbow about his eyes. He never says grace before meat, and very good reason; his victuals, like the Scotchman's snuff, will not bide a blessing: the holy words would transubstantiate them into maggots. The greatest sin he has to struggle with is the flesh; and (which is wonderful) the oftener he gains the victory, the wickeder he becomes. He thwarts the Rubrick, and makes more Good Fridays than Sundays in the year. When we keep Lent *, he keeps Carnival: and well he may, when other men fast for his sins. He takes upon him to be Deputy Bursar, and is called Mr. Steward; but by the same figure that the hangman is called the King's officer. In the kitchen he rules the roast, is absolute lord over the cleavemen, half master of the scullions, and partly tutor, partly companion, to the cooks: but always sworn brother in iniquity to the clerks of the buttery, which brings me to consider them together in one word, and so have done. When these two meet, (like malevolent planets in conjunction) 'tis ominous, and denotes a dearth in commons and sizings. Nay, sometimes it foretells a general punishment. The making of either of these is the spoiling of a scholar; as a gentleman, bound 'prentice, forfeits his heraldry, or the

* That is, when we, by way of punishment, are put out of commons, he derives some advantage to himself by it.

knighthood

knighthood of an alderman spoils a cit. They live plentifully with traffick between themselves, and yet every day eat and drink their bargains. To conclude; they cast up their sins once a month, but do not repent, because their iniquities are confirmed by the Senior Fellows.

But to return to the Will.

She bequeathed her breasts to Mrs. Mary C—ll *, of whom hear the poet:

Mammas atque tatas habet Afra; sed ipsa tatarum
Dici et mammarum maxima mamma potest.

Her paint she left to one of those ladies; and her nose she knew not whether to leave to Mr. Loftus or Mr. Lloyd; but at last ordered it for the former: and out of her great charity gave permission to the latter (I mean Mr. Lloyd) to furnish himself after the Hudibrasian manner with a supplemental snout out of her posteriors.

Lastly, she bequeathed all her money for the founding and endowment of a new college, and therefore ordered that there be a fair tract of ground purchased out of Jack Cusack's estate, on a convenient part whereof there be erected a stately pile of building after the model of Mr. Allen's mansion-house. That Sir Butler's famous library be bought for the college use, together with Stillingfleet's and Tillotson's Sermons for the assistance of the young divines. That Mr. Doyle, for his excellent morals and profound learning, be Provost: and Mr. Boreman †, for the same reasons, be Vice-provost. That Nickumbottum

* Perhaps, Coghill.

† Edward Boreman, admitted 11 June, 1678; his name was taken off the books on 15 October, 1686.

be

be University orator; Sir Stampe,* singing-master and magician; and that ingenious bachelor of arts who read out all Gassendus's Astronomy in a week, but the a's and b's, if Sir Moore pleases, be mathematick professor: and Dr. Mercer be bursar. Several officers are yet wanting, as divinity professor, preachers, physicians, lecturers, surgeons, historians, chymists, civilians, register, linguist, and many others, all which are to be supplied by that colossus of learning, Mr. Foley.

Hic vero dubium oritur; num Dr. Mercer, cum sponsa sua (satis eleganti) inhabitare possit academiam: si negatur, tunc actum est de bursario, qui adeo integer vitæ, scelerisque purus: si affirmatur, dii boni, quam clamosum necnon rixosum habituri sumus collegium! nam fama refert esse inter illos conjugium conjurgium, quod Martiali parum credibile videtur, ut ex his versiculis constat:

Cum sitis similes, paresque vita,
Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
Miror, non bene convenire vobis.

It was first ordered that Mr. Lloyd should be the University poet; ferunt autem, Magister, te quondam pessimum egisse poetastrum, ideoque

——— mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.—
Nam tu, Cosconi, disticha longa facis.

Hanc igitur provinciam habeat Dean Glandee, vel Mr. Hewetson.

Ordered moreover, that all the Fellows dine and sup constantly in the hall, uti apud nos moris est.

* Timothy Stampe, admitted 16 May, 1682.

Hortemur

Hortemur etiam, ut Præpositus parcius absit *, and to be strictly observed, that all the students in the hall, especially at meats, speak Latin, as we do.

It was lately ordered, that, for the honour and dignity of the University, there should be introduced a society of Freemasons, consisting of gentlemen, mechanicks, porters, parsons, ragmen, hucksters, bailiffs, divines, tinkers, knights, thatchers, coblers, poets, justices, drawers, beggars, aldermen, paviours, sculls, freshmen, bachelors, scavingers, masters, sowgelders, doctors, ditchers, pimps, lords, butchers, and taylors, who shall bind themselves by an oath, never to discover their mighty no-secret; and to relieve whatsoever strolling distressed brethren they meet with, after the example of the fraternity of Freemasons in and about Trinity College; by whom a collection was lately made for, and the purse of charity well stuffed for, a reduced brother, who received their charity as follows in this list of benefactors:

From Sawny Richardson, a bottle of ale and two rolls.

From Mr. Hassett, a pair of old shoes.

From a kind-hearted butcher at Lazy Hill, a calf's countenance.

From the Right Honourable Lord Charlemont, a cast hat.

From long Laurence, an inch of tobacco.

From Mr. Ryder, a groat.

From Dr. Gwithers, an old glister-pipe.

From Mr. Marsh and Sir Tenison, a bundle of godly ballads.

* It appears from the Buttery Books, that Provost Huntington had generally a non co., and therefore was absent from the hall.

From

From Mr. Smith, an old pair of quilted stockings.

From a tapster at the sign of the Hog in Armour, a comfit.

From Sir Goodlet *, a piece of an old Smiglesius for a natural use, cunningly procured by the means of Sir Goodlet.

From Sir Warren, for being freemasonized the new way, five shillings.

From Mr. Edward Hall †, a pair of cast night-gloves.

Lastly from Mr. Hancock, a slice of Cheshire cheese; which the hungry brother eat up with such a gusto, and liked so well, that he stole away the rest in his breeches.

Tam liberâ potitus contributione, frater scoundrellus sarcinulas suas discessurus colligit, et vultu hilari, ori solito, quadrangulum transit; dumque præ nimio gaudio porrectiore incedit fronte, altioresque tendit gressus, quisnam inter homines obviam dedit illi, nisi frater fraterrimus Cooper ‡; qui ut fidelem novit hominem, festinatius accurrit, humaniter corripit dextram, utque moris est, spississimo conspuit basio: deinde Bibliothecam versus, comiter ambulant, ut inter cætera admirabilia Ridlæum § visitent: quem dum hospes curiosis lynceis oculis perscrutatur, et

* James Goodlatt was admitted in February, 1683-4; elected Scholar in 1687.

† We must not confound this person with one of the same name among the then junior fellows. This last was Dr. John Hall, whom Swift, in his Account of Lord Wharton, mentions with approbation. To him the Tripos no where alludes.

‡ I find a person named Nat. Cooper, who with Edward Hall, commenced A.B. in February, 1682-3.

§ Said to have been an informer against priests.

diligentius

diligentius rimatur, quantum homuncionis judices, carnifex, et medici, reliquerunt; proh dolor, inter partes an nobiliores, an posteriores nescio, privatum fraternitatis notavit signum (Anglicè, the Freemasons' mark). Quo viso, Dii boni, quanto clamore totam infecit domum. Ter et sæpius pulsavit pectus, exsangues dilaniavit genas, et cheu nimium dilaceratas dilaceravit vestes. Tandem vero paulo modestius insaniens, hujusmodi versiculis ridiculum effudit dolorem.

Eulogium Ridlæanum. An Elegy upon Ridley.

Unhappy brother, what can be
In wretchedness compar'd to thee,
Thou grief and shame of our society!
Had we in due time understood
That thou wert of the brotherhood,
By fraud or force thou had'st got loose
From shameful tree and dismal noose;
And now perhaps with life been blest,
As comely a brother as the best,
Not thus exposed a monumental jest;
When lady longs for college beer,
Or little dame or country squire
Walk out an afternoon, to look
On thee, and devil-raising book;
Who kindly rather chose to die,
Than blemish our fraternity;
The first of us e'er hang'd for modesty.
And now, alack and well-a-day,
Thy parchment hide is stuff'd with hay:
Nay, worse; the Æsculapians,
Thy mighty misery to enhance,
Have cruelly cut thee out of countenance;

And,

And, to show witty spite, at once
Preserv'd thy skin and lost thy bones.
Thus here, in wooden hatch you stand,
With scornful musket at your hand;
The mice' and rats' mock centinel,
A poor ridiculous spectacle
To gibing Joan, to Kate and Nan,
Thou worse than skeleton of man.—
So does he measure out his grief,
For loss of brother and of thief.
Nor less concern'd does Cooper stand;
But sobbing with his clout in hand,
And destitute of consolation,
Kept time with all his tribulation.
Their grumbling woe runs thro' and thro' them;
If all were known, 'twould quite undo them.
The sighs which up and downward go,
Their unfeigned sorrow show;
For the devil's in't, if they pretend,
Who vent their grief at either end.

Hoc munere elaborato, non diutius lacrymis indulgent, sed dolore policè suppresso, taciti discedunt. Protinus lodgum convocant, fratresque omnes certiores faciunt, quantum sibi infamiæ, et quantum miseriæ infelicissimo accedit fraterculo: graviter luget fraterculus et societas; et suspiriis ex imo pectore petitis, statim provisum est in posterum, nominem qui crucem meretur, vel qui suspendendus est, in societatem Freemasonorum admitti: quo authoritate statuto, et albo lodgi prolato, singuli, tam generosi quam scoundrelli, solidissimis basiis promiscuè dicunt valedictionem.

ACT III.

Enter a waddling DOCTOR, *and his Man,* JAMES.

Doctor. James, have you read out the chapter, and can you tell how many days' work was the creation?

James. Marry, here's so many hard words, I can't remember.

Doctor. Well, but this is not the business now: you must get things in readiness against to-morrow.

James. Master, what's the matter with to-morrow, more than another day?

Doctor. (aside.) Oh, the ignorance of those people who are not mathematicians! I tell you, a supernatural thing will happen.

James. (aside). Oh, oh! this is the eclipse* now, I warrant.—Nay, master, as you say it, it is as sure as a gun. Then what mun I do, say you?

Doctor. Go to the Steward, and provide double commons; and be sure you call at the chandler's, for to-morrow I dine by candle-light.

James. Oh, the wonderful wonderfulness of you schollards!—And what mun I bring drink in?

Doctor. A material question:—in the tankard, and do that in the morning.

James. Marry, but I had better buy a pitcher, so I had; and then I need not go so often as I do. This tankard, I wish it were hang'd, so I do.

Doctor. What ails you at it? Why do you grumble?

* In "the Art of verifying Dates," mention is made of an eclipse of the sun, on 5 November, 1687: and of another eclipse on 30 April, 1688. One of them is probably alluded to here.

James. Grumble, quoth-a? I am sure it wears me more shoe-leather than a little, and I cannot say my prayers in a morning for it, so I can't.

Doctor. If I thought it did you any injury, or contributed to the doing you any harm, or were an irregular vessel, I would part with it; I would entertain it no more than I did my bed: go, then, and bring a pitcher. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter SAINTY ASHE *, *and* SAMUEL FOLEY, *Senior Fellows.*

Sainty. Where do you keep your eclipse † to-morrow?

Sam. In my chamber. I do not care for groping my way to my dinner.

Sainty. What, will it be total? No glimmering to be allowed, to eat our meat by?

Sam. So it seems. I have taken a great deal of pains to calculate it, and can now demonstrate it.

Sainty. If you please, I would be very glad to see your calculation.

Sam. Thus then:—Invenitur ex tabulis plenilunium medium, additâ dimidiâ lunatione; et tunc, ex postaphæresi et motu lunæ horario, inveniantur digiti ecliptici et parallaxis altitudinis.

Sainty. 'Tis wonderful well; from whence I conclude, we are all like to be in the dark.

Sam. Ay, doubtless; or I'll burn my books. I would not want this little smattering in astronomy for a great deal, I protest.

Sainty. I confess there's some advantage in it.

* The Rev. *St.* George Ashe, Swift's tutor.

† In the Philosophical Transactions we have an account of an eclipse observed at Dublin in 1684, by Ashe and Molyneux.

Sam.

Sam. Advantage! I could not live without it. I cut my hair by the stars; and will tell the physiognomy and sex of my child, before my wife's brought to bed.

Sainty. But do the planets never wander? are you not sometimes mistaken?

Sam. Oh, never; at least in things of this kind: it is as easy to calculate an eclipse, as to curl; and if you doubt in any point, I'll———

Sainty. No, no, I'm satisfied: 'twill be as clear as the sun. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene, Drogheda.

Enter Mr. DOYLE *and his Damsel,* NELLY: *after them, the Tapster, with a Porringer of burnt Brandy and a Mutton-pye.*

Doyle. Come, Nelly, sit down, and give me a kiss.

Nelly. Fough, Sir, stand off. I protest you smell so strong of brandy and tobacco, a body can't endure you.

Doyle. Nay, leave this peevish humour, and sit down: if you knew who I'm to be, you'd be as kind to me, as to the smith's boy.

Nelly. Pr'ythee, let go my apron, and do not pull me so.

Doyle. But you won't hear me!—I tell you, woman, as simple as I stand here, I'm to be a Fellow of Dublin College.

Nelly. You, a Fellow! Never the sooner for an hasty word. Pray, keep your filthy hand away, or I'll cry out, so I will. Come, come, Sir, don't think you are with Peggy What-do-you-call-her.

Doyle. But I'll tell you, Nelly,——

Nelly. Tell me no tellings; keep down your fin-

gers, and do not you tear my petticoats. I'm afraid 'twas for what you did in the blankets, the Dean * made you stand in the white sheet.

Doyle. Here, drawer, t'other porringer of brandy, and so to pay. That, and this quarter cob, will put you into a little better humour. Come, let us—— now let us——

Nelly. In verity, Mr. Doyle, you have the cunningest way with you of pleasing a woman.—You see how loth I am to refuse a gentleman that's just on the point of preferment:—but hold, there's somebody coming.

Enter the Drawer.

Drawer. This makes two and two-pence now, besides the nineteen and seven-pence before; and my mistress bid me tell you, she can trust no longer.

Doyle. Why so, you scoundrel?

Drawer. Because you put her off with mandrakes from the King.

Doyle. Bid your mistress go hang herself: and look for her money, you whore's kitling. *(Throws the mutton-pye at him).* [*Exit* Drawer, *maundering.*

Nelly. Why so sleepy, Mr. Doyle?

Doyle. Oh, this scowering and lying most plagues me. Here, Nelly, here's to you. Aw, aw, I am damn'd sleepy, e'gad, damn'd sleepy. *(Drops asleep).*

Nelly. Lie there for a drunken sot. The Collegians are like to have a sweet tool of thee for a Fellow. But let me see what we have got in his pockets. Out upon the scoundrel! nothing but a pair of beads, two inches of tobacco, and one of pipe.

[*The scene closes.*

* Tobias Pullein, the great patron of Doyle, until the enormities of the latter caused him to withdraw his protection.

And here we leave him, and as he sleeps, take a view of his breeches; which I would describe, but they have so many ends, I know not where to begin. He that would presume to mend them would run the risk of a tinker botching a kettle; for, hydra-like, out of one hole would come three or four. You may compare them to Jason's ship; they have not one jot of their primitive stuff left: or to Dr. Mercer's yarn stockings, that were darned into worsted. The lining had served a long apprenticeship for itself: and therefore away it crept to set up for itself at the paper-mill. They were most worn at the codpiece, and least at the pockets. The crow that borrowed feathers from her neighbours is the living emblem of these. Should every taylor's boy take his own cabbage, Mr. Doyle would be an heathen philosopher. Doll Kitchen coming into his kennel before he rose, thought he had purloined her mop. By their shreds of all nations, you would have thought they belonged to one of the Freemasons that built Babel: but by the multiplicity of white fleas, you would swear they had been campaigning with the Vacancy. 'Tis almost incredible so many cattle should thrive on so bare a pasture. Every night he dares venture them off, he's in danger of losing them. Once when he lay without them, they crept from the garret to the street-door; and had bid him adieu for ever, but his landlady seized them by an habeas corpus, and brought them to him with a pair of tongs. I believe, the ladies for once are tired of the breeches; and therefore, as Dean Glandee says, "This one word of comfort, and so have done." One morning, crawling their progress, they were devoured by a monkey, and the next day poor Pug died of Pym's disease.

Quid

Quid obstat, Dii boni, quominus Dr. Bladen fiat Episcopus? Why should not Nick Knight be Dean of St. Patrick's? En hominem, qui sodalitium ambit! (ut inquit Mr. Griffith) qui licet socius sit, nollem tamen ut socius esset meus. Et jam in mentem venit mihi, unde est quod nondum reddit socius ille erraticus; ni fallor, causam assignat Barclæus poeta hunc in modum:

Urbs spatiosa, potens opibus, tectisque superba,
O et præsidium, deliciæque meæ.
Quicquid mortalis fingit solertia curæ,
Vel Natura suo parturit alma sinu;
Hæc tu sola dabis, &c.

Anglicè *.

Let formal priests look grave and dull at home,
To whom the worth of a licentious town
Nor the gay blessings of a Court are known.
Thither my wiser inclinations tend,
Where I a chirping bottle with a friend
May drink without controul, nor stand in fear
Of every saucy ill-bred censurer:
Where I may strut along the Mall, look big
In point cravat, and toss a flaxen wig;
Dress in a gaudy waistcoat, and may wear
A sword, cock'd hat, gold fringe, and whatsoe'er
The libertine town affords, to charm the fair.

Miror quod his de causis Magister Patrickson non huc usque commoratus est Londini: sed

Quantum quisque suâ nummorum servat in arca,
Tantum habet et *gaudii*.

* This piece of poetry seems levelled at John Griffith, a Senior Fellow, then absent by a King's letter.

Salve,

Salve, Magister, gratulor tibi reduci; sunt qui affirmant te pedestri itinere Londinum versus ambulasse, quod mihi equidem vix credibile videtur; perfacetus etenim Miles * se tibi socium præbuit, et jucundus comes est pro vehiculo (a good companion is as good as a coach).

Enter Sir MICHAEL CREAGH, *and another Alderman.*

Alderman. I have been man and boy in this town, let me see, some six and fifty years, and never knew the little penny so hard to be got as now.

Sir Michael. Never despair, old boy. We have a brave young Prince †, and the world's our own.

Alderman. Nay, I have not remembered salt butter so scarce a commodity, I know not the day when.

Sir Michael. Hang sorrow. Boy, fill me a glass of wine; more, more yet, fill it higher still. So here, Father Greybeard, here is a health to the family of the Creaghs.

Alderman. I pledge you, if it be sack. But, now I think on't, Sir Michael, who was your father?

Sir Michael. My father was a worthy gentleman, inferior to none of his rank, upon my honour.

Alderman. Adsheartlikens, you may be mistaken in that, I assure you.

* I suppose the person here alluded to may have been Miles Sumner; who originally received his education in Trinity College: after leaving it, he had a command in the army of the Parliament during the civil wars. He was made, by the then ruling powers, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1652. He died shortly before the delivering of this piece. See more of him in the Harleian Miscellany.

† The son of James II. born 10 June, 1688.

Sir

Sir Michael. Mistaken? No, Sir; he was a travelling merchant; one that saw more towns than you have done chimneys.

Alderman. But, under favour, Sir Michael, I have heard schollards say, he was a losopher?

Sir Michael. Ay, that may be too: he always took delight to carry books about with him.

Alderman. But take me along with you: you reprehend me not; they say he carried books on his back.

Sir Michael. I say, I say he was a North Country Merchant, as I told you before. Come, drink your wine, and let us be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Now you'll ask, to what end I brought all these on the stage; to which I answer, I brought them in by head and shoulders, and out by head and shoulders, for nothing at all, as Mr. Bayes did his beasts.

Plurimis denuo salutatis et tot hominum ordinibus comiter exceptis, videor forsan reprehensione dignus, quod Machaonas omnes (Anglicè, the Simplers) negligenter prætermisi. Cur autem tristia horum fata et lacrymabilis nova metamorphosis non vos diutius latent, cum certiores facti eritis ingenuos hosce Æsculapii filios in plantas transmigrasse; injuriâ tamen non sum arguendus, quod schemate mortuos non excepi, the sad causes of whose death are at large described in this

HEROICK POEM.

A worthy Sage dwelt at All-Hallows,
That did defy all gaols and gallows:
His punctual honesty was such,
Some authors write, he had too much:
And lo! Actonio was his name,
Actonio loudly sung by Fame:
A wight inferior to none
For ponderosity of bum *;
And that took more pains to go,
Than coarse Jephsonio would to plow:
A mortal enemy to punning,
Nor mightily inclined to running.
He still with care did guard his heart
From all the wounds of Cupid's dart;
And yet was plump and soft confest,
All but his petrified breast;
That still, alas, did stubborn prove
To all the charming powers of love:
In town or court, no beauteous dame
E'er fann'd his passion to a flame;
For tho' he enjoy'd luxurious peace,
Melting his hours in holy ease,
He ne'er was vex'd by that unruly member,
But liv'd as chaste as cold December:
Tho' Cupids in his eyes did play,
Yet in his heart Diana lay.
Lively and sanguine was his face,
Tho' phlegmatic the other place;

* In a Satyr written in 1682, upon the Members of the College, Acton is thus described:

Next him sat Acton's belly, big as tun.

Colour

Colour as good as ever struck,
But other things belied his look.
When drowsy Aurora rubb'd her eyes,
And came down stealing from the skies,
Whilst that Sol's nags at mangers tarry,
Before the clerks say, Ave-Mary;
Actonio, with his learned friends,
From soaking downy bed descends;
And with the charioteer's assistance,
Heaving himself with all puissance,
He waddles into coach marine,
And jogs his way, a simpleing.
And now they reach the inchanted shore,
Where Circe, in the days of yore,
By powerful herbs dispos'd of doom,
And magick spells did charm the moon:
Whilst tir'd here with the toils of day,
Our hero picking scions lay:
Rolling securely on the grass,
Too nigh a fatal precipice,
Adown *, adown, adown he drops,
'Twixt cruel unrelenting rocks.
Three times he made effort to rise,
But thrice and thrice would not suffice:
His weighty crupper kept him down,
To seas and rocks to make his moan.

Dumque † hic vicini maris auget murmura, dum liquido dolore tristissimum plorat fatum, et philosophorum adagiis se miserum solari conatur, Æscula-

* In "the Lady's Dressing-room," we have an instance of Swift using this uncommon word, *adown*.

† These lines strongly resemble the style of John Barclay: at the beginning of the ARGENIS we find the words, "sermonem occupavit," as in this Tripos, in Act I. we find "totum occupare sermonem."

pius

pius filii sui querelis mitem præbens aurem, et paternâ commotus misericordia, heroem nostrum in umbilicum Veneris transformavit.

Socii nequicquam plorant amissum:
Non illos Cereris, non illos cura quietis
Abstrahere inde potest.

Sed iteratis clamoribus surdum feriunt littus: ægra terque quaterque pulsant pectora: altâ voce deorum proclamant tyrannidem; nec diutius insano luctui indulgent, sed pedibus telluri affixis, pellibusque in cortices mutatis,

—nulli color qui fuit ante, manet.

Singulis novæ subeunt formæ; et mirâ quadam metamorphosi in plantas proinde, ut hic sequitur, transmutantur:

Magister Downes in cupressum; Magister Smith in pinguidinem (Anglicè) fat-wort; Magister Scroggs in hyacinthum; Mr. Lloyd in quercum; Magister Ashe into a red-headed poppy; Sir Fitzsimons, who always dropt after, (as our town of Berwick upon Tweed) into a thistle, which still retains its primitive roughness; Magister Sayers in Narcissum, de quo olim Buchananus sic:

Nescio an inspexti Narcissi, Posthume, fontem;
Hoc scio, deliras, Posthume, amore tui.
Ille tamen meritò: nam quod malesanus amavit,
Ante quidem id multis causa furoris erat.
At tua non paulo est major vesania, qui te,
Sed sine rivali, Posthume, solus amas.

Sed dicat mihi quis, quod in totâ hâc coronâ, vel potius crowdo et presso, nondum vidi dominum Terrill: ni fallor, if he be not here, he's at home with his wife,

wife, who, to gain entirely his affections, sent him this stratagemical epistle.

The quondam widow, Sir Terrill's mistress, hearing he had laid siege to the bookbinder's sister, and therefore fearing he should give her the willow, partly to be revenged of her rival, partly to secure him to herself, writes to him this epistle:

Sir,

I am informed you design to *bind* yourself to the stationer's sister: if so, take it from a friend, she's a gentlewoman in *folio*, and consequently will be very tedious to a young student. I was concerned to hear the crafty citizen intended to put into your hands the lumber of his shop: and therefore intreat you, if you have any kindness for yourself, to have nothing to do with that musty piece, whose *worm-eaten cover* may inform you, she has been cheapened above these twenty years; and the reason she did not go off is, she was found so old and thumbed, that she was not fit to be *perused:* and of so little value, that none thought her worthy the *press*. Besides, Sir, she has lived some time in a learned house, where it may be presumed, for good reasons, that some of the young scholars, for their curiosity, might ruffle her *leaves*. If what I've said cannot dissuade you, do but turn her over carefully; and 'tis very probable you'll find she has been abused at least in the *sheets*, if not in the setting forth of a *new edition* blotted in the *impression*.

Sir, your humble servant,

JANE BANKS.

And

And now belike I have made a fair afternoon's work on't: I have not left myself one friend of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. If I go to the kitchen, the Steward will be my enemy as long as he breathes; if to the cellar, the Butler will dash my ale with water; and the clerk of the buttery will score up my offences five-fold. If I betake myself to the library, Ridley's ghost will haunt me, for scandalizing him with the name of Freemason. If I fly to the Divines for succour, Dean Manby and Archdeacon Baynard will pervert me; Dr. King will break my head, because I am a Priscian: and Dr. Foy is so full of spleen, he'll worry me. Mrs. Horncastle and Sir Maddison will talk with me. Mother Jenkinson won't furnish me with cale and bacon on Christmas-day, and Dr. Loftus will bite me. The Virtuosi will set their brains a-work, for gimcracks to pull my eyes out. The Freemasons will banish me their lodge, and bar me the happiness of kissing long Laurence. And the Astronomers won't allow me one good star, nor inform me when the sun will be totally eclipsed, that I may provide myself with candles. Mr. Loftus and Mr. Lloyd will nose me; Mr. Allen will eat me without salt; Dr. Acton too, I fear, will *fall* on me. Nay, the very Provost will shake his head at me, and scower away from me: but that which makes my calamity most insupportable, and me weary of your company, is, that in all my tribulation, you do nothing but laugh* at me; and therefore I take my leave.

* From this passage it appears, that the author of this performance had no malicious intentions towards the persons whom he censured; but only wished to indulge a little pleasantry, which, he conceived, the usual practice on such occasions warranted.

The

The Piece above given being most probably the earliest production of the pen of Swift, may perhaps (on that account principally) be deemed not altogether unworthy of the public notice; and the more so, when we reflect that it is so interwoven with his academic conduct, that no faithful and accurate account of the latter could be given without the introduction of the former. Besides; we may suppose the hard treatment (as he would have it thought to be) which his friend had received for a licence allowed on such occasions, and sanctioned by the practice then generally prevailing in learned seminaries, to have had no small influence in producing that ill-behaviour which led to the fatal catastrophe of 30 November, 1688: while, on the other hand, the suspicion (for that such was generally entertained, appears from the anecdote preserved by Richardson) that he was the real but secret author, may have probably disposed the then Heads of the University to have exerted a greater degree of severity, than they would have otherwise proceeded to. And therefore, viewing the subject in this light, we are led to consider the Tripos as connected with the other transactions of Swift, while in college. To this we ought also to add, that although the punishment he underwent on the day he completed his twenty-first year, may afford an ample solution of the question, why he entertained an animosity to that learned body, where he had the honour and the happiness to receive his early instructions; yet we are still to seek, what could have disposed a person of such high spirit to forgive that indignity to which he was obliged to submit. The injury done to his wounded pride could never

never have been pardoned, nor would he ever have deigned to visit those walls within which he had been so grievously insulted, had not a sense that his punishment was not unmerited, and that he had justly provoked those whom he was bound to revere, caused his angry passions to subside, and inclined him to seek reconciliation. Nothing, I am persuaded, could have impressed on his mind such sense and such conviction, if he had not been conscious that he was the real author of that piece, which had taken unwarrantable liberties with the characters of different members of the Church and University.

The practice of delivering compositions of this nature has long been abolished in the University of Dublin, a plain proof that on some occasion or other it had been greatly abused: in other Universities it has been attended with circumstances of equal, if not superior, intemperance. The same Miscellany which contains the Tripos of Jones, gives also a similar harangue pronounced in the Theatre of Oxford, 10 July, 1693, by the Terræ-filius, Mr. H. Aleworth, of Christ Church, which is replete with the grossest abuse and most indecent licentiousness. Not many years before the Tripos of Jones was pronounced, Mr. Shirley, a Terræ-filius, treated the famous Oxford antiquary, Mr. Anthony Wood, with the greatest scurrility, as we learn from the Lives of Leland, Wood, and Hearne *; in which work is given an extract from Shirley's Speech, taken from the original in the Bodleian Library.

The misinformation given to Richardson deserves to be corrected: and therefore it was the more necessary for the attainment of this object, to state the

* Vol. II. p. 253.

transaction

transaction in its true and proper light; and thus to remove a charge so heavy as that the Heads of any learned Society could have descended to conduct so unworthy, as to put any of their members into a situation exposed to peculiar difficulties; and this merely to furnish themselves with a pretext for expelling him. By correcting the two false assertions,—first, that Swift ever was Terræ-filiùs; 2dly, that he ever was expelled,—this aspersion appears to be totally destitute of foundation, and is completely removed. Nor was the information conveyed to Richardson more faithful with respect to the substance of the Tripos itself: many of the persons whom it undertook to censure, were absent at the time it was delivered (a circumstance directly opposite to what took place in the case of the Oxford antiquary, who was present when abused by Shirley); and some had deserved almost every thing that could be said to their disadvantage; and the author does not appear to have levelled any abuse against the Heads of the University, nor to have objected any thing immoral or vicious to those inferior Members whom his satyr lashes.—Among those who had justly provoked his censure by the irregularity of their lives, the chief place seems due to Bernard Doyle, whose enormities were such, that they would not bear to be recited. Sensible of this, the College, in their petition to Lord Tyrconnel, stated, "that his actions were so shameful, that they could not venture to mention them in the same paper which bore the august name of his Majesty's Viceroy, and therefore prayed indulgence to make them the subject of a particular paper."

But, however erroneous we must grant the information

mation transmitted to Richardson by his friend to have been, it is impossible to deny that it renders us considerable service, by furnishing the clue that developes the true author of the Tripos, and by ascertaining the fact, that such suspicion had attached itself to Swift at that very time. That he was its real author, I have endeavoured to prove, by shewing that it conveys his own ideas clothed in his own style and language, and expresses the passions of his mind on the same objects and in the same manner as we find to occur in other performances undoubtedly his. And I have also established the important fact, that a close intimacy subsisted for many years between him and its reputed author; a person from whose pen we have no production whatever, between which and this we might institute any comparison. Yet all these arguments would possess little weight, did we want the testimony of Richardson: a testimony the more to be valued, because its author (Richardson's informer) was entirely unacquainted both with the records of the college and the work itself, and therefore must have derived his knowledge solely from one who was personally acquainted with the circumstances attending the transaction at the time it happened. That he knew not the work, is evident from his misrepresentation of the substance and tenor of it: and that he was equally ignorant of what the college records could have supplied, abundantly appears from his confounding two very different events, the punishments of Jones and Swift: besides, these records were inaccessible to him; and the different officers of the college themselves, in whose custody they were kept, were entirely uninformed of their contents.

With respect to the person from whom Richardson derived this information, I have not been able to discover any thing satisfactory.—The words of Richardson are very ambiguous, and point out two persons; an eminent Divine and his son: but leave us in the dark as to which of them was the prelate, and which was chum to Swift for three years in college. Notwithstanding, however, the ambiguity of the passage, we may safely suppose that what was meant to be asserted was, that the information was *originally* derived from a prelate who had been chum or chamber-fellow with Swift: for if we apply this discription to the son, he then must have been nearly of the same age with Swift, and consequently in 1752, (the date of Richardson's letter,) must have been eighty-four years old: a circumstance highly improbable. It may be added too, that if the person who communicated this anecdote to Richardson had been Swift's contemporary, he could not have been so inaccurate in his statement. In Mr. Deane Swift's Essay on the Life of his Relation, p. 31, we learn that Mr. Wassendra Warren was his chamber-fellow; but I can find no such name mentioned in any record, as ever belonging to our college; and suppose the person meant to have been Westenra Waring, who was admitted (according to the Senior Lecturer's book) on 16 June, 1692, and therefore could never have been Swift's chum. From the same book it appears that Mr. William Waring, of the county of Antrim, had two sons, both admitted as pensioners; the one William, on 11 June, 1681, the other Richard, on 9 April, 1684: and that on 3 July, 1684, Thomas Warren was admitted fellow-commoner. This last is the person who was censured with the

Swifts and their associates, on 16 March, 1686-7. But Swift's chum, it is highly probable, was William Waring (or Waryng) above-mentioned; because he was in Swift's class, (for though he was admitted on the 11th of June, his admission has a reference to the 8th of July, 1681, when the academical year of Swift's class commenced;) and being described "of the county of Antrim," he was doubtless brother to Miss Jane Waryng, the lady to whom Swift paid his addresses, and in his letters distinguished by the name of VARINA. Her family, it is well known, lived near Belfast, in the county of Antrim *.

I find myself, however, totally at a loss to reconcile this supposition with the anecdote of Richardson, so far as it relates to the station afterwards filled by such person in the church.

After the preceding observations were committed to the press, I met with a passage in one of Swift's early poetical compositions, which appears to me favourable to the idea of his being the author of the foregoing satirical piece. Among other Miscellanies of his, published originally at London, in 8vo, in 1789, is an Epistle addressed by him to Congreve, in 1693, in which are the following lines †:

* In confirmation of the learned writer's supposition it should be observed, that a well-informed person, who appears to have had access to several of Swift's papers, in a manuscript note on Hawkesworth's Life of Swift, says, "His intimacy with this gentleman [erroneously here called *Westenra* Waryng] and his sister Miss Jane Waryng, continued several years afterwards [that is, after he left Trinity College,] as appears from his letters to them while he was at Moore Park." See vol. I. pp. 1—10. N.

† See vol. XVI. p. 34. N.

" My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed,
" Shall on a day make Sin and Folly bleed."

Mr. Sheridan, struck with the thought contained in these lines, supposes them to prognosticate his future exertions against Sin and Folly: but I am much inclined to think that they rather point to something past, than prophecy any thing future. For I reason thus: These lines plainly imply a consciousness in Swift, of his own great powers to make Sin and Folly bleed. Now whence did he acquire this consciousness, or how came he to know that he possessed these powers? The natural answer will be, Because he had made trial of them, and succeeded in lashing Vice in the person of Doyle, and Folly in that of Weaver: in short, because he had composed the TRIPOS, and was well acquainted with the effects which it produced. In another place in the same poem, he speaks of " the *judgments* of his pen;" words the more remarkable, because in 1693 he had not written any thing satirical, that we know of, unless the TRIPOS were his composition.

*** The Whimsical Medley, from which the foregoing Tripos, and the following poems, have been transcribed, is a MS. in three volumes, 4to. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is every where written by one and the same hand, except on one page, which contains an Address in verse "to Emilia, Baroness of Newtown Butler," concluding thus:

"Accept this offering from a friend that's true,
"Since what I've writ, falls short of what's your due.
"From your Ladyship's most humble, most obedient,
"most affectionate brother,
"J. BUTLER."

This poetical epistle has no date; but, as it mentions the lady's son as then living, who died in 1721, (as she herself died in 1722, and her husband, Theophilus, in 1723,) we cannot assign it a later date than 1720.

In every other part the MS. appears, all throughout, written by one and the same hand, which is a different hand from the last mentioned; and this hand-writing I suppose to be that of Theophilus, first Lord Newtown Butler, and elder brother to Brinsley, first Viscount Lanesborough: a fact which is clearly established by the following circumstantial evidence:

1. This book is already proved to have existed in the family during the time of Theophilus, as appears from the Address already mentioned, which is in vol. i. p. 275, and is inseparable from the book, so that the date of one is that also of the other: and, as the writer of that address, James Butler, did not write the rest of these volumes, it will be probable that they were written by Theophilus.

2. In the Appendix to vol. i. p. 60, occurs a piece, called—"A Preamble to *my* Patent;" and this is the very preamble given by Lodge to the patent creating Theophilus Lord Newtown Butler.—Besides; in vol. ii p. 240, we have "An Elegy to *my* brother, Robert Stopford, Esq. by an unknown hand:" and this also shews Theophilus to have been the writer of this MS.; for Robert Stopford was his brother-in-law.

3. This

3. This nobleman was remarkable, as we learn from the Preamble to his Patent, for his attachment to the Protestant Succession; to William the Third, and the illustrious House of Brunswick. Now he has given us a piece, entitled, "the Tory's Advice to a Painter," in which the vilest slander is poured on William the Third. In the margin opposite to this calumny, the same hand that wrote the text, adds—"It is false:—the author a rebel, a villain."

ERRATA.

Page cii. l. 9 from the bottom, for *Thewks*, read *Thewles.*
cxiii. l. 15, for *pinquis*, r. *pinguis.*
cxv. l. ult. for *notissmus*, r. *notissimus.*
cxviii. l. 18, for *mixture*, r. *mixtum.*
cxxiv. l. 17, for *hilari, ori solito*, r. *hilariori solito.*
cxxvi. l. ult. for *solidissimis*, r. *olidissimis.*
cxxxii. l. 6, for *reddit*, r. *rediit.*
cxli. l. 19, for *gives*, r. *exhibits.*
cxlv. l. 1, for 16*th*, r. 18*th.*

In p. lxii. l. 14 of the GENERAL PREFACE, *(ante)* for "a copy," r. "the original."

PIECES

ASCRIBED TO SWIFT,

FOR THE REASONS ANNEXED AT THE END OF EACH.

[*COMMUNICATED BY DR. BARRETT.*]

No. I.

An excellent new Song, being the intended Speech of a famous Orator against Peace *.

An Orator *Dismal*, of *Nottinghamshire*,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire, &c.
(*as in vol.* XVI. p. 98.) †

* We have retained in this place the title of the song, to preserve the chain of the learned Communicator's notes; who was not aware that the Ballad itself is already incorporated in the Dean's Works; where it was first placed by the present Editor in 1779, from a printed copy preserved in the Lambeth Library by the attention of Archbishop Tenison, with several other of *Swift's Grubs*, in the original *half-sheet* form. Among these are, "Peace and Dunkirk;" "A Paraphrase on Horace, addressed to Richard Steele, Esq." "John Dennis's Invitation to Steele;" "Toland's Invitation to Dismal;" &c. &c. See vol. xvi. pp. 109, 111, 164, 168. N.

† This Piece is taken from "the Whimsical Medley," a Collection of Poetry, in 3 vols. 4to. MS. of which an account is given in page cxlvii. By referring to Swift's Correspondence with Stella, No. 36, December 1st, 1711, and No. 37, December 15, 1711; (see also his Letter to Dr. Sterne, December 29, 1711;) it plainly appears that this is the Ballad which the Ministry employed him to compose on the subject of a motion made in the House of Lords against Peace. Mr. Deane Swift has, by error, given

No. II.

The Recorder's Speech to his Grace the Duke of Ormond, 4th July, 1711.
With a Parody upon it; which is, perhaps, by Swift.

This City can omit no opportunity of expressing their hearty affection for her Majesty's person and government; and their regard for your Grace, who has the honour of representing her in this kingdom.

We retain, my Lord, a grateful remembrance of the mild and just administration of the Government of this Kingdom by your noble ancestors: and when we consider the share your Grace had in the happy Revolution in 1688, and the many good laws you have procured us since, particularly that for preventing the farther growth of Popery, we are assured

given in its place "the Invitation of Toland to Dismal." But this Invitation to Dismal is dated 29 January: which date evidently proves that it could not be the Ballad in question; since it appears from Swift's own account, that the ballad was written on 6 December, 1711, and read the same evening to his friends. Besides, the Invitation contained nothing that could hurt the feelings of the noble Earl, or excite such resentment as we know the Ballad did; the matter of which was calculated to give very great offence, and was highly censurable.

I am ignorant who the person was, who is here stiled *Hoppy*. In the same Collection may be found a piece, called "Advice to a young Lady, or a young Lady's New-year's Gift," being an Epithalamium on the Marriage of Old Hooper with Nanny Dismal. I suppose the person called Old Hooper may be the same with Hoppy.

In Lady Acheson's Panegyric on Swift, and in Swift's Verses on his own Death, we find lines occurring, that are nearly the same with verses 41, 42, and 51, 52, of the above poem.

that that liberty and property, that happy Constitution in Church and State, to which we were restored by King William of glorious memory, will be inviolably preserved under your Grace's Administration. And we are persuaded that we cannot more effectually recommend ourselves to your Grace's favour and protection, than by assuring you that we will, to the utmost of our power, contribute to the honour and safety of her Majesty's Government, the maintenance of the succession in the illustrious House of Hanover, and that we shall at all times oppose the secret and open attempts of the Pretender, and all his abettors.

The Recorder's Speech explained by the Tories.

An ancient Metropolis, famous of late
For opposing the Church, and for nosing the State,
For protecting sedition and rejecting order,
Made the following speech by their mouth, the Recorder:
First, to tell you the name of this place of renown,
Some still call it Dublin, but most Forster's town.

The Speech.

May it please your Grace,
We cannot omit this occasion to tell,
That we love the Queen's person and Government well;
Then next, to your Grace we this compliment make,
That our Worships regard you, but 'tis for her sake:
Tho' our mouth be a Whig, and our head a Dissenter,
Yet salute you we must, 'cause you represent her:
Nor

Nor can we forget, Sir, that some of your line
Did with mildness and peace in this Government shine.
But of all your exploits, we'll allow but one fact,
That your Grace has procur'd us a Popery Act.
By this you may see that the least of your actions
Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions.
And lastly, because in the year eighty-eight
You did early appear in defence of our right,
We give no other proof of your zeal to your Prince;
So we freely forget all your services since.
It's then only we hope, that whilst you rule o'er us,
You'll tread in the steps of King William the glorious,
Whom we're always adoring, tho' hand over head,
For we owe him allegiance, altho' he be dead;
Which shews that good zeal may be founded in spleen,
Since a dead Prince we worship, to lessen the Queen.
And as for her Majesty, we will defend her
Against our hobgoblin, the Popish Pretender.
Our valiant militia will stoutly stand by her,
Against the sly Jack, and the sturdy High-flyer.
She is safe when thus guarded, if Providence bless her,
And Hanover's sure to be next her successor.

Thus ended the speech, but what heart would not pity
His Grace, almost chok'd with the breath of the City!

No.

No. III.

Mr. William Crowe, *Recorder of Blessington's Address to her Majesty, as copied from the London Gazette* *.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.

The humble Address of the Sovereign, Recorder, Burgesses, and Freemen, of the Borough of Blessington.

May it please your Majesty,

Though we stand almost last on the roll of Boroughs of this your Majesty's Kingdom of Ireland, and therefore, in good manners to our elder brothers, press but late among the joyful crowd about your royal throne: yet we beg leave to assure your Majesty, that we come behind none in our good affection to your sacred Person and Government; insomuch that the late surprizing accounts from Germany have filled us with a joy not inferior to any of our fellow subjects.

We heard with transport that the English warmed the field to that degree, that thirty squadrons, part of the vanquished enemy, were forced to fly to water, not able to stand their fire, and drank their last draught in the Danube, for the waste they had before

* This is given, merely to shew that Crowe belonged to the High Church or Tory Party (which appears from that part of his speech which puts upon a footing of equality the exploits of Marlborough, and the safe deliverance of Sir George Rooke from the French fleet); and consequently exposed himself to the censure of Swift, who at that time was connected with the Whigs.

committed

committed on its injured banks, thereby putting an end to their Master's long-boasted victories: a glorious push indeed, and worthy a General of the Queen of England. And we are not a little pleased, to find several gentlemen in considerable posts of your Majesty's army, who drew their first breath in this country, sharing in the good fortune of those who so effectually put in execution the command of your gallant enterprizing General, whose twin-battles have, with his own title of Marlborough, given immortality to the otherwise perishing names of Schellenberg and Hogstete: actions that speak him born under stars as propitious to England as that he now wears, on both which he has so often reflected lustre, as to have now abundantly repaid the glory they once lent him. Nor can we but congratulate with a joy proportioned to the success of your Majesty's fleet, our last campaign at sea, since by it we observe the French obliged to steer their wonted course for security, to their ports; and Gibraltar, the Spaniards' ancient defence, bravely stormed, possessed, and maintained by your Majesty's subjects.

May the supplies for reducing the exorbitant power of France be such, as may soon turn your wreaths of laurel into branches of olive: that, after the toils of a just and honourable war, carried on by a Confederacy of which your Majesty is most truly, as of the Faith, styled Defender, we may live to enjoy under your Majesty's auspicious Government, the blessings of a profound and lasting peace; a peace beyond the power of him to violate, who, but for his own unreasonable conveniency, destructive always of his neighbours, never yet kept any. And, to complete our happiness, may your Majesty again prove

to

to *your own family*, what you have been so eminently to the true Church, a nursing mother. So wish, and so pray, may it please your Majesty, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, and devoted humble servants.

This Address was presented 17 January, 1704-5.

Mr. William Crowe's *Address to her Majesty, turned into Metre.*

From a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
With three or four houses, and as many people,
There went an Address in great form and good order,
Composed, as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their Recorder.
And thus it began to an excellent tune:
Forgive us, good Madam, that we did not as soon
As the rest of the cities and towns of this Nation
Wish your Majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
But having a great many sisters and brothers,
Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
We let them speak first, to show our good breeding.
We have heard with much transport and great satisfaction
Of the vict'ry obtained in the late famous action,
When the field was so warm'd, that it soon grew too hot
For the French and Bavarians, who had all gone to pot,
But that they thought best in great haste to retire,
And leap into the water, for fear of the fire.

But

But says the good river, Ye fools, plague confound ye,
Do ye think to swim thro' me, and that I'll not
drown ye?
Who have ravish'd, and murder'd, and play'd such
damn'd pranks,
And trod down the grass on my much-injur'd banks?
Then, swelling with anger and rage to the brink,
He gave the poor Monsieur his last draught of drink.
So it plainly appears they were very well bang'd,
And that some may be drown'd, who deserv'd to be
hang'd.
Great Marlbro' well push'd: 'twas well push'd indeed:
Oh, how we adore you, because you succeed!
And now I may say it, I hope without blushing,
That you have got twins, by your violent pushing;
Twin battles I mean, that will ne'er be forgotten,
But live and be talk'd of, when we're dead and rotten.
Let other nice Lords sculk at home from the wars,
Prank'd up and adorned with garters and stars,
Which but twinkle like those in a cold frosty night;
While to yours you are adding such lustre and light,
That if you proceed, I'm sure very soon
'Twill be brighter and larger than the sun or the
moon:
A blazing star, I foretell, 'twill prove to the Gaul,
That portends of his empire the ruin and fall.
Now God bless your Majesty, and our Lord,
Murrough,*
And send him in safety and health to his burrough.

* Murrough (or Morrough) Boyle, the first Viscount Blessington who died in April, 1718.

No.

No. IV.

The Reverse (to Swift's *Verses on* Biddy Floyd); *or* Mrs. Cludd.

Venus one day, as story goes,
But for what reason no man knows,
In sullen mood and grave deport,
Trudg'd it away to Jove's high Court;
And there his Godship did entreat
To look out for his best receipt:
And make a monster strange and odd,
Abhorr'd by man and every god.
Jove ever kind to all the fair,
Nor e'er refus'd a lady's prayer,
Straight ope'd 'scrutore, and forth he took
A neatly bound and well-gilt book;
Sure sign that nothing enter'd there,
But what was very choice and rare.
Scarce had he turn'd a page or two,—
It might be more for aught I know;
But, be the matter more or less,
'Mong friends 'twill break no squares, I guess.
Then, smiling, to the dame quoth he,
Here's one will fit you to a T.
But, as the writing doth prescribe,
'Tis fit the ingredients we provide.
Away he went, and search'd the stews,
And every street about the Mews:
Diseases, impudence, and lies,
Are found and brought him in a trice.
From Hackney then he did provide,
A clumsy air and aukward pride:

From

From lady's toilet next he brought
Noise, scandal, and malicious thought.
These Jove put in an old close-stool,
And with them mix'd the vain, the fool.
But now came on his greatest care,
Of what he should his paste prepare;
For common clay or finer mould
Was much too good, such stuff to hold.
At last he wisely thought on mud;
So rais'd it up, and call'd it—*Cludd.*
With this, the lady well content,
Low courtsey'd, and away she went.*

* These last three Pieces are all taken from the Whimsical Medley; which contains many others that are unquestionably Swift's productions, and as such printed, although their Author's name is not there mentioned, no more than in the four numbers above given.—I consider the last three as having Swift for their author;

1st. From their similitude to his style and sentiments.

2dly. Because they are merely of a local nature, and relate to transactions that would scarcely have interested any other person, and to individuals connected with himself only. Thus, he had the living of Dunlavin, which is in the vicinity of Blessington; this would have led him to compose the Piece, No. III.; and that he knew William Crowe, appears from his Account of Lord Wharton. —He was a relation of the Duke of Ormond; which, if every other ground were wanting, would have led Swift to compose the Parody, No. II.

3dly. From allusions in his Works. Thus, one of his poems on Vanbrugh, begins,

When Mother Cludd rose up from play—.

Here he plainly alludes to No. IV.

No.

No. V.

A Conference between Sir H. P—ce's Chariot, and Mrs. D. St—d's Chair.

CHARIOT.

My pretty dear Cuz, tho' I've rov'd the town o'er,
To dispatch in an hour some visits a score;
Tho', since first on the wheels, I've been every day
At the 'Change, at a raffling, at church, or a play;
And the fops of the town are pleas'd with the notion
Of calling your slave the perpetual motion;—
Tho' oft at your door I have whin'd [out] my love,
As my Knight does grin his at your Lady above;
Yet ne'er before this, tho' I used all my care,
I e'er was so happy to meet my dear Chair;
And since we're so near, like birds of a feather,
Let's e'en, as they say, set our horses together.

CHAIR.

By your aukward address, you're that thing which should carry,
With one footman behind, our lover Sir Harry.
By your language, I judge, you think me a wench;
He that makes love to me, must make it in French.
Thou that's drawn by two beasts, and carry'st a brute,
Canst thou vainly e'er hope, I'll answer thy suit?
Tho' sometimes you pretend to appear with your six,
No regard to their colour, their sexes you mix:
Then on the grand-paw you'd look very great,
With your new-fashion'd glasses, and nasty old seat.
Thus a beau I have seen strutt with a cock'd hat,
And newly rigg'd out, with a dirty cravat.

You may think that you make a figure most shining,
But its plain that you have an old cloak for a lining.
Are those double-gilt nails? Where's the lustre of Kerry,
To set off the Knight, and to finish the Jerry?
If you hope I'll be kind, you must tell me what's due
In George's-lane for you, ere I'll buckle to.

CHARIOT.

Why, how now, Doll Diamond, you're very alert;
Is it your French breeding has made you so pert?
Because I was civil, here's a stir with a pox:
Who is it that values your —— or your fox?
Sure 'tis to her honour, he ever should bed
His bloody red hand, to her bloody red head.
You're proud of your gilding; but, I tell you, each nail
Is only [just] ting'd with a rub at her tail:
And altho' it may pass for gold on each ninny,
Sure we know a Bath shilling soon from a guinea.
Nay, her foretop's a cheat; each morn she does black it,
Yet, ere it be night, it's the same with her placket.
I'll ne'er be run down any more with your cant;
Your velvet was wore before in a mant,
On the back of her mother; but now 'tis much duller,—
The fire she carries hath changed its colour.*
Those creatures that draw me you never would mind,
If you'd but look on your own Pharaoh's lean kine:
They're taken for spectres, they're so meagre and spare,
Drawn damnably low by your sorrel mare.

* *Fire* is here used as a dissyllable.

We

We know how your lady was in you befriended;
You're not to be paid for, 'till the lawsuit is ended:
But her bond it is good, he need not to doubt;
She is two or three years above being out.
Could my Knight be advis'd, he should ne'er spend his vigour
On one he can't hope of e'er making *bigger*.

*** From the same Whimsical Medley is taken the above Dialogue; and the Lady mentioned in it is Dorothy Stopford, who, about 1704, married Edward the fourth Earl of Meath, and, after his death, became the wife of L. General Richard Gorges. This Piece is therefore prior to 1704, and probably is by Swift. Under the names of Dicky and Dolly, Swift exerted his malice against this lady and her second husband. She was sister to Emilia, who married Theophilus, the first Lord Newtown. See Lodge, vol. III. p. 339; and vol. I. p. 190.—That Swift introduced dialogues between inanimate beings, we know, from his Dialogue between Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill; with which this last may be compared.—In it we find the rhyme between the words *ninny* and *guinea*, which we may also observe in some of his undoubted works.

No. VI.

A Dialogue between Sir William Handcock *and* Thady Fitzpatrick, *in the Devil's ante-chamber.*

THADY.

You're welcome, Sir William; by my shoul and salvation,
I rejoice for to see one from my own nation:
We have long wanted news: was it growing wealthy,
Has made all my brothers so damnable healthy?

When I think of their number, I look for them faster;
Sure they are not grown honest, and quitted their Master.
Come, never look squeamish, nor be out of order,
We're here on a level, good Master Recorder.
Let me know what has pass'd, and you'll find I'll be civil,
And speak a good word for you here to the Devil.

SIR WILLIAM.

Oh, thank you, dear Thady, and must own for my part,
It's much more your goodness, than it is my desert;
But, to speak for his fee, you know 'twas our calling;
Which because I could not, I then fell a bawling.
I never stuck out to quote a false case;
And to back it, I e'er had an impudent face;
Or on my right hand I had always my brother,
To vouch, which we still did, the one for the other.
To be sure, to be rich, was always my guide;
To take, when I could, a fee on each side.
All this you well know. But pr'ythee now tell,
If I have any more acquaintance in hell.
Is not that Tullamòre? *

THADY.

You see how he trudges
At the head of a shoal of unrighteous judges.
By oppression and cheating, by rapine and lust,
We shall in good time have the rest of the Trust.
But our Master, the Devil, has solemnly swore,
Till they're out of commission, not to admit more.

* John Moore, of Croghan, in the King's County; created in 1715, Baron Moore of Tullamore; in 1716, and again in Feb. 1722-3, appointed one of the Lords Commissioners for holding the Great Seal during the absence of Lord Chancellor Middleton.

If

If you speak me but fair, you shall not go far
To meet with your friends of the Bench or the Bar:
Look at Reynolds, and Lyndon, and Whitshed, and Keating,
The four rogues are all got together a prating.

SIR WILLIAM.

Pr'ythee, where is fat Hely? I durst lay my life,
That he's got to heaven, by help of his wife.

THADY.

You'll ever be urging a reason that's faint;
If that would have done, we might each be a saint.
But what is become of Sir Toby and Stephen? *
There's neither of them, I am sure, gone to heaven.
Does your brother as yet speak law in a cause;
And has Pauca left off making use of his claws?
Does the Bar from the Bench with patience still pocket
The calling them rogue, and rascal, and blockhead?

SIR WILLIAM.

Faith, Thady, our Judges are grown very humble;
And one is suspicious, he'll soon have a tumble.
The new ones they keep the old ones in awe,
And have taught them civility, prudence, and law.

THADY.

Pox take me, Sir William, why was not I asking,
All this time you've been here, for poor Clara Gascoyne?
The woman that lay so long by my side;—
But I show'd I forgot her before that I died.

* Probably Sir Theobald Butler, and Sir Stephen Rice. The latter was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

I believe she's unmarried, for I think I took care
To leave her but little, and much to my heir.

SIR WILLIAM.

She still is thy widow, thou barbarous teigue;
Both living and dead, thou'st to her been a plague:
It's not for that sin, that I am come here,
Having left all the wealth I had to my dear.

THADY.

That thou e'er wert a blockhead, you need not now own,
But this thy last action all others does crown:
Thou scarce wert got hither, thou pitiful cully,
Before she had gotten a lusty young bully:
I have of our Master a proverb to tell you;
What's got o'er his back, is spent under his belly.

*** This Dialogue is taken from the same MS.; and ascribed to Swift on conjecture. It must have been written about 1703; about which time Sir William Handcock, Recorder of Dublin, died, and was succeeded in that office by Mr. John Forster. Thady Fitzpatrick represented the town of Maryborough in King James's Parliament In the 7th of William the Third, a warrant was granted for a pardon to Thady Fitzpatrick: it being reported, "that he never was in any military office, nor in arms against the King; but, upon his Declaration, submitted, and took protection, and behaved himself obedient and inoffensive, serving his Protestant neighbours in their necessities, as much as in his power; and yet that he was indicted and outlawed, and his blood corrupted, though he had no lands or real estate to forfeit." Dated 20th March, 1695.

In March, 1688-9, Mr. John Price, of Ballinderry, in the county of Wicklow, was tried before Lord Chief Justice Keating, a Protestant, and Baron Lynch, a Papist, on a charge of Treason; for that he, with 101 Protestants more, had refused to give up their arms. Fitzpatrick was Counsel for the Crown, and Handcock for the prisoners. Fitzpatrick having asserted, that a certain thatched cabin was a garrison; Handcock, in reply, told him, that he wished

to

to make all the Protestants rebels. C. Justice Keating having said, that he did not choose to take any steps, in consequence of which he might be hanged; Fitzpatrick asked, Was ever a Judge hanged? to which Handcock replied, Yes, twenty.—One Kavenagh, a Papist, was at the same time indicted for robbery and murder: it was proved against him, that he had a skein; and he confessed that he had procured it and pikes, as had also many others, by desire of the priests.

No. VII.

The Garden-plot. 1709.

When Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
The King cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owner to a sale.
Jezebel saw with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied;
And thus accosted him with scorn:
Shall Naboth make a Monarch mourn?
A King, and weep! The ground's your own;
I'll vest the garden in the Crown.
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head;
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became his forfeit guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near;
Hall, of small Scripture conversation,
Yet, howe'er Hungerford's quotation,

By

By some strange accident had got
The story of this garden-plot;—
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant:
Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

*** This Piece, taken from the same MS. as all the preceding, is believed to be the production of Swift. The reasons are;

1st. That Swift mentions, in his Character of Lord Wharton, a story somewhat similar to this, in the case of Mr. Proby, Surgeon General of Ireland:

2dly. Swift had a piece of ground, which he used to denominate—Naboth's Garden or Vineyard.

No. VIII.

On the Church's Danger.

Good Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
"The Church has vapours; there's no danger nigh."
In those we love not, we no danger see,
And were they hang'd, there would no danger be.
But we must silent be, amidst our fears,
And not believe our senses, but the Peers.
So ravishers, that know no sense of shame,
First stop her mouth, and then debauch the dame.

No.

No. IX.

A Poem on High Church.

High Church is undone,
As sure as a gun,
  For old Peter Patch is departed;
And Eyres and Delaune,
And the rest of that spawn,
  Are tacking about broken-hearted.

For strong Gill of Sarum,
That *decoctum amarum*,
  Has prescribed a dose of cant-fail;
Which will make them resign
Their flasks of French wine,
  And spice up their Nottingham ale.

It purges the spleen
Of dislike to the Queen,
  And has one effect that is odder;
When easement they use,
They always will choose
  The Conformity Bill for bumfodder.

*** Both these are copied from the same MS. The first of them I believe to have Swift for its author, from considering what Sheridan has mentioned in Swift's Life concerning Lord Halifax,—and also from what Swift himself mentions in his Correspondence. The idea of ascribing vapours to the Church, may probably have suggested to the author of the History of John Bull, the notion of representing John Bull's mother in a sick state.

In the next piece, No. IX., the prescribing Doctor is Bishop Burnet, who is satirized by Swift in his acknowledged Works. Whether this last was written by him, I am uncertain. Its date I suppose 1711.

No.

No. X.

On January XXXth.

Janus, you usher in a thing,
Strange and new,—a martyr'd King.
Your altar who would worship more?
Who takes delight in Royal gore?
And with a Monarch's sacred head,
Will paint your calendar in red?
Sure you dispatch'd your work in haste,
Before another day was past,
For fear the mischief should be o'er,
Had you but stay'd to shut your door.
How well does Janus represent
Fanaticks in a Government!
Jealous of every prying eye,
Close and conceal'd in peace they lie;
But when the din of war they hear,
Both quickly open and appear;
Both seem for peace, both thirst for blood,
Both wear two faces in one hood.

*** This is taken, not from the Lanesborough MS., but from a Senior Lecturer's Book, where it is entered as the composition of Narcissus Charles Proby, about the year 1720. I suspect it to be Swift's: and think it probable that this Proby was a friend of his, and perhaps related to the Proby I have before mentioned in note on No. VII. p. clxvi.

*** *To the foregoing "Pieces ascribed to* Swift," *by* Dr. Barrett, *the Editor of the Dean's Works takes this opportunity of annexing Two Articles, which were before submitted to the Publick in the Supplement of* 1779.

No. I.

The Swan Tripe Club in Dublin.

A SATIRE:

Dedicated to all those who are true Friends to her present Majesty and her Government, to the Church of England, and the Succession as by Law established; and who gratefully acknowledge the preservation of their Religion, Rights, and Liberties, due to the late King William, of ever glorious and immortal Memory.

Printed from the original Dublin Edition * of 1706.

Difficile est Satyram *non scribere.*

HOW this fantastic world is chang'd of late!
Sure some full moon has work'd upon the state.
Time was, when it was question'd much in story,
Which was the worst, the Devil, or a Tory;
But now, alas! those happy times are o'er;
The rampant things are couchant now no more,
But trump up Tories, who were Whigs before †.

There

* Re-printed at London by Mr. Tonson, in 1706, and by him ascribed to the author of "The Tale of a Tub." The judicious reader, we apprehend, will acknowledge it reflects no discredit on the Dean N.

† The Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland to a Member of the House of Commons in England, concerning

There was a time, when fair Hibernia lay
Dissolv'd in ease, and with a gentle sway
Enjoy'd the blessings of a halcyon day.
Pleas'd with the bliss their friendly union made,
Beneath her bending fig-tree's peaceful shade
Careless and free her happy sons were laid.
No feuds, no groundless jealousies, appear,
To rouse their rage, or wake them into fear;
With pity they beheld Britannia's state,
Tost by the tempest of a stormy fate;
Wild Frenzy through her blasted borders pass'd,
Whilst noisy Faction drove the furious blast:
Calm and serene we heard the tempest roar,
And fearless view'd the danger from the shore.
Thus blest, we slumber'd in a downy trance,
Happy, like Eden, in mild ignorance;
Till Discord, like the wily serpent, found
Th' unguarded path to the forbidden ground;
Shew'd us the tree, the tempting tree, which stood
The fairest, but most fatal, of the wood;
And where (as hanging on the golden bough)
The glittering fruit look'd smiling to the view.
"Taste, and be wise," the sly Provoker said,
And see the platform of your ruin laid:
Rouze from the dulness ye too long have shown,
And view your Church's danger, and your own.
Thus at superior wit we catch'd in haste,
Which mock'd the approach of our deluded taste.
And now———

ing the Sacramental Test, vol. III. p. 267, will best explain Dr. Swift's real opinion of the terms Whig and Tory, as used in several of his writings. He there delineates satisfactorily his own political principles; from which, we are assured, he never swerved throughout his whole life. See Mr. Deane Swift's Essay, p. 130. N.

Imaginary

Imaginary schemes we seem to spy,
And search for dangers with a curious eye;
From thought to thought we roll, and rack our sense,
To obviate mischiefs in the future tense:
Strange plots in embryo from the Lord we fear;
And dream of mighty ills, the Lord knows where!
Wretchedly wise, we curse our present store,
But bless the witless age we knew before.

Near that fam'd place * where slender wights resort,
And gay Pulvilio keeps his scented court;
Where exil'd wit ne'er shews its hated face,
But happier nonsense fills the thoughtless place;
Where sucking beaux, our future hopes, are bred,
The sharping gamester, and the bully red,
O'er-stock'd with fame, but indigent of bread;
There stands a modern dome † of vast renown,
For a plump cook and plumper reck'nings known:
Rais'd high, the fair inviting bird you see,
In all his milky plumes, and feather'd lechery;
In whose soft down immortal Jove was drest,
When the fair Nymph the wily god possest;
Still in which shape he stands to mortal view,
Patron of whoring, and of toping too.
Here gravely meet the worthy sons of zeal,
To wet their pious clay, and decently to rail:
Immortal courage from the claret springs,
To censure heroes, and the acts of kings:
Young doctors of the gown here shrewdly show,
How grace divine can ebb, and spleen can flow;
The pious red-coat most devoutly swears,
Drinks to the Church, but ticks on his arrears;

* Lucas's Coffee-house.
† The Swan Tavern.

The

The gentle beau too joins in wise debate,
Adjusts his cravat, and reforms the state.
As when the sun, on a returning flood,
Warms into life the animated mud;
Strange wondrous insects on the shore remain,
And a new race of vermin fills the plain:
So from the excrement of zeal we find,
A slimy race, but of the modish kind,
Crawl from the filth, and, kindled into man,
Make up the members of the sage Divan.
Of these the fam'd Borachio is the chief,
A son of pudding and eternal beef:
The jovial god, with all-inspiring grace,
Sits on the scarlet honours of his face;
His happy face, from rigid wisdom free,
Securely smiles in thoughtless majesty;
His own tithe geese not half so plump as he.
Wild notions flow from his immoderate head,
And statutes quoted,—moderately read;
Whole floods of words his moderate wit reveal,
Yet the good man's immoderate in zeal.
How can his fluent tongue and thought keep touch,
Who thinks too little, but who talks too much?
When peaceful tars with Gallic navies meet,
And lose their honour, to preserve the fleet;
This wondrous man alone shall conquest boast,
And win the battles which the heroes lost.
When just esteem he would of William raise,
He damns the glories which he means to praise;
The poor encomium, so thinly spread,
Lampoons the injur'd ashes of the dead;
Tho', for the orator, 'tis said withal,
He meant to praise him, if he meant at all.

Egregious

Egregious Magpye charms the listening throng,
Whilst inoffensive satire tips his tongue;
Grey politicks adorn the beardless chit,
Of foreign manners, but of native wit;
Scarce wean'd from diddy of his Alma Mater,
The cocking thing steps forth the Church's Erra Pater:
High-flying thoughts his moderate size supply,
And wing the towering puppet to the sky;
On brazen wings beat out from native stock,
He mounts, and rides upon the weather-cock;
From whence the dull Hibernian Isle he views;
The dull Hibernian Isle he sees, and spews;
He mourns the talent of his wisdom, lost
On such a dry inhospitable coast.
Thus daws, when perch'd upon a steeple's top,
With Oxford strut, and pride superior, hop;
And, whilst on earth their haughty glances throw,
Take humble curates but for daws below.
Firedrake, a senator of aukward grace,
But fam'd for matchless modesty and face;
With Christian clamour fills the deafen'd room,
And prophesies of wondrous ills to come.
Heaven in a hurry seems to have form'd his paste,
Fill'd up his spleen, but left his head-piece waste:
He thinks, he argues, nay, he prays in haste.
When in soil'd sheets the dirty wight is spread,
And high-flown schemes for curtains grace the bed,
Wild freakish Fancy, with her airy train,
Whirls thro' the empty region of his brain;
Shews him the Church, just tott'ring on his head,
And all her mangled sons around her spread;
Paints out himself, of all his hopes beguil'd,
And his domestic Sicorax defil'd:

Then,

Then, kindling at the sight, he flies about,
And puts dissenting squadrons to the rout;
Brim-full of wrath, he plunges into strife,
And thumps the passive carcase of his wife;
He routs the flying foe, he scours the plain,
And boldly fights the visionary scene.
Th' Apollo of the cause old Grimbeard stands,
And all th' inferior fry of wit commands;
Nurs'd up in faction, and a foe to peace,
He robs his bones of necessary ease;
Drunk with inveterate spleen, he scorns his age,
And Nature's lowest ebb supplies with sprightly rage.
Cold driveling Time has all his nerves unstrung,
But left untouch'd his lechery of tongue;
His lechery of tongue, which still remains,
And adds a friendly aid to want of brains:
He blames the dulness of his party's sloth,
And chides the fears of their unactive youth;
Tells them, the time, the happy time is come,
When moderation shall behold its doom;
When sniveling mercy shall no more beguile,
But Christian force and pious rage shall smile;
Warns them against those dangers to provide,
Those dangers which his spectacles have spied,
Dark and unknown to all the world beside!
Hail, venerable man, design'd by fate
The saving genius of a sinking state!
Lo, prostrate at thy feet we trembling fall,
Thou great twin-idol of the thund'ring Baal!
How shall thy votaries thy wrath assuage,
Unbend thy frowns, and deprecate thy rage?
Millions of victims shall thy altars soil;
Heroes shall bleed, and Treasurers shall broil;

Thy

Thy peerless worth shall in our lays be sung:
O, bend thy stubborn rage, and sheath thy dreadful tongue!
Nutbrain, a daggle-gown of large renown,
For weak support to needy client known;
With painted dangers keeps his mob in awe,
And shrewdly construes faction into law.
When Albion's Senate wav'd its fatal wand,
And with their hungry locusts curst the land,
Our fruitful Egypt, with the load opprest,
Beheld with grief its happy fields laid waste;
With watery eyes, and with a mother's pain,
She heard the nation groan, but heard in vain;
Till, gorg'd with prey, they took the favourite wind,
And left this straggling vermin here behind:
Too well he lik'd our fruitful Egypt's plain,
To trot to hungry Westminster again.
Say, blind Hibernia, for what charms unknown
Ye adopt a man, whom ye should blush to own:
Beggar'd and spoil'd of all your wealthy store,
Yet hug the viper, whom ye curs'd before.
Is this the pious champion of your cause,
Who robs your offspring, to protect your laws;
Slily distills his venom to the root,
And blasts the tree from whence he plucks the fruit?
Who sees your ruin, which he smiles to see;
Whose gain's his heaven, and whose god's a fee?
In the first rank fam'd Sooterkin is seen,
Of happy visage, and enchanting mien,
A lazy modish son of melancholy spleen:
Whose every feature flourishes in print,
And early pride first taught the youth to squint.

What niggard father would begrudge his brass,
When travell'd son doth homebred boy surpass;
Went out a fopling, and return'd an ass?
Of thought so dark, that no erroneous hit
E'er shew'd the lucid beauties of his wit.
When scanty fee expects a healing pill,
With careless yawn he nods upon the bill,
Secure to hit—who never fails to kill.
When costive punk, in penitential case,
Sits squeezing out her soul in vile grimace,
To ease his patient, he prescribes—his face!
Well may the wretch a Providence disown,
Who thinks no wisdom brighter than his own:
Long since he left Religion in the lurch,
Who yet would raise the glories of the Church,
And stickles for its rights, who ne'er comes near
the porch.

Immortal Crab stands firmly to the truth,
And with sage nod commands the list'ning youth;
In whom rank spleen has all its vigour shewn,
And blended all its curses into one;
O'er-flowing gall has chang'd the crimson flood,
And turn'd to vinegar the wretch's blood.
Nightly on bended knees the musty put
Still saints the spigot, and adores the butt;
With fervent zeal the flowing liquor plies,
But damns the moderate bottle for its size.
His liquid vows cut swiftly thro' the air,
When glorious red has whetted him to prayer;
Thrifty of time, and frugal of his ways,
Tippling he rails, and as he rails he prays.

In the sage list, great Mooncalf is enroll'd,
Fam'd as the Delphic Oracle of old.

Propitious

Propitious Dulness, and a senseless joy,
Shone at his birth, and blest the hopeful boy;
Who utters wonders without sense of pain,
And scorns the crabbed labour of his brain.
Fleeting as air, his words outstrip the wind,
Whilst the sage tardy meaning lags behind.
No saucy foresight dares his will controul,
Or stop th' impetuous motion of his soul;
His soul, which struggles in her dark abode,
Crush'd and o'erlay'd with the unwieldy load:
Prevailing dullness did his sense betray,
And cramp'd his reason, to extend his clay;
His wit contracted to a narrow span,
A yard of ideot to an inch of man.
Hail, mighty Dunce, thou largest of thy kind,
How well thy mien is suited to thy mind!
What if the Lords and Commons can't agree,
Thou dear, dull, happy thing, what is't to thee?
Sit down contented with thy present store,
Heaven ne'er design'd thee to be wise and poor:
Trust to thy fate; whatever parties join,
Thy want of wit obstructs thy want of coin.
As when imperial Rome beheld her state
Grown faint, and struggling with impending fate;
When barb'rous nations on her ruins trod,
And no kind Jove appear'd her guardian god;
A sacred goose could all her fears disperse,
And save the Mistress of the Universe:
Of equal fame the great example be,
Our Church's safety we expect from thee:
In thee, great man, the saving brood remains,
Of equal piety, and equal brains;
In this we differ but in point of name:
Unlike the Romans we; but thou, our goose, the same.

And now with solemn grace the Council sat,
And the third flask had rais'd a warm debate;
When Faction, entering, walk'd the giddy maze,
Sworn foe and noted enemy to Peace;
And, taking Grimbeard's shape, she silence broke,
And in shrill voice the eager Fury spoke:
" Be witness, Heaven, how much I'm pleas'd to find
Such gallant friends, and of so brave a mind;
Souls fit to rule the world, and proudly sit
The noblest sons of piety and wit.
Uncommon vigour in your looks I spy,
Resolv'd the utmost of your force to try;
Bravely to stickle for your Church's laws,
And shed a generous influence on her cause.
See, how with grief she hangs her pensive head,
Whilst trickling tears upon her garments shed,
Mourn all her lustre and her beauty fled:
In hair dishevel'd, and with bosom bare,
With melancholy sounds she fills the air.
Would ye, my friends, the weighty business know,
And learn the cruel reason of her woe?
The cause she has to grieve, the world believes,
Is this—hem—hem—why, 'tis enough, she grieves:
What sons from tears their flinty souls can keep,
And with dry eyes behold their mother weep?
Ah! stop the deluge of her watery store,
And let her taste those joys she felt before!
" When William (curse upon that hated name,
For ever blotted and unknown to fame!)
When William in imperial glory shone,
And, to our grief, possess'd Britannia's throne:
Mark with what malice he our Church debas'd,
Her sons neglected, and her rites defac'd:

To

To canting zeal design'd her form a slave,
And meant to ruin what he came to save.
What tho' the world be fill'd with his alarms,
And fainting Gallia trembled at his arms;
Yet still the doughty hero did no more
Than Julius once, and Ammon did before.
Is this the idol of the people's love,
The poor mock-puppet of a ruling Jove?
Sorrel, we owe his hasty fate * to thee,
Thou lucky horse; oh! may thy memory be
Fragrant to all, as it is sweet to me!
Too far, I fear, the vile infection's spread,
Since Anna courts the party which he led,
And treads the hated footsteps of the dead.
If so, what now can we expect to hear,
But black effects of those damn'd ills we fear?
Your fat endowments shall be torn away,
And to Geneva zeal become an easy prey;
Cold element shall give your guts the gripes,
And, ah! no more you shall indulge in tripes.
No Sunday pudding shall adorn the board,
Or burn the chaps of its too eager lord:
No gentle Abigail shall caudles make,
Nor cook the jellies for the chaplain's back;
Long-winded schismaticks shall rule the roast,
And Father Christmas mourn his revels lost.
Rouze then, my friends, and all your forces join,
And act with vigour in our great design.
What though our danger is not really great,
'Tis brave to oppose a government we hate:

* King William, who was a foxhunter, fell from his horse, Sorrel, in riding from Kensington to Hampton Court, and broke his collar-bone, Feb. 21, 1700-1; he died on the 8th of March. N.

Poison

Poison the nation with your jealous fears,
And set the fools together by the ears:
Whilst with malicious joy we calmly sit,
And smile to see the triumphs of our wit:
Sound well the College; and with nicest skill
Inflame the beardless boys, and bend them to your will.
What though unmov'd her learned sons have stood,
Nor sacrific'd to spleen their country's good;
Yet search the tree, and sure there may be found
Some branches tainted, though the trunk be sound:
Shew them the lure which never fails to hit;
Approve their briskness, and admire their wit.
Youth against flattery has no defence,
Fools still are cheated with the bait of sense;
Glean e'en the schools from lechery and birch,
And teach the youngsters to defend the Church.
'Tis fools we want, and of the largest size;
'Twould spoil our cause to practise on the wise:
The wise are eagles of the sharpest ken,
And calmly weigh the merits and the men;
Pierce thro' the cobweb veil of erring sense,
And know the truth of zeal from the pretence:
Whilst fools, like game-cocks, are the slaves of show,
And never ask a cause, but fly upon the foe:
Chance only guides them wandering in the night,
When in an age they stumble on the right:
God never gave a fool the gift of sight."

He said:—with joy the pleas'd assembly rose;
"Well mov'd," they cried; and murmur'd their applause;
When, lo, before the Board, confess'd in sight,
Stept forth a heavenly guest, serenely bright;

No

No mortal beauty could with her's compare,
Or poet's fancy form a maid so fair;
Around her head immortal glories shine,
And her mild air confess'd the nymph divine;
Whilst thus she spake:
" Ask not, my frighted sons, from whence I came,
But mark me well; Religion is my name;
An angel once, but now a fury grown,
Too often talk'd of, but too little known:
Is it for me, my sons, that ye engage,
And spend the fury of your idle rage?
'Tis false; unmanly spleen your bosoms warms,
And a pretended zeal your fancy charms.
Where have I taught you, in the sacred page,
To construe moderation into rage;
To affront the power from whence your safety springs,
And poorly blast the memory of kings?
Branded with infamy, ye shun the light,
But court, like birds obscene, the covert of the night.
Is then unlawful riot fit to be
The great supporter of my Church and me?
Think ye, weak men, she's of her foes afraid,
Or wants the assistance of your feeble aid?
When round her throne seraphic warriors stand,
And form upon her side a heavenly band:
When, fixt as fate, her deep foundation lies,
And spreads where-e'er my ANNA's glory flies.
Think on th' intended ruins of the day,
When to proud Rome ye were design'd a prey:
With wonder read those fatal times again,
And call to mind the melancholy scene;
When down its rapid stream the torrent bore
Your country's laws, and safety was no more;

Torn

Torn from your altars, ye were forc'd to roam
In needy exile from your native home.
'Twas then, my sons, your mighty William rose,
And bravely fell like light'ning on your foes:
With royal pity he deplor'd your fate,
And stood the Atlas of your sinking state.
When sacrifice on idol altars slain
Polluted all the isle, and dy'd the plain;
Rome's mob of saints did all your temples fill,
And consecrated groves crown'd every hill:
'Twas then, Josiah-like, that he defac'd
Their Pagan rites, and laid their altars waste;
Drove out their idols from their lov'd abodes,
And pounded into dust their molten gods:
Israel's true Lord was to his rule restor'd,
Again his name was heard, and was again ador'd.

" Wond'ring, ye saw your great Deliverer come,
But, while he warr'd abroad, ye rail'd at home;
Dreadfully gay in arms, but scorn'd in peace,
The useless buckler of inglorious ease:
O poor and short-liv'd glory and renown!
O false unenvied pleasures of a crown!
So soon are all thy shining honours fled,
Traduc'd while living, and defam'd when dead.
Strange fate of heroes, who like comets blaze,
And with a sudden light the world amaze:
But when with fading beams they quit the skies,
No more to shine the wonder of our eyes;
Their glories spent, and all their fiery store,
We scorn the omens which we fear'd before!

" My Royal Anne, whom every virtue crowns,
Feels your ill-govern'd rage, nor 'scapes your frowns;
Your want of duty ye supply with spight,
Traduce her councils, and her heroes slight;

Lampoon

Lampoon the mildness of her easy sway,
And sicken at the light of her superior day;
Poison her sweets of life with groundless fears,
And fill her royal breast with anxious cares.
What! such a Queen, where Art and Nature join
To hit the copy of a form divine:
Unerring Wisdom purg'd the dross away,
And form'd your Anna of a nobler clay;
Breathing a soul, in which in glory shone
Goodness innate, and virtue like its own:
She knows how far engaging sweetness charms,
And conquers more by mildness than by arms;
Like Sampson's riddle in the sacred song,
A springing sweet still flowing from the strong;
Like hasty sparks her slow resentment dies,
Her rigour lagging, but her mercy flies.
Hail, pious Princess! mightiest of thy name,
Though last begotten, yet the first in fame:
Those glorious heroines we in story see,
Were but the fainter types of greater thee:
Let others take a lustre from the throne;
You shine with brighter glories of your own,
Add worth to worth, and dignify a Crown.
Oft have I mark'd, with what a studious care
My words you ponder, and my laws revere:
To thee, great Queen, what elogies are due,
Who both protect the flock, and feed the shepherds too! *
For which I still preside o'er thy alarms,
And add a shining lustre to thy arms:
I form'd the battle, and I gave the word,
And rode with conquest on thy Ormond's sword;

* Alluding to her grants to the Clergy. N.

When

When Anjou's fleet yielded its Indian store,
And at thy sacred feet depos'd the silver ore;
I sent the goddess, when Victoria came,
And rais'd thy Churchill to immortal fame,
And Hochstet's bloody field advanc'd the hero's name.
Nor shall thy glories or thy triumphs cease,
But thy rough wars shall soften into peace.
Charles * shall from thee his diadem receive,
And shining pomp which you alone can give;
The Gallic Lion, list'ning at his shore,
Shall fear to tempt the British dangers more,
But sculk in desarts where he used to roar:
Admiring worlds before thy throne shall stand,
And willing nations bend to thy command.
" For you, ye inveterate enemies to peace,
Whom Kings can ne'er oblige, nor Heaven can please;
Who blindly zealous into faction run,
And make those dangers you'd be thought to shun;
For shame, the transports of your rage give o'er,
And let your civil feuds be heard no more:
To the wise conduct of my Anna trust;
Know your own good, and to yourselves be just:
And, when with grief you see your brother stray,
Or in a night of error lose his way,
Direct his wandering, and restore the day.
To guide his steps, afford your kindest aid,
And gently pity whom ye can't persuade;
Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
For, O, remember, he's your brother still:

* The Archduke Charles. N.

Let

Let healing mercy through your actions shine,
And let your lives confess your cause divine."
Frowning, the Goddess spoke, and strait withdrew,
Scattering ambrosial odours as she flew;
Her trembling sons, immoderately scar'd,
Fled from th' uneasy truths which suddenly they heard.

No. II.

The famous Speech-maker of England, or Baron (*alias* Barren) Lovel's *Charge* at the Assizes at* Exon, *April* 5, 1710.

——Risum teneatis?——

From London to Exon,
By special direction,
Came down the world's wonder,
Sir Salathiel Blunder,
With a quoif on his head
As heavy as lead;
And thus open'd and said:

Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,

Her Majesty, mark it,
Appointed this circuit
For me and my brother,
Before any other;
To execute laws,
As you may suppose,

* See the original charge in the Examiner, 1745, No. I. p. 55. —Sir Salathiel Lovel died May 3, 1717. N.

Upon

Upon such as offenders have been:
So then, not to scatter
More words on the matter,
We're beginning just now to begin.
But hold—first and foremost I must enter a clause,
As touching and concerning our excellent laws;
Which, here I aver,
Are better by far
Than them all put together abroad and beyond sea:
For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy.
The laws of our land
Don't abet, but withstand,
Inquisition and thrall,
And whate'er may gall,
And fire withal;
And sword that devours
Wherever it scowers:
They preserve liberty and property, for which men pull and hale so,
And they are made for the support of good government also.
Her Majesty, knowing
The best way of going
To work for the weal of the nation,
Builds on that rock,
Which all storms will mock,
Since Religion is made the foundation.
And, I tell you to boot, she
Resolves resolutely,
No promotion to give
To the best man alive,
In Church or in State,
(I'm an instance of that,)

But

But only to such of a good reputation
For temper, morality, and moderation.
Fire! fire! a wild-fire,
* * * * †
Which greatly disturbs the Queen's peace,
Lies running about;
And if you don't put it out,
(That's positive) will increase:
And any may spy,
With half of an eye,
That it comes from our Priests and Papistical fry.
Ye have one of these fellows,
With fiery bellows,
Come hither to blow and to puff here;
Who having been toss'd
From pillar to post,
At last vents his rascally stuff here:
Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly,
When they ought to preach nothing but what's very godly;
As here from this place we charge you to do,
As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who.
Ye have a Diocesan, *—
But I don't know the man;—
They tell me, however,
The man's a good liver,
And fiery never!
Now, ye under-pullers,
That wear such black colours,

† A line seems to be wanting here. N.

* Dr. Offspring Blackall. He was made Bishop of Exeter in 1707, and died in 1716. He published a volume of Sermons in 8vo, 1707; re-printed with his other works, in 2 vols. folio, 1723. N.

How

How well would it look,
If his measures ye took,
Thus for head and for rump
Together to jump;
For there's none deserve places,
I speak't to their faces,
But men of such graces,
And I hope he will never prefer any asses:
Especially when I'm so confident on't,
For reasons of state, that her Majesty won't.
Know, I myself I
Was present and by,
At the great trial, where there was a great company,
Of a turbulent Preacher, who, cursedly hot,
Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder plot,
Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what:
Exclaiming like fury—it was at Paul's, London—
How Church was in danger, and like to be undone,
And so gave the lie to gracious Queen Anne;
And, which is far worse, to our Parliament-men:
And then printed a book,
Into which men did look:
True, he made a good text;
But what follow'd next
Was nought but a dunghill of sordid abuses,
Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.
It was high time of day
That such inflamma-
tion should be extinguish'd without more delay:
But there was no engine could possibly do't,
Till the Commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it out.
So the man was tried for't,
Before highest court:

Now

Now its plain to be seen,
It's his principles I mean,
Where they suffer'd this noisy and his lawyers to bellow:
Which over, the blade
A poor punishment had
For that racket he made.
By which ye may know
They thought as I do,
That he is but at best an inconsiderable fellow.
Upon this I find here,
And every where,
That the country rides rusty, and is all out of geer:
And for what?
May I not
In opinion vary,
And think the contrary,
But it must create
Unfriendly debate,
And disunion straight;
When no reason in nature
Can be given of the matter,
Any more than for shapes or for different stature?
If you love your dear selves, your Religion, or Queen,
Ye ought in good manners to be peaceable men:
For nothing disgusts her
Like making a bluster;
And your making this riot,
Is what she could cry at,
Since all her concern's for our welfare and quiet.
I would ask any man
Of them all that maintain

Their Passive Obedience
With such mighty vehemence,
That damn'd doctrine, I trow!
What he means by it, ho',
To trump it up now?
Or to tell me, in short,
What need there is for't?
Ye may say, I am hot;
I say I am not;
Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
There are those alive yet,
If they do not forget,
May remember what mischiefs it did Church and State;
Or at least must have heard
The deplorable calamities
It drew upon families,
About sixty years ago, and upward.
And now, do ye see,
Whoever they be,
That make such an oration
In our Protestant nation,
As though Church was all on a fire,—
With whatever cloak
They may cover their talk,
And wheedle the folk,
That the oaths they have took,
As our Governors, strictly require;—
I say they are men—(and I'm a Judge, ye all know,)
That would our most excellent laws overthrow:
For the greater part of them to church never go;
Or, what's much the same, it by very great chance is,
If e'er they partake of her wise ordinances.

Their

Their aim is, no doubt,
Were they made to speak out,
To pluck down the Queen, that they make all this rout;
And to set up, moreover,
A bastardly brother;
Or at least to prevent the House of Hanover.
Ye Gentlemen of the Jury,
What means all this fury,
Of which I'm inform'd by good hands, I assure ye;
This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
And breaking of windows, which, you know, maketh breaches?
Ye ought to resent it,
And in duty present it,
For the law is against it:
Not only the actors engag'd in this job,
But those that encourage and set on the mob:
The mob, a paw word, and which I ne'er mention,
But must in this place, for the sake of distinction.
I hear that some bailiffs and some justices
Have strove what they could, all this rage to suppress;
And I hope many more
Will exert the like power,
Since none will, depend on't,
Get a jot of preferment,
But men of this kidney, as I told you before.—
I'll tell you a story: Once upon a time
Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
And so were so weak
('Twas a mighty mistake)
To pull down and abuse
Bawdy-houses and stews;

Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
Were hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, for that very reason.
When the time came about
For us all to set out,
We went to take leave of the Queen;
Where were great men of worth,
Great heads, and so forth,
The greatest that ever were seen:
And she gave us a large
And particular charge;—
Good part on't indeed
Is quite out of my head;—
But I remember she said,
We should recommend peace and good neighbour-
bourhood, where-
soever * we came; and so I do here;
For that every one, not only men and their wives,
Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives;
And told us withal, that she fully expected
A special account how ye all stood affected;
When we've been at St. James's, you'll hear of the
matter.
Again then I charge ye,
Ye men of the Clergy,
That ye follow the track all
Of your own Bishop Blackall,
And preach, as ye should,
What's savoury and good;
And together all cling,
As it were in a string;

* This is perfectly Swiftian; and indeed the whole of this parody is strongly marked with the spirit of the Dean; and tends to confirm the authenticity of the preceding parodies. N.

Not

Not falling out, quarrelling one with another,
Now we're treating with Monsieur,—that son of his
mother.

Then proceeded on the common matters of the Law; and concluded,

Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
I charge you all present, by way of request,
If ye honour, as I do,
Our dear Royal Widow,
Or have any compassion
For Church or the Nation;
And would live a long while
In continual smile,
And eat roast and boil,
And not be forgotten,
When ye are dead and rotten;
That ye would be quiet and peaceably dwell,
And never fall out, but p—s all in a quill.

*** This Parody was inserted, by the present Editor, in the Supplement to Swift's Works, 1779. N.

OVIDIANA,

COMMUNICATED BY DR. BARRETT.

No. I.

A Poem, occasioned by the Hangings in the Castle of Dublin, *in which the Story of* Phaeton *is expressed.*

NOT asking or expecting ought,
One day I went to view the Court,
Unbent and free from care or thought,
Tho' thither fears and hopes resort.

A piece of tapestry took my eye,
The faded colours spoke it old;
But wrought with curious imagery,
The figures lively seem'd and bold.

Here you might see the youth prevail,
(In vain are eloquence and wit,)
The boy persists, Apollo's frail;
Wisdom to Nature does submit.

There mounts the eager charioteer,
Soon from his seat he's downward hurl'd;
Here Jove in anger doth appear,
There all, beneath, the flaming world.

What does this idle fiction mean?
Is Truth at Court in such disgrace,
It may not on the walls be seen,
Nor e'en in picture show its face?

No, no, 'tis not a senseless tale,
By sweet-tongu'd Ovid dress'd so fine;
It does important truths conceal,
And here was plac'd by wise design.

A lesson deep with learning fraught,
Worthy the cabinet of Kings;
Fit subject of their constant thought,
In matchless verse the Poet sings.

Well should he weigh, who does aspire
To empire, whether truly great,
His head, his heart, his hand conspire,
To make him equal to that seat.

If only fond desire of sway,
By avarice or ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the day,
Alas, what strange confusion's bred

If, either void of princely care,
Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein:
If rising heats or mad career,
Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
In wanton pride to show his skill,
How easily he can reduce
And curb the people's rage at will;

In

In wild uproar they hurry on;—
The great, the good, the just, the wise,
(Law and Religion overthrown,)
Are first mark'd out for sacrifice.

When, to a height their fury grown,
Finding too late he can't retire,
He proves the real Phaeton,
And truly sets the world on fire.

No. II.

The Story of ORPHEUS, *burlesqued.*

Orpheus, a one-ey'd blearing Thracian,
The Crowder of that barb'rous nation,
Was ballad-singer by vocation;
Who up and down the country strolling,
And with his strains the mob cajoling,
Charm'd 'em as much as each man knows
Our modern farces do our beaux:
To hear whose voice they left their houses,
Their food, their handicrafts, and spouses;
Whilst, by the mercury of his song,
He threw the staring, gaping throng
(A thing deserving admiration,)
Into a copious salivation.
From hence came all those monstrous stories,
That to his lays wild beasts danc'd borees;
That after him, where'er he rambled,
The lion ramp'd, and the bear gambol'd,
And rocks and caves (their houses) ambled:
For sure, the monster Mob includes
All beasts, stones, stocks, in solitudes.

He

He had a spouse, yclep'd Eurydice;
As tight a lass as e'er your eye did see;
Who being caress'd one day by Morpheus,
In absence of her husband, Orpheus,
As in the god's embrace she lay,
Died, not by metaphor they say,
But the ungrateful literal way:
For a Modern's * pleas'd to say by't,
From sleep to death there's but a way-bit. †
Orpheus at first, to appearance grieving,
For one he had oft wish'd damn'd, while living,
That he may play her, her farewell,
Resolv'd to take a turn to hell:
(For spouse he guess'd was gone to the devil)
There was a husband damnably civil.
Playing a merry strain that day,
Upon th' Infernal King's highway,
He caper'd on, as who should say,
Since spouse has pass'd the Stygian ferry,
Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry:
And wights who travel that way daily,
Jog on by his example gaily.
Thus scraping, he to hell advanc'd;
When he came there, the Devil danc'd;
All hell was with the frolic taken:
And with a huge huzza was shaken.
All hell broke loose, and they who were
One moment past plung'd in despair,
Sung, Hang sorrow, cast away care.
But Pluto, with a spiteful prank,
Ungrateful devil, did Orpheus thank.

* Tasso.

† The author has written "*way*-bit," instead of "*wee*-bit," the northern phrase, signifying a small space, for the sake of the rhyme. N.

Orpheus,

Orpheus, said he, I like thy strain
So well, that here's thy wife again:
But on those terms receive the blessing,
'Till thou'rt on earth, forbear possessing.
He who has play'd like thee in hell,
Might e'en do t'other thing as well;
And shades of our eternal night
Were not design'd for such delight:
Therefore, if such in hell thou usest,
Thy spouse immediately thou losest.
Quoth Orpheus, I am manacled, I see:
You and your gift be damn'd, thought he;
And shall be, if my skill don't fail me,
And if the devil does not ail me.
Now Orpheus saw importance free,
By which once more a slave was he.
The damn'd chang'd presently their notes,
And stretch'd with hideous howl their throats;
And two and two together link'd,
Their chains with horrid music clink'd;
And in the concert, yell and fetlock
Express'd the harmony of wedlock.
He, by command, then lugg'd his dowdy
To Acheron, with many a how-d'ye;
But, as the boat was tow'rd them steering,
The rogue with wicked ogle leering,
Darted at her fiery glances,
Which kindled in her furious fancies.
Her heart did thick as any drum beat,
Alarming Amazon to combat.
He soon perceives it, and too wise is
Not to lay hold on such a crisis:
His moiety on the bank he threw,
Whilst thousand devils look'd askew.

Thus

Thus spouse, who knew what long repentance
Was to ensue by Pluto's sentence,
Could not forbear her recreation
One poor half day, to avoid damnation.
Her from his arms the Furies wrung,
And into hell again they flung.
He singing thus, repass'd the ferry,—
"Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry."

No. III.

ACTÆON; *or the Original of* Horn Fair.

Some time about the month of July,
Or else our antient authors do lye,
Diana, whom poetic noddies
Would have us think to be some goddess,
(Tho', in plain truth, a witch she was,
Who sold grey pease at Ratcliff-cross)
Went to the upsetting of a neighbour,
Having before been at her labour.
The gossips had of punch a bowl full,
Which made them all sing, O be joyful!
A folly took them in the noddle,
Their over-heated bums to coddle:
So they at Limehouse took a sculler,
And cramm'd it so, no egg was fuller.
With tide of ebb, they got to Eriff,
Where Punchinello once was sheriff.
Our jovial crew then made a halt,
To drink some Nantz, at what d'ye call't.

And

And thence, if any car'd a fart for't,
Went to a stream that comes from Dartford;
Where all unrigg'd, in good decorum,
As naked as their mothers bore them;
And soon their tattling did outdo
An Irish howl or hubbubboo.
"O la," cries one, to joke the aptest,
"Methinks I'm grown an Anabaptist.
"If to be dipp'd, to Grace prefers,
"I'm grac'd and sous'd o'er head and ears."
Whilst thus she talk'd, all on a sudden,
They grew as mute as hasty-pudding:
Daunted at th' unexpected sounds
Of hollaing men and yelping hounds,
Who soon came up, and stood at bay
At those who wish'd themselves away.
But, to increase their sad disaster,
After the curs appear'd their master;
Actæon nam'd, a country gent,
Who hard by somewhere liv'd in Kent;
And hunting lov'd more than his victuals,
And cry of hounds, 'bove sound of fiddles.
He saw his dogs neglect their sport,
Having sprung game of better sort;
Which put him in a fit of laughter,
Not dreaming what was coming after.
Bless me! how the young lecher star'd!
How pleasingly the spark was scar'd!
With hidden charms his eyes he fed,
And to our females thus he said:
"Hey, jingo! what the de'el's the matter;
Do mermaids swim in Dartford water?
The poets tell us, they have skill in
That sweet melodious art of singing:

If

If to that tribe you do belong,
Faith, ladies, come,—let's have a song.
What, silent! ne'er a word to spare me?
Nay, frown not, for you cannot scare me.
Ha, now I see you are mere females,
Made to delight and pleasure us males.
Faith, ladies, do not think me lavish,
If five or six of you I ravish.
I'gad, I must." This did so frighten
The gossips, they seem'd thunder-smitten.
At last Diana takes upon her
To vindicate their injur'd honour;
And by some necromantic spells,
Strong charms, witchcraft, or something else,
In twinkling of the shell of oyster,
Transmogrified the rampant royster
Into a thing some call a no-man,
Unfit to love or please a woman.
The poets, who love to deceive you,
(For, once believe them, who'd believe you?)
Say that, to quench his lecherous fire,
Into a stag she chang'd the squire;
Which made him fly o'er hedges skipping,
'Till his own hounds had spoil'd his tripping.
But I, who am less given to lying,
Than jolly rakes to think of dying,
Do truly tell you here between us,
She only spoil'd the spark for Venus;
Which soon his blood did so much alter,
He car'd for love less than for halter:
No more the sight of naked beauty
Could prompt his vigour to its duty:
And in this case, you may believe,
He hardly stay'd to take his leave.

He

He had a wife, and she, poor woman,
Soon found in him something uncommon.
In vain she striv'd, young, fair, and plump,
To rouse to joy the senseless lump.
She from a drone, alas! sought honey,
And from an empty pocket money.
Thus us'd, she for her ease contrives
That sweet revenge of slighted wives;
And soon of horns a pair most florid
Were by her grafted on his forehead;
At sight of which his shame and anger
Made him first curse, then soundly bang her.
And then his rage, which over-power'd him,
Made poets say, his dogs devour'd him.
At Cuckold's Point he died with sadness;
(Few in his case now shew such madness;)
Whilst gossips, pleas'd at his sad case,
Straight fix'd his horns just on the place,
Lest the memory on't should be forgotten,
When they, poor souls, were dead and rotten;
And then from Queen Dick got a patent,
On Charlton Green to set up a tent;
Where once a year, with friends from Wapping,
They tell how they were taken napping.
The following age improv'd the matter,
And made two dishes of a platter.
The tent where they used to repair,
Is now become a jolly fair;
Where ev'ry eighteenth of October,
Comes citizen demure and sober,
With basket, shovel, pickaxe, stalking,
To make a way for's wife to walk in:
Where having laid out single money,
In buying horns for dearest honey,

O'er

O'er furmity, pork, pig, and ale,
They cheer their souls, and tell this tale.

*** Of these three Pieces I know not the author or authors. But from Swift's having a place which obliged him to an attendance at Dublin Castle, about 1701, and from his having written his first political pamphlet, on the Contests in Athens and Rome, about that time,—which pamphlet seems to convey opinions not unlike those expressed in the first of these poems, I have been led to suppose, that he perhaps was the author.—To me, the writer appears to have designed the four impeached Lords, Orford, Halifax, Portland, and Somers, under the names of

"The great, the good, the just, the wise,"

in one of the lines of this poem.

Towards the conclusion of No. III. we find a line not unlike one in the Parody on Mr. William Crow's Speech: and in No. II. the rhymes, of "Eurydice" and "as you e'er did see," seem not unlike Swift's rhymes in some of his undoubted pieces.

No.

No. IV.

I have extracted from the Lanesborough MS. the following Notes for the poem, entitled "The Swan Tripe Club," which is printed in p. clxix:

Famed Place..... Lucas's Coffee-house.
Modern Dome..... Swan Tavern.
Borachio ..... Dr. Higgins.
Magpye ..... Archdeacon Perceval.
Nutbrain ..... Mr. Nutley.
Sooterkin ..... Dr. Worth.
Moon-calf ..... Archdeacon Neile.

From pamphlets in the College Library, marked P. 16. 2. and 15. 24. I learn, that the persons are these:

Borachio ..... Parson Higgins.
Magpye ..... Parson Perceval.
Firedrake ..... Lawyer Echlin.
Grimbeard ..... Mr. (or Captain) Locke.
Nutbrain ..... Lawyer Nutley.
Sooterkin ..... Dr. Worth, a physician.
Moon-calf ..... Reverend Mr. Radcliffe.
Crab ..... Mr. Hedg Young, or Mr. Hogg Young, the late Lord Chancellor Porter's [purse] bearer.

The

The Lanesborough MS. assigns the following dates to these compositions of Swift:

1. Ballad to Lady B. B—— [Betty Berkeley.] Once on a time as old stories ——. Aug. 1702.
2. Sid Hamet's Rod. } 1703
3. Vanbrugh's House. In times of old, &c. }
4. Salamander 1705
5. History of Vanbrugh's House. When Mother Cludd ..... } 1708
6. Elegy on Partridge ..... }
7. Description of the Morning. April 1709.

In a pamphlet in my possession, printed at London, in 1710, is given Swift's Poem on Baucis and Philemon*: which is entitled, "A Poem on the ever-lamented loss of the two Yew Trees, in the Parish of Chilthorne, near the County Town of Somerset." Agreeably to this, it has some variations from the copy printed in Swift's Works; which I shall briefly state.—

It reads,

Disguis'd in habits poor and rent,
To a small village in Somerset went.

Instead of, "Old Goodman Dobson," &c. it reads,

Honest old Goodman Haine of hill,
Says, methinks I should see them still.

And the last line of the poem is this:

So the same parson stubb'd and burnt it.

* See vol. xvi. ed. 1808, p. 74. N.

No. V.

From the Lanesborough *MS.*

A SATYR.

No wonder storms more dreadful are by far,
Than all the losses of a twelve years' war.
No wonder Prelates do the Church betray;
Old Statesmen vote and act a different way.
No wonder magic arts surround the throne:
Old Mother Jennings in her Grace is known.
Old England's Genius, rouse; her charms dispell;
Burn but the witch, and all things will do well.*

* The name of the author of the above is not mentioned in the MS.

THE

LIFE

OF

DOCTOR SWIFT.

WRITTEN

By THOMAS SHERIDAN, Esq.

1784.

DETUR DIGNISSIMO.

I HERE present the world with the Life of Dr. Swift, a man, whose original genius, and uncommon talents, have raised him, in the general estimation, above all the writers of the age. But from causes to be hereafter explained, his character as a man has hitherto been very problematical; nor shall I find it easy, notwithstanding the most convincing proofs, to persuade mankind, that one who flourished in the beginning of this century, in times of great corruption, should afford in himself a pattern of such perfect virtue, as was rarely to be found in the annals of the ancient republick of Rome, when virtue was the mode. Yet if it can be shown that even at this day, when corruption seems to have arrived at its utmost pitch, when prostitution is openly avowed, and publick spirit turned into a jest; if in such times as these *in fæce Romuli*, there lives a man fully equal to Swift in all the moral virtues attributed to him; the improbability of the existence of such a character at a former period, will be much lessened. In the following history SWIFT has been represented as a man of the most disinterested principles, regardless of self, and constantly employed in doing good to others. In acts of charity and liberality, in proportion to his means, perhaps without an equal, in his days. A warm champion in the cause of liberty, and support of the English constitution.

A firm patriot, in withstanding all attempts against his country, either by oppression, or corruption; and indefatigable in pointing out, and encouraging the means to render her state more flourishing. Of incorruptible integrity, inviolable truth, and steadiness in friendship. Utterly free from vice, and living in the constant discharge of all moral and christian duties. If, in these times, there should be found a man resembling him in all these points, it is fit the memorial of him, together with that of his immortal compeer, should be handed down to latest posterity: and that such a one does exist, will be acknowledged by all who have ever heard the universally revered name of Sir GEORGE SAVILE.

To him, therefore, is the following Life of a congenial patriot inscribed by its author; who has long admired his character, and been well acquainted with his worth, though a stranger to his person.

P. S.—The above was committed to the press some weeks before the much lamented death of the excellent man, to whom it was addressed; but the publication has by some accidents been deferred 'till now. That the author had no interested view in his choice of a patron (though he must ever regret the occasion) he has now an opportunity of showing, by letting the above Dedication remain in its original state, and thus consecrating to the memory of the dead, that tribute of praise, so justly due to the living.

[1784.]

INTRODUCTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the several attempts to gratify the curiosity of the world, in delineating the Life and Character of the immortal SWIFT, yet hitherto little satisfactory has been produced on that subject. The different, and often opposite lights in which he has been shown by the several writers, have occasioned an equal diversity of judgments in their several readers, according to their various prepossessions; and even the most candid are too often left in a state of doubt, through the want of having the truth laid before them supported by sufficient proofs.

Perhaps there never was a man whose true character has been so little known, or whose conduct at all times, even from his first setting out in life, has been so misrepresented to the world, as his. This was owing to several causes, which will be laid open in the following work. But the chief source of all the erroneous opinions entertained of him, arose from Swift himself, on account of some singularities in his character, which at all times exposed him to the shafts of envy and malice, while he employed no other shield in his defence, but that of conscious integrity.

He had, early in life, from causes to be hereafter explained, imbibed such a strong hatred to hypocrisy, that he fell into the opposite extreme; and no mortal ever took more pains to display his good qualities, and appear in the best light to the world, than

than he did to conceal his, or even to put on the semblance of their contraries.

This humour affected his whole conduct, as well in the more important duties, as in the common offices of life.

Though a man of great piety, and true religion, yet he carefully shunned all ostentation of it: as an instance of which, it is well known that during his residence in London, not being called upon by any duty to officiate publickly in his clerical capacity, he was seldom seen at church at the usual hours that pretenders to religion show themselves there; but he was a constant attendant on early prayers, and a frequent partaker of early sacraments.

Though generous and charitable in his nature to the highest degree, he seemed to part with money so reluctantly, and spoke so much about economy, that he passed for avaricious, and hardhearted.

His very civilities bore the appearance of rudeness, and his finest compliments were covered under the disguise of satire.

Lord Bolingbroke, who knew him well, in two words summed up his character in this respect, by saying, that Swift was a *hypocrite reversed.*

In short, he always appeared to the world in a mask, which he never took off but in the company of his most intimate friends: and as the world can judge only by appearances, no wonder they were so much mistaken in the ideas formed of him.

When we consider that the time in which he made the chief figure in life, was a season wherein faction raged with the greatest violence; that he was looked upon as the principal champion of the tory cause, and therefore was the common butt at which

which all the writers on the whig side levelled their shafts: there will be no occasion to wonder, that out of the many calumnies poured out against him, some of them should stick. These were indeed so numerous, that we are told by himself, that in the space of not many years, upward of a thousand pamphlets and papers were written professedly against him: to which he never deigned to give an answer, nor endeavoured to wipe off any aspersion thrown on him. Thus by the former part of his character, just laid open, he afforded his enemies sufficient groundwork on which to raise what superstructure of calumny they pleased, and as no defence was made, it was daily suffered to increase. For he had very unwisely laid it down as a maxim, "To act uprightly, and pay no regard to the opinion of the world*."

Thus, while he was admired, esteemed, beloved, beyond any man of his time, by his particular friends, not only on account of his superiour talents, but his preeminence in every kind of virtue; he was envied, feared, and hated by his enemies, who consisted of a whole virulent faction to a man. And when we take in the general appetite for scandal, and the spirit of envy in the bulk of mankind, which delights in the humiliation of an exalted character, we shall not be surprised, that even among his own party, he found few advocates to vindicate his fame; and that he had no other support in this torrent of abuse, but the consciousness of his own rectitude,

* Miss Vanhomrigh, in one of her letters to him, has the following passage. "You once had a maxim, which was—To act what was right, and not mind what the world would say." S.

and

and the unalterable attachment of his intimate friends: among which number he could count such as were most eminent in those days, both for talents and virtue.

In this state Swift continued till the death of the queen; admired by all as a genius, detested by most as a man. All the world now knows, upon that event, with what implacable malice the whigs pursued their antagonists, as soon as they had got all power into their hands. This spirit raged still more violently in Ireland, than in England; the effects of which Swift sensibly felt on retiring to his deanery. The ill name he had obtained in London, followed him to Dublin; where he was the object of general hatred for some years. But when, in process of time, his true character came to be known, and his exemplary conduct gave the lie to the gross misrepresentations that had been made of him: when his spirit of patriotism broke forth into action, and saved his country from threatened ruin; when it was seen that the great object of his life was to promote publick good; that in the discharge of all moral and religious duties, he had no superiour; in the choice and extent of his charities, perhaps no equal; he obtained such a degree of publick favour, as no man in that country had ever reached. Praise was united to his name, admiration and affection to his person; and this just tribute was ever after paid to him during his life, and to his memory after his decease; till a certain author arose, bent upon sullying his fair fame, who, opening the channels of calumny, long covered over by time, and raking in them with a *friendly* industry, once more brought

brought their foul contents to light. Nor was it an enemy that did this, but one who professed himself Swift's friend, and who was, during his lifetime, his greatest flatterer; I mean John earl of Orrery.

The cruel manner in which he has treated the memory of his *friend* Swift, as his lordship in the course of the work often affects to call him, had something so surprising in it, that people were at a loss how to account for it, except by supposing it to proceed from some uncommon degree of malevolence in his lordship's nature. But though he cannot be wholly cleared from an imputation of that sort, yet I am persuaded that his chief motive to it was not quite of so black a die. His father had, in his will, bequeathed his library from him; and this circumstance made the world conclude that he looked upon his son as a blockhead. This stung the young man to the quick; and we may see how deep an impression it made on him, by the account he gives of it in one of his letters to his son. It seems to have been the chief object of his life afterward, to wipe away this stigma, and convince the world of the injustice done him, by publishing some work that might do him credit as a writer. Conscious of his want of genius to produce any thing original, he applied himself diligently to a translation of Pliny's Letters; but he was so long about this task, and put it into so many hands to correct it, that Melmoth's excellent translation of the same work, slipped into the world before his, and forestalled this avenue to fame. Vexed at this disappointment, he looked out for some other way by which he might acquire literary reputation,

tion, and he found no field so suited to his talents, as that of criticism; since, to make a figure there, required neither genius, nor deep learning: and therefore he might, with ease, arrive at the title of a *true* critick, as described in the Tale of a Tub. Of whom it had been remarked, "That a *true* critick is a sort of mechanick set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expence as a tailor." But Swift denies this position—"For, (says he) on the contrary, nothing is more certain, that it requires greater layings out to be free of the critick's company, than that of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a *true critick*, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind: which perhaps, for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain." As his lordship has fairly paid the purchase, it would be hard if he should be denied the title.

The business now was, to find out a proper subject on which to exercise his talents in that way. As there never had been published any History of Swift's Life, he thought nothing could excite general curiosity more than some account of that extraordinary man. It is true he was supplied with but scanty materials for such a work; for though he had lived a short time in some degree of intimacy with Swift, yet it was only in the latter part of his life, when he was declined into the vale of years, when his faculties were impaired, when his temper, soured by disappointments, and his spirits sunk by continual attacks of a cruel disorder, made as great a change in his mind, as in his outward

form, so that little of his former self remained. To draw his character at length, from observations made at such a period, was the height of injustice; and yet his lordship had no opportunity of knowing any thing of the brighter part of his days, but from common report. For as Swift was the last man in the world to talk much of himself, his lordship's acquaintance with him furnished him with no materials of that sort; he therefore had recourse to common fame, which, as I have before shown, had been always busy in calumniating that great man; and with a cruel industry he collected and revived all the reports, which had formerly been spread to his disadvantage. His lordship's chief view in publishing this work, being to acquire celebrity as an author—

———*hominum volitare per ora*—

in order to obtain this end, he knew that satire was more likely to procure a rapid sale to the book, than panegyrick. All regard therefore to truth, justice, honour, and humanity, was to be sacrificed, whenever they came in competition with this great end.

The event did credit to his lordship's sagacity, for the work had a rapid sale, and soon ran through a variety of editions. This was owing to several causes. The whigs were then a great majority of the nation, and in possession of all the power. Though their animosity against those of the opposite party had somewhat subsided, yet was it far from being wholly extinguished. They had always entertained an implacable hatred to Swift, as the great champion of the other side; which was not

extinguished

extinguished by his death, as in the case of others, because his immortal works still continued a living war against the base measures they pursued. It was with delight therefore they read over a work, which painted him in the same colours, in which they had always endeavoured to represent him. The bulk of mankind, finding that the accounts there given, coincided with the general prejudices founded on common fame, readily received them as true. And that spirit of envy, an inmate in the breasts of most men, which delights in seeing those of superiour talents degraded, and brought down more to a level with themselves, was highly gratified by the perusal of that book. Nor was it the least cause of an extensive sale, that it was written by a *lord*; a thing so rare in latter times! wonder, usually accompanied by a bad taste, looks out only for what is uncommon; and if a work comes abroad under the name of a thresher, a bricklayer, or a lord, it is sure to be eagerly sought after by the million.

To these, and similar causes, was owing the favourable reception this book met with; which, in itself, contains little that could be approved of by men of true taste. What relates to Swift's Life, from the scantiness of his materials, does not take up a sixth proportion of the whole. The greater part of the remainder, consists of useless or invidious criticisms on his works. Yet all this not being sufficient to make up a *just* volume, (according to the booksellers' phrase) he has eked it out from his common place book, in order to show his learning, by introducing several dissertations, foreign to the subject in hand: such as those on madness, idiotism;

ism; characters of Homer, Aristotle; of Ramus, Scotus, and Aquinas; of Epicurus, Descartes, and Gassendi. Remarks upon the writings of lord Bacon, Milton, Harrington, Algernon Sidney, lord Clarendon, Dr. Sprat, Sir William Temple, Addison, lord Bolingbroke, &c. with many other impertinencies.

Not long after the publication of this work, there came out an answer to it, under the title of "Observations on lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Swift," afterward known to be written by Dr. Delany; who from an early and long intimacy with the dean, was able to refute most of the facts, upon which his lordship grounded his observations, by producing uncontrovertible proofs to the contrary. Yet, though this book was written with great spirit, and carried the evidence of truth with it; as it was an anonymous publication, it was little attended to, except by those who wished well to the memory of the dean. Besides, truth is not the object sought after by those who are desirous of remaining in an errour. Swift has an observation on this head which will be found to be generally true: "The ill talent of the world is such, that those who will be at pains enough to inform themselves in a malicious story, will take none at all to be undeceived; nay will be apt with some reluctance to admit a favourable truth." This observation was never more strongly verified than in the case before us; for, while the book which calumniated Swift's character, and endeavoured to depreciate his talents, though poorly written, went through a great number of editions; the single one of the Answer, incomparably superiour in every thing

thing which can recommend writings of that kind, still remains unsold.

But whatever favourable reception this book met with in England, never did I know such a universal indignation as was excited in all ranks of people, by the publication of it in Ireland. They were the only proper judges of his character, who had an opportunity of knowing his conduct, during a residence of so many years. If they admired him for his genius, they almost adored him for his virtues. In his publick capacity, he was one of the truest patriots that ever lived; and for the many important services he did his country, he was hailed by the general voice *pater patriæ*. In his private life, of the strictest morals; and in the discharge of his clerical duties, of exemplary piety. His charities were boundless, and the whole business of his life was, doing good. As party animosities had long before subsided, he had few enemies left; and even those few, when their hatred, together with their fear, had been buried in his grave, joined in doing all justice to his memory. To calumniate the character of such a man, was thought little less than sacrilege; and the rage of the people was such, that it vented itself even on the poor printer of the work, who became for a long time the object of publick odium. It was happy for his lordship that he did not pay a visit to that country during the ferment, for he would, most assuredly, have been grossly insulted by the populace, and avoided by all of a superiour rank.

Dr. Delany's Answer was followed by another from Deane Swift, esq. As it came from a near relation of the Dean's, it, at first, excited some expectation;

pectation: which was soon succeeded by disappointment, and the work consigned to oblivion. Where let it rest.

On the publication of a new edition of Swift's works, the proprietors applied to Dr. Hawkesworth to write his Life. He was an author of no small eminence; a man of clear judgment, and great candour. He quickly discerned the truth from the falsehood; wiped away many of the aspersions that had been thrown on Swift's character; and placed it, so far as he went, in its proper light. But as he had no new materials of his own, and was confined to such only as were contained in former publications, the view he has taken of his life is very imperfect; many of the most important articles are omitted, and others still left in a very doubtful state.

The last writer who has given any account of Swift, is Dr. Johnson; who seems to have undertaken this task, rather from the necessity he was under of taking some notice of him in the course of his Biographical History of the English Poets, than from choice. He has presented us only with a short abstract of what he found in Dr. Hawkesworth, for which he makes the following apology. "An account of Dr. Swift has been already collected with great diligence and acuteness, by Dr. Hawkesworth, according to a scheme which I laid before him in the intimacy of our friendship. I cannot therefore be expected to say much of a life, concerning which I had long since communicated my thoughts, to a man capable of dignifying his narration, with so much elegance of language, and force of sentiment." Accordingly he has produced little new on the subject, except some observations

of

of his own, which are far from being favourable to the character of Swift. It is much to be lamented that a man of his great abilities did not choose to follow his friend Hawkesworth in the paths of just and candid criticism, instead of associating himself with lord Orrery to the band of *true* criticks. Of which body he has shown himself no unworthy member, not on this occasion only, but in the many severe strictures passed on the lives and writings of some of the greatest geniuses this country has produced; to the no small indignation of their several admirers, and to the great regret of the doctor's own. As this work is more likely to be generally read than any of the others; on account of the great reputation of the author, and as it will of course present itself to the eyes of all who shall go through his collection of lives, I shall hereafter take an opportunity of making some comments upon those passages, which tend to depreciate and misrepresent the character of so great a man.

These several publications, which place the life and character of Swift in very different, and often opposite points of light, have occasioned great diversity in the judgments formed of them by the world, according to the different degrees of prejudice, or candour, in their several readers. But as the sale of the first essay on this subject, written by lord Orrery, was infinitely superiour to that of all the others put together, the prepossessions in favour of the accounts delivered by him, have, for reasons already assigned, made too deep an impression on the bulk of mankind, to be easily erased. I have before taken notice of the scantiness of his materials, which yet he has not ranged in any regular order

order; and which consist chiefly of detached facts and unconnected anecdotes, so that there is no appearance of a whole. The portrait he has drawn of him, puts one in mind of certain paintings to be seen at the optician's in St. Paul's churchyard, where we behold some scattered and distorted features, covered with blotches of various colours, so that we cannot discover what it is intended to represent: till by the application of a cylindrical mirror, we are surprised to see start forth a face of the finest proportioned features, and most beautiful complexion. By such an application of the mirror of truth I hope to show Swift in a similar light.

I have long wished for leisure to set about this task, which a life spent in a variety of laborious occupations has hitherto prevented. And even now I am obliged to suspend pursuits of more advantageous kind with regard to myself, in order to accomplish it*. But, reflecting, at this advanced period of life, on the near approaches of old age, which might soon disqualify me from carrying my design into execution, I determined to postpone all other considerations, that might stand in the way of an object I have had so much at heart. The love I had to his person, and the reverence in which I was taught, from my earliest days, to hold his character, and with which I had an opportunity of being well acquainted, on account of the long intimacy subsisting between him and my father; and above all, the means I have in my power of rescuing his good name from the aspersions thrown on it by foul-

* Mr. Sheridan was paid more by the booksellers for this single life, than Dr. Johnson received for the whole of his Biography of the English Poets. N.

mouthed calumny, have made me think it an indispensable duty, no longer to delay doing justice to his memory.

From the above acknowledgment of my early prepossessions in his favour, it may be thought that I shall prove not an unprejudiced historian: but, though I am conscious to myself that I shall never be guilty of any wilful misrepresentations, I know too well how little weight all professions of impartiality carry with them on such occasions, to trouble the reader with any. I desire no credit to be given to assertions or opinions not supported by the most convincing proofs: which therefore, in all disputable points, I hope I shall be indulged in producing at full length. And I doubt not but that the display of Swift's true character and conduct in life, though to the confusion of his maligners, and disappointment of the envious and malevolent, will give great satisfaction to all good minds; as it is of moment to the general cause of religion and morality, to make it appear, that the greatest genius of the age was, at the same time, a man of the truest piety, and most exalted virtue.

THE

LIFE

OF

DOCTOR SWIFT.

SECTION I.

SWIFT was descended from an ancient family in Yorkshire, of no small note, and considerable property. He was of the younger branch*. His grandfather, the reverend Thomas Swift, was possessed of a good estate, and was distinguished above any man of his station in life, for his attachment to Charles I. and the sufferings he underwent in support of the royal cause, by which his fortune was entirely ruined. He had ten sons, and three daughters. Five of his sons went to seek their fortune in Ireland: the fourth of whom Jonathan, was father to the famous doctor Swift. He had married Mrs. Abigail Erick, descended from an ancient family of that name in Leicestershire, but with little or no fortune. He died young, in about two years after his marriage, seven months before the birth

* For farther particulars of Swift's family, see his own account in the Appendix. S.

of his only son; and as he was but just beginning the world, left his widow in very distressed circumstances.

JONATHAN SWIFT, afterward the celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, was born on the 30th of November 1667, in Hoey's court, Dublin. When he was but a year old, he was, without the knowledge of his mother or relations, stolen away by his nurse, and carried to Whitehaven*, which place she was under necessity of visiting, on account of the illness of a relation, from whom she expected a legacy; and, as is usual among Irish nurses, she bore such an affection to the child, that she could not think of going without him. There he continued for almost three years; and she took such care of him, that he had learned to spell, and could read any chapter in the Bible before he was five years old.

At the age of six he was sent to the school of Kilkenny†; and at fourteen admitted into the university of Dublin; the expense of his education

* He retained his affection for Whitehaven to the last, as if it were his native place; and when one of his friends, who had spent a little time there in 1739, told him in the Spring following, that a merchant from thence, with his son and daughter, were then in Dublin, he invited them to dinner, and shewed them many civilities whilst they stayed in that city. N.

† This school, or college as it is called, of Kilkenny, is a large building erected for that purpose, founded and endowed by the Ormond family. In the school-room Swift's name still remains, as he cut it on the side-board of the seat of his class with his knife, after the custom of boys. And here he said he first learned, soon after he entered the school, these words, which he termed *Latino-Anglice*, "Mi dux, et amasti lux." This species of writing became afterwards one of those whimsical amusements with which he entertained himself as he sunk in years. N.

being defrayed by his uncle Godwin Swift, the eldest of the brothers who had settled in Ireland. He was a lawyer of great eminence, and had made considerable sums of money, which were for the most part squandered away in idle projects. By means of which, soon after his nephew had entered the college, he found himself involved in great difficulties; and being father of a numerous offspring by four wives, he was under a necessity of reducing the stipend allowed to his nephew for his support at the university, as low as possible. The real situation of Godwin's affairs not being then known to the world, and as he was looked upon to be much the richest of the family, Swift's other relations seemed at that time to think that their aid was not at all necessary; so that he was obliged to make the best shift he could, with the wretched allowance that his uncle gave him. Thus was one of the most aspiring and liberal minds in the world, early checked and confined, by the narrowness of his circumstances; with this bitter aggravation to a generous spirit, that the small pittance afforded by his uncle, seemed to him, from the manner in which it was given, rather as an alms doled out for charity, than an act of beneficence due from so near a relation; who was supposed by him, as well as by the rest of the world, to be in circumstances that might have afforded a much more liberal stipend, without prejudice to his own family. Under this load did the spirit of Swift groan for the space of near seven years that he resided in the college of Dublin; which made so deep an impression on him, that he never afterward could think with patience of his uncle Godwin, nor could heartily forgive the neglect

lect shown him during that time by his other relations. The uneasy situation of mind which a young man of high spirit must have been in, under such circumstances, produced consequences likely to prove destructive of his future fortunes. For in such a state, he could not bear to give the necessary application to some of the more dry parts of the academick studies, for which he had indeed naturally no great relish; but passed his time chiefly in reading books of history and poetry; which were better suited to his taste, and more calculated to relieve the troubles of his mind. In consequence of this, when the time came for his taking the degree of bachelor of arts, he was stopped, as he himself expresses it, "for dullness and insufficiency." It is to be supposed that the word dullness was on this occasion used by Swift jocosely, as the cause assigned for stopping any person of a degree, is answering badly in any branch of literature appointed for that particular examination; which does not necessarily imply dullness, as it may as well proceed from idleness. But in Swift's case it was rather to be imputed to contumacy, than either the one or the other. For the fact is, there was one branch of the examination, on which the greatest stress was laid in those days, in which he could not be said to answer badly, for he did not attempt to answer at all. This account I had from his own lips. He told me that he had made many efforts, upon his entering the college, to read some of the old treatises on logick writ by Smeglesius, Keckermannus, Burgersdicius, &c. and that he never had patience to go through three

three pages of any of them, he was so disgusted at the stupidity of the work. When he was urged by his tutor to make himself master of this branch, then in high estimation, and held essentially necessary to the taking of a degree; Swift asked him, "what it was he was to learn from those books?" His tutor told him, "the art of reasoning." Swift said, "that he found no want of any such art; that he could reason very well without it; and that as far as he could observe, they who had make the greatest proficiency in logick, had, instead of the art of reasoning, acquired the art of wrangling; and instead of clearing up obscurities, had learned how to perplex matters that were clear enough before. For his own part, he was contented with that portion of reason which God had given him, and he would leave it to time and experience to strengthen and direct it properly; nor would he run the risk of having it warped or falsely biassed, by any system of rules laid down by such stupid writers; of the bad effects of which he had but too many examples before his eyes, in those reckoned the most acute logicians." And accordingly he made a firm resolution that he never would read any of those books. Which he so pertinaciously adhered to, that though he was stopped of his degree the first time of sitting for it, on account of his not answering in that branch, he went into the hall a second time, as ill prepared in that respect as before; and would also have been stopped a second time, on the same account, if the interest of his friends, who well knew the inflexibility of his temper, had not stepped in, and obtained it for him; though in a manner little to his credit, as it was inserted

serted in the college registry, that he obtained it *speciali gratia*; where it still remains upon record*.

In going through the usual forms of disputation for his degree, he told me he was utterly unacquainted even with the logical terms, and answered the arguments of his opponents in his own manner, which the proctor put into proper form. There was one circumstance in the account which he gave of this, that surprized me with regard to his memory; for he told me the several questions on which he disputed, and repeated all the arguments used by his opponents in syllogistick form, together with his answers.

He remained in the college near three years after this, not through choice, but necessity; little known or regarded. By scholars he was esteemed a blockhead; and as the lowness of his circumstances would not permit him to keep company of an equal rank with himself, upon an equal footing, he scorned to take up with those of a lower class, or to be obliged to those of a higher. He lived therefore much alone, and his time was employed in pursuing his course of reading in history and poetry, then very unfashionable studies for an academick; or in gloomy meditations on his unhappy circumstances. Yet under this heavy pressure, the force of his genius broke out, in the first rude draught of the "Tale of a Tub," written by him at the age of nineteen, though communicated to nobody but his chamber fellow Mr. Waryng; who, after the publication of the book, made no scruple to declare that he had read the first

* Some others of the same class were at the same time admitted in the like manner; namely, Nathanael Jones, John Jones, Michael Vandeleur, and William Brereton. N.

sketch

sketch of it in Swift's handwriting, when he was of that age*.

Soon after this, his uncle Godwin was seized with a lethargy, which rendered him incapable of business; and then it was that the broken state of his affairs was made publick. Swift now lost even the poor support that he had before; but his uncle William supplied the place of Godwin to him, though not in a more enlarged way, which could not be expected from his circumstances; yet with so much better a grace, as somewhat lightened the burden of dependance, and engaged Swift's gratitude afterward, who distinguished him by the title of "the best of his relations." He had no expectation however of receiving any thing more from him than what was absolutely necessary for his support; and his chief hopes now for any thing beyond that, rested in his cousin Willoughby Swift, eldest son of his uncle Godwin, a considerable merchant at Lisbon. Nor was he disappointed in his expectations. For, soon after the account of his father's unhappy situation had reached Willoughby Swift at Lisbon, he, reflecting that his cousin Jonathan's destitute condition demanded immediate relief, sent him a present of a larger sum than ever Jonathan had been master of in his life before. This supply arrived at a critical juncture; when Swift, without a penny in his purse, was despondingly looking out of his chamber window, to gape away the time, and happened to cast his eye upon a seafaring man, who seemed to be

* He appears also to have intended to write "An Account of the Kingdom of Absurdities" about the same time. In the "Tale of a Tub" such a tract is mentioned, as intended by the anonymous author. N.

making

making inquiries after somebody's chambers. The thought immediately came into Swift's head, that this might be some master of a vessel who was the bearer of a present to him from his cousin at Lisbon. He saw him enter the building with pleasing expectation, and soon after heard a rap at his door, which he eagerly opening, was accosted by the sailor with, —"Is your name Jonathan Swift?" "Yes!" "Why then I have something for you from master Willoughby Swift of Lisbon." He then drew out a large leathern bag, and poured out the contents, which were silver cobs, upon the table. Swift, enraptured at the sight, in the first transports of his heart, pushed over a large number of them, without reckoning, to the sailor, as a reward for his trouble; but the honest tar declined taking any, saying "that he would do more than that for good master Willoughby." This was the first time that Swift's disposition was tried with regard to the management of money; and he said that the reflection of his constant sufferings through the want of it, made him husband it so well, that he was never afterward without something in his purse.

Soon after this, upon the breaking out of the war in Ireland, Swift determined to leave that kingdom, and to visit his mother at Leicester, in order to consult with her upon his future plan of life.

Such was the opening of this great man's life; and from such a beginning, who could at that time have imagined that such mighty things were to ensue? He was now in his one and twentieth year; unqualified for any profession but that of the church; in which he had no prospect of succeeding from interest; and the disgraceful manner of taking his degree, was a strong

strong bar to any hopes on the score of merit. He had made no advances in any of the useful studies necessary to put a young man forward in the world; the recluseness of his life had rendered him little known; and a temper naturally splenetick, soured by the misery of his situation, did not qualify him much for making personal friends. How unpromising were the prospects of such a man, just entering into the world, under such circumstances! and yet it is to those very circumstances, probably, that the world owes, A SWIFT; to the want of money, want of learning, want of friends. Whoever is acquainted at all with the life and writings of Swift, must see that he had an uncommon share of spirit and fire in his constitution. Such as, had it not been kept under during the heat of youth, would probably have precipitated him into some extravagant courses. Nothing less than the lowness of his circumstances from his birth, could have kept that fire from bursting out; nothing less than the galling yoke of dependance, could have restrained that proud spirit within due bounds. His poverty and his pride were two excellent guards set over him, during that most dangerous time of life, to fix and keep him in a course of virtue. The one debarred him from excesses in the pleasurable gratifications of youth, which money only can procure; the other kept him from endeavouring to obtain from the purse of others, by mean compliances, any pleasures that he could not purchase from his own fund. Thus necessarily fixed in a course of temperance, the practice of other moral duties became easy to him. And indeed there was no flaw to be found in his moral character, during his residence in the college, however low his parts might be rated.

Thus far I have shown the benefits which were probably derived to him from his want of fortune. I shall now show what advantages it is likely he derived from want of learning.

Had Swift met with sufficient encouragement to apply himself to the learning of the times; had his situation in the college been rendered easy to him, so that he might have pursued his studies with an undisturbed mind; had his emulation been rouzed in such a way as to make him enter into a competition with those of his own standing; it is highly probable, from the greatness of his parts, that he would have thrown all competitors at a distance. And in that case he might have acquired a fondness for those studies by which he obtained fame, however disagreeable they might have been to him at first. He might have proved the foremost logician, metaphysician, or mathematician of his time; he might have passed his life, like some of the most eminent of his fellow students, in useless speculations; and instead of writing a Laputa, he might himself have been qualified for a professorship in the academy of that airy region.

Let us only suppose Swift to have been a distinguished scholar in the university, and we may reasonably suppose also, that, circumstanced as he was, his friends would have made him sit for a fellowship there, as the surest and best provision for any one so educated. Or else, encouraged by the hopeful expectations raised from the distinguished figure he made in the college, they would have pushed all their interest to have gotten him some small preferment in the church. In either of which cases, the SWIFT *of the world*, might have been lost in a university

university monk, or a country vicar. On the other hand, the disgrace thrown on him in the college, deprived him of all hopes of preferment, and rendered his friends so cold to his interest, that he had no expectations of future support, but by changing the scene to another country; where only there was a field large enough for the exertion of those high talents, which yet in a great measure lay dormant in him.

And with respect to the third article, the want of friends; had it not been for that circumstance, he would not have been under a necessity of going to seek for new ones, in another country; and he might probably never have fallen into the hands of that particular friend, who was perhaps the only one living, capable of forming his mind to those great things which he afterward executed.

It was in the year 1688 that Swift left Ireland; he was then in his one and twentieth year. Suppose him landed in a country where he was utterly unknown, and without recommendatory letters that might introduce him to the acquaintance, or procure him the assistance of any one in that country, with regard to any future plan of life. Let us stop a while, and survey the future Swift, setting out on foot from Chester, in order to go to a mother, who was utterly incapable of affording him the least assistance, as she herself was chiefly supported by presents and contributions from her relations. One can hardly imagine a situation more hopeless with regard to externals: and with respect to his own internal powers, he had yet given no proofs of those which would not rather occasion despondency in his relations, than raise in them any hopes of his being

able to push his own way in the world. And indeed at that juncture perhaps there were few living less qualified than he to do any thing for his own support.

> "The world was all before him where to choose
> "His place of rest, and Providence his guide."

And he seems indeed to have been then under the immediate guidance of Providence; for, hopeless as the end of such a journey might at that time have appeared, it proved in fact the means of all his future greatness.

After a residence of some months with his mother, he laid before her the uncomfortableness of his present situation, and the gloominess of his future prospects; requesting her advice what course he should pursue. She clearly saw that her son's case required the assistance of some powerful friend, and the unfortunate can seldom number such among their acquaintance. She recollected however that sir William Temple's lady was her relation; and that there had been a long intimacy between sir John Temple, father to sir William, and the family of the Swifts in Ireland; she knew also that a cousin german of her son's, the reverend Thomas Swift, had been chaplain to sir William Temple, and had been provided for by him in the church, on the score of family connexions. She recommended it therefore to her son to go to sir William, and make his case known to him.

However grating such an application might be to the proud spirit of Swift, yet, as it was his only resource, he followed his mother's advice, and soon afterwards presented himself to sir William Temple at

at Sheen*, requesting his advice and assistance. Sir William was a man of too much goodness and humanity, not to take compassion on a young man born an orphan, without fortune, distressed from his cradle, and without friends or interest to push him forward in life; who at the same time had a double claim to his favour, as related by blood to a wife for whom he had the highest honour and affection; and as the offspring of a family with whom his father had lived in the closest ties of friendship. He accordingly received him cheerfully into his house, and treated him with that hospitable kindness which family connexions, and what was still more to a generous mind, his unfortunate situation demanded of him. But yet we do not find, for a long time, that his kindness to him was increased from motives of personal regard, on a nearer acquaintance with him. It is probable that sir William early sounded his depth of knowledge, and examined into the progress he had made in his studies; which was far from being so great as might have been expected from his course of education and time of life. The first good office that sir William could do him, therefore, was

* Moor Park having been purchased by sir William Temple in 1686, he resided there when Swift came to him in 1688. At the Revolution, which happened about the end of that year, Moor Park growing unsafe, by lying in the way of both armies, sir William came back to the house which he had given up to his son at Sheen; and, in the end of 1689, again retired to Moor Park. On a review of these *dates*, it will be seen that, in the two years which Swift passed with sir William Temple, he resided first at Moor Park; then at Sheen, where he had the honour of familiarly conversing with king William; and afterwards at Moor Park again, where his majesty likewise visited sir William. See the Life prefixed to sir William Temple's Works. N.

to

to put him into a course of reading, in order that he might redeem lost time. Accordingly we find that Swift, during his residence with sir William, applied himself with great assiduity to his studies; in which, for the space of eight years, he was employed, by his own account, at least eight hours a day, with but few intermissions. The first of these was occasioned by an illness, which he attributed to a surfeit of fruit, that brought on a coldness of stomach, and giddiness of head, which pursued him more or less during the remainder of his life. After two years residence at Moor Park, to which place he had removed with sir William when the troubles were ended, his state of health was so bad, that he was advised by physicians to try the effects of his native air toward restoring it. In pursuance of this advice he revisited Ireland; but finding himself growing worse there, he soon returned to Moor Park; where, upon the abatement of his illness, he renewed his application to his studies.

It does not appear that sir William Temple knew any thing of the value of his young guest, till about this time; and Swift himself says that it was then he began *to grow into some confidence with him.* The little progress Swift had made in learning at his first arrival at Sheen, must have given sir William but a mean opinion of his capacity; and the few things which he wrote during his first two years residence with him, could have given him no very high idea of his genius. For Swift had at that time so far mistaken his talents, that he tried his strength only in Pindarick odes; in which, though there appeared some vigour of mind, and efforts of an uncommon genius, yet it was apparent that it was vigour improperly exerted,

exerted, and the efforts of a genius misapplied. The sentiments were strained and crowded; and the numbers irregular and harsh*. How then shall we account for the sudden change of sir William's sentiments toward him? It could not be on account of his progress in literature, for he had not had time enough to stand highly in the opinion of so distinguished a scholar as sir William was on that score. And indeed, with all his assiduity, it is probable that he had not then so far recovered lost time as to be master of the learning which his standing required. The most probable conjecture is, that Swift had, at his leisure, revised and corrected his "Tale of a Tub," which was sketched out by him in the college, as was before mentioned, and now first showed it to sir William. A work, bearing such a stamp of original genius, must, in a man of sir William Temple's delicate taste, and nice discernment, have at once raised the author into a high place in his esteem, and made him look upon him afterward with very different eyes. Accordingly we find that, about this period, he trusted him with matters of great importance. He introduced him to king William, and suffered him to be present at some of their conferences†. He employed him in a commission of consequence

* A few of these Odes, as being the first that have appeared of his poetical writings, are placed at the head of his Poems, in the sixteenth volume of this edition. N.

† Sir William had been ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen, before the Revolution. In this character he contracted a close intimacy with the prince of Orange; who, after he had ascended the English throne, frequently visited him at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of the utmost importance. Sir William being then lame of the gout, substituted Swift to attend

sequence to the king*, when he was unable to attend him himself, which required dexterity, and knowledge in the history of England. And above all, he consulted him constantly, and employed him in the revisal and correction of his own works.

In this situation Swift continued, still applying closely to his studies till the year 1692, when he went to Oxford in order to take his master's degree: to which he was admitted on the 5th of July 1692.

From his delaying so long to take this degree, it may be concluded that Swift was determined to prepare himself for it in such a way, as might do him credit in the eyes of the university, in order to wipe off the disgrace of the former. And we may judge that his progress in academick studies had been very small, when it required four years application before he thought himself qualified to appear at Oxford with that view. Nor can there be any other reason assigned for his not having done it sooner, as he was of sufficient standing to have applied for his master's

tend his majesty in his walks round the gardens; who admitted him to such familiarity, that he showed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion; and once offered to make him a captain of horse. But Swift appears to have fixed his mind very early on an ecclesiastical life; and it is therefore probable that, upon declining this offer, he obtained a promise of preferment in the church; for in a letter to his uncle William, dated 1692, he says, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend." S.

* It appears that Swift had access to king William's ear at other times, beside that of his residence at Moor Park; for, in his letter concerning the repeal of the Sacramental Test, written in 1708, he says thus, "I remember, when I was last in England, I told the king, that the highest Tories we had with us (in Ireland) would make tolerable Whigs there (in England)." Now it is certain that Swift was often in England from the death of sir William Temple to 1708. N.

degree

degree in the first year of his residence at Moor Park. From the satisfaction he expresses at the behaviour of the university of Oxford, and the civilities he met with there, it is probable that he was not undistinguished as a scholar; and that he found the first end he proposed by his studies, fully answered.

From Oxford he paid a visit to his mother, and then returned to Moor Park. Not with a design of continuing there, for he now wanted to enter into the world; but in expectation of getting some preferment by means of sir William's interest with the king, which he had promised to exert in his behalf, and had already indeed obtained an assurance of that sort from his majesty. But Swift at this time entertained some suspicion, that sir William was not *so forward* on the occasion *as he could wish*; and the reason he assigned for it was, that sir William was apprehensive *Swift would leave him, and upon some accounts he thought him a little necessary to him**. Swift was indeed by this time become very necessary to a man in the decline of life, generally in an ill state of health, and often tortured with the most excruciating disorders. The loss of such a companion as Swift, after such a long domestick intimacy, would have been like the loss of a limb. Besides, as he seems to have had nothing so much at heart in the latter part of his life, as the leaving behind him a corrected copy of all his writings, done under his own inspection, he could not bear the thought that Swift should leave him till that point was accom-

* Thus Swift expresses himself in a letter to his uncle William, dated Moor Park, Nov. 29, 1692. S.

plished. He had already experienced the use that he was of to him in that respect, and knew that his place was not easily to be supplied. And his ill state of health occasioned the work to advance but slowly, as it was only during the most lucid intervals he applied to it. On these accounts, sir William was in no haste to procure any preferment for his young friend, to the great mortification of Swift. In this uneasy state he continued at Moor Park two years longer, and then, quite wearied out with fruitless expectation*, he determined at all events to leave sir William, and take his chance in the world†. When this his resolution was made known to sir William, he received it with evident marks of displeasure; but that he might seem to fulfil his promise to Swift, of making some provision for him, he coldly told him, "that since he was so impatient, it was not at that time in his power to do any thing more for him, than to give him an employment, then vacant in the office of the Rolls in Ireland, to the value of somewhat more than a hundred pounds a year." Swift immediately replied, "that, since he had now an opportunity of living, without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." To comprehend the full force of this reply, it will be necessary to know that sir William was well acquainted with Swift's intention of going into the church, from which he had been hitherto restrained only by a scruple of appearing to enter upon

* He received frequent remittances from his uncle William and his cousin William Swift, during his residence at Moor Park. N.

† See his account of this, in his letter to his cousin Dean Swift, dated June 8, 1694. S.

that

that holy office, rather from motives of necessity, than choice. He therefore saw through sir William's design, in making him the offer of an employment which he was sure would not be accepted by Swift. With great readiness and spirit therefore, he made use of this circumstance, at once to show a proper resentment of the indelicacy of sir William's behaviour toward him; and to assign an unanswerable motive for immediately carrying his long-formed resolution into act. Their parting on this occasion was not without manifest displeasure on the side of sir William, and some degree of resentment, not ill-founded, on the part of Swift.

He procured a recommendation to lord Capel, then lord deputy of Ireland, from whom is uncertain, but it may be presumed, from the smallness of the provision made for him in consequence of it, that it was not a powerful one; and therefore, that sir William Temple had no share in it. He went over to Ireland, and was ordained in September 1694, being then almost 27 years old. Soon after this, lord Capel gave him the prebend of Kilroot in the diocese of Connor, worth about one hundred pounds a year*. To this place Swift immediately repaired, in order to reside there, and discharge the duties of his office. He now for the first time enjoyed the sweets of independence; but these sweets were not of long duration, as he soon saw that the scene of his independence could not possibly afford him any other satisfaction in life. He found himself situate in an obscure corner of an obscure country, ill accommodated with the conveniencies of

* This preferment, in 1786, was worth about 170l. a year. N.

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life, without a friend, a companion, or any conversation that he could relish. What a contrast was this to the delightful scene at Moor Park*! replete with all the beauties, and adorned with every elegance, that could charm the senses, or captivate the fancy; and where the mind had a continual feast of the most rational and refined conversation. But still the spirit of Swift so far prized liberty above all other blessings in life, that had he had no other alternative, he would certainly have preferred that uncomfortable situation, to any state of dependance. But he now began to feel his own strength, and, conscious of his powers, could not conceive they were meant for so narrow a sphere as that of a small country living. He felt an irresistible impulse once more to launch into the world, and make his way to a station more suited to his disposition. In this temper of mind, he received accounts from his friends, that sir William Temple's ill-founded resentment had subsided soon after his departure, and that he was often heard to lament the loss of his company. Soon after, upon receiving a kind letter from sir William himself, with an invitation to Moor Park, his resolution was at once fixed. He determined upon returning to England, but first resolved to resign his living. As there were some singular circumstances attending this resignation, I shall relate them exactly as I received them from a gentleman of veracity, who declared he had the account from Swift himself. He said, that soon after he had come to this determination, he was taking

† In one of his letters, vol. II. p. 453, sir William Temple says, "I spend all the time I possibly can at Sheen, and never saw any thing pleasanter than my garden." N.

his

his customary walk, and met an elderly clergyman riding along the road. After the usual salutation, he fell into discourse with him; and was so pleased with what passed between them, that he invited him to dinner, and easily prevailed on him to be his guest for a day or two. During this time Swift found that he was a man of great simplicity of manners, good sense, some learning, and unaffected piety. And upon inquiring into his circumstances, learned that he had only a curacy of forty pounds a year, for the maintenance of a wife and eight children. Swift lamented his situation, and told him "that he had some interest which he would exert in his behalf, and endeavour to procure him a living, if he would only lend him his black mare to carry him to Dublin;" for Swift was not at that time possessed of a horse. The clergyman readily consented, and went home on foot; promising to meet him any time he should appoint on his return. Swift went to town, and represented the poor curate's case to his patron in such strong terms, as soon prevailed on him to consent that Swift's living should, upon his resignation, which was proposed at the same time, be made over to him. Nor was this a difficult point to accomplish, as, beside motives of humanity, it was for the interest of the patron to accept of an old incumbent of near sixty years of age, in the room of a young one of twenty-seven. Swift, having dispatched this business, returned as soon as possible to the country, and gave notice to the old gentleman to meet him. He found him at his door on his arrival, and immediately upon their going into the parlour put the presentation into his hand, desiring him to read it. Swift said, that

that while he was doing so, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, in which the joy of finding that it was a presentation to a living, was visibly expressed: but when he came to that part of the writing which mentioned the name of the living, and found that it was Swift's own which he had resigned in his favour, he looked at him for some time in silence, with such a mixed emotion of astonishment and gratitude in his countenance, as presented to Swift one of the most striking pictures of the mind expressed in the face, he had ever seen; and he said, that he never before had felt such exquisite pleasure of mind as he did in that hour. Nor is this to be wondered at, since it was the first opportunity he ever had of letting loose that spirit of generosity and benevolence, whose greatness and vigour, when pent up in his own breast by poverty and dependance, served only as an evil spirit to torment him. And when we consider the nature of this action in all its circumstances, that the object of it was the worthy father of a numerous family, for whom it was impossible he could make any provision from so poor an income as he then possessed; that the motive to it was pure disinterested benevolence, without any alloy, as the man was a stranger to him, and therefore there could be no incentive to it from ties of blood or friendship; that the gift was such as would brighten the latter days of a well-spent life, though hitherto clouded with indigence, and make a whole family happy; and lastly, that this gift was not like that of a wealthy man, who might easily spare it without feeling the loss, but the whole visible income Swift possessed for present and future support, the sole means in his

his power of preserving that independance which he had so long sighed for, and at last with difficulty obtained: it is no wonder, I say, all these circumstances considered, that the great mind of Swift should have exulted in so glorious an opportunity, of paying off at once, the large debt, which, from the narrowness of his circumstances, he had been contracting all his life, to benevolence.

After seeing his successor established in the living, he soon settled his affairs, and set out for Dublin, in his way to England. The old man, before his departure, pressed him to accept of his black mare, which was the most valuable of his possessions, as a small token of his gratitude; and Swift was too well acquainted with the sensibility of a generous heart, under obligations, to hurt him by a refusal.

With about fourscore pounds in his pocket, which by his own account was all his worldly wealth at that time, Swift once more embarked for England, and arrived at Moor Park in the year 1695, after somewhat more than a year's absence.

To all appearance he had but little bettered his condition by his journey to Ireland. He was now returned to the same state of dependance, which had before proved so irksome to him, that he determined to break away from it, at all hazards. But there were several circumstances which contributed to make his present state, though still dependant, of a very different nature from the former. In the first place, his situation now was not the effect of necessity or constraint, but the object of his choice. In the next, he was highly gratified with an opportunity of showing his regard and attachment to sir William,

William, by returning voluntarily to him, when it was in his power to have lived independently, though he scorned to be compelled into it from motives of necessity. Then, by so readily complying with sir William's request, and giving up all his visible support in order to do so, he had laid him under such an obligation as entitled him to all future favours, which might be in his power to bestow*. Accordingly we find, that Swift's mind being now perfectly at ease, and sir William considering his return, with all its circumstances, in the most obliging light, these two great men lived together to the time of sir William's death, in the most perfect harmony, and with marks of mutual confidence and esteem. Nor do we find during that space, which was almost four years, that Swift was at all pressing on the score of preferment promised him; which, had he been so, he would certainly have obtained; but, from a true generosity of mind, he seemed determined to stay with his friend in order to cheer his latter days, which were embittered by illness and pain, and required such a cordial to make life supportable; and to lay aside all views with regard to himself, till his friend's death should release him from the benevolent task, and leave him at liberty to pursue his own interest.

During this space Swift's time was fully and usefully employed†. He devoted eight hours a day

* That Swift resigned his preferment in Ireland on the promise of having a better here, appears by a letter from his sister, dated May 26, 1699. N.

† Several copious extracts from Cyprian, Irenæus, Sleidan's Commentaries, Tertullian, Epiphanius, Diodorus Siculus, Thucydides,

day as before, to the prosecution of his studies *. His function as a clergyman was confined to a private family, but he was regular in the discharge of it, having stated times in the morning and evening for their meeting together at prayers. He took upon himself the office of preceptor to a young lady, niece to sir William Temple, residing in his house, teaching her English, and directing her in a proper course of reading. At the same time miss Johnson, afterward so well known by the name of Stella, was a fellow student with the other young lady, and partook of the benefit of the same instruction. Miss Johnson was daughter to sir William Temple's steward; and was at that time about fourteen years of age, beautiful in her person, and possessed of such fine talents, as made Swift take great delight in cultivating and forming her mind. At this time too he writ his famous Digressions to be found in the "Tale of a Tub;" and the "Battle of the Books," in honour of his great and learned friend.

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cydides, and Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent, were found among his papers, which appear, by memoranda in his own hand-writing, to have been made while he lived with sir William Temple. D. S.

* As many may be curious to know of what nature his studies were, the following account of the books which he read in one year, preserved in his own hand-writing, may afford some satisfaction. N.

From Jan. 7, 1696-7.
Lord Herbert's Henry VIII. *fol.*
Sleidan's Commentaries abstracted, *fol.*
Council of Trent, abstracted, *fol.*
Conformité de Religion, *&c.*
Dialogues des Morts, 2 vol.
Lucretius, *ter.*
Histoire de Mr. Constance.
Histoire d'Ethiopie.
Histoire de Cotes de, &c.
Diodorus Siculus, abstr. *fol.*

In the year 1699, sir William Temple died, leaving Swift a legacy, and the care, trust, and advantage, of publishing his posthumous writings*. As he had also obtained a promise from king William, that he would give Swift a prebend either of Canterbury or Westminster, he thought he had made a sufficient return for all his merits toward him, and that he left him in the high road to preferment.

Before we accompany Swift into the world, let us review the manner of his passing his life, from the time that we stopped to survey him on his way to Leicester, when, forlorn and hopeless as his condition was, the unseen hand of Providence was guiding him to the means of all his future greatness, in placing him under the hospitable roof of sir Wil-

Virgil, *bis.*
Horace, 9 vols.
Sir W. Temple's Memoirs.
——————— Introduction.
Camden's Elizabeth.
Prince Arthur.
Histoire de Chypre.
Voyage de Syam.
Voiture.
Mémoires de Maurier.
Lucius Florus, *ter.*
Collier's Essays, 2 vols.
Count Gabalis.
Sir John Davies, of the Soul.
Cyprian & Irenæus, abstr. *fol.*
Voyage de Maroce, &c.
Ælian, Vol. I.
Homer, Iliad, & Odyss.
Cicero's Epistles.
Bernier's Grand Mogul, 2 vols.
Burnet's Hist. of Reform. *fol.*
Petronius Arbiter.
Oeuvres mêlées, 5 vols.
From Jan. 7, 1697-8.
Thucydides, by Hobbes, abstr. *fol.*
Theophrasti Characteres.
Vossius de Sibyllinis.

* Such was the love and attention which Swift showed to this great man, that in his last illness he kept a daily register of the variations which appeared in his constitution, from July 1, 1698, to the 27th of January following, when he concludes with this note, "He died at one o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was great and good among men." This paper is intituled, "Journal d'estat de Mr. T——devant sa Mort." N.

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liam Temple. However bounteous nature had been, in bestowing on Swift extraordinary talents, yet were they of such a kind, as required much time and application to bring them to perfection, and fit them to answer their destined ends. He had missed the usual season of cultivating those talents, but at the same time he had escaped the danger of their being perverted and misapplied. His mind had not been straitlaced into that fashionable shape which seemed most beautiful to the eyes of pedantry, but was suffered to reach its full growth according to the course of nature. Thus did it attain an unusual size, vigour, and ease. He did not enter seriously upon his studies till his understanding was mature; thus all that he read was to some useful end, nor was his memory charged with those important trifles, about which the scholastick world is generally so busy. He read the classicks at a time when he could penetrate into their profoundest depths, and enrich himself with the spoils of their hidden treasures; not at the usual season of boyishness, when the weak sight can be regaled only with such flowery beauties as are pointed out to it on the surface. Thinking for himself as a man, he soon saw that no science was so valuable to man, as that of human nature. He judged that the best way to obtain a general knowledge of that, was from history: and a more particular view of it, from studying mankind. He could not possibly have been better situate than at Moor Park, to have made observations on the higher and more refined life; and he studiously sought all opportunities, during his little excursions and journies, to make himself acquainted with low life; often preferring the conveyance of waggons, and their inns,

to

to those of coaches. Scenes of middling life must, of course, often fall in his way; and where, to a boundless curiosity, there was added from nature an uncommon penetration, it is no wonder he became such an adept in the knowledge of man, and of the world. A science essentially necessary to him to make that figure which he afterwards did in life.

His situation at sir William Temple's was indeed in every respect the happiest that could have been chosen, to prepare this great genius for the complicated part he was to act in the world. Swift was to figure as a writer, as a politician, as a patriot. And where could a young man have found such a director and assistant in fitting him for the performance of these several parts, as sir William Temple; who was himself one of the finest writers, one of the ablest statesmen, and the truest lover of his country, that had been produced in that, or perhaps in any other age?

It was from the frequent revisal of that great man's works under his own inspection, that Swift acquired his first lights with regard to propriety and purity of style, which he was afterward allowed to carry to a greater degree of perfection than any English writer whatsoever. The high opinion he entertained of sir William's works in this respect, was known to me from the following circumstance. When I was an undergraduate in the college, he recommended it to me to lay aside some portion of time every day for the study of English; and when I asked him what authors he would advise me to read, he immediately replied, "sir William Temple; not," said he, "his latter works, written during or after

after his long residence abroad, for his style became then somewhat corrupted by the introduction of newfangled foreign words and phrases, which he fell into by conversing and writing so much in foreign languages; but such of his works as were written before his going ambassador to Nimeguen. And after him," added he, "I do not know any writer in our language that I would recommend to you as a model." I had upon this occasion a fair opportunity of paying him a just compliment; but I knew his detestation of any thing that carried the appearance of flattery with it, too well, to make mention of his own works to him.

With respect to politicks, it must be allowed that there was no man of that age better qualified than sir William Temple, not only to instruct Swift in the general system of politicks pursued in the several states of Europe, but likewise to lay open to him all the arcana of state, all the most secret springs of action, with regard to publick affairs, both foreign and domestick, during his time; in which he himself had born so principal a part; and with regard to patriotism, sir William Temple must be allowed to have been the most shining example of that noblest of virtues, produced in that age; as he passed all the vigorous parts of his life in the most indefatigable endeavours for the good of his country, upon the most disinterested principles; never having received any reward, nor seeming solicitous about any, for a long series of the most important services rendered to his king and country, often at his own expense; and at lastly nobly declining the highest station to which a subject could be raised, when offered to him, as it was at a time of life, when he found

found the vigour of his mind so far abated, that he did not think himself equal to the arduous employment of first minister. And with respect to private virtue, there could not have been a more illustrious example placed before the eyes of a young man than that of an old courtier, who during the dissolute reign of Charles II. had singly at court maintained his integrity unshaken, and his morals untainted.

Under the direction of such a tutor, such a guide, under the influence of such an example; how happily was the most dangerous season of life passed in studious retirement, far from the dangers and temptations of a corrupt world.

When we reflect that Swift was first brought up in the school of adversity (who though she be a severe mistress, yet does she generally make the best scholars) and that he was thence removed to another Lyceum, where presided a sage, in whom were blended Socratic wisdom, stoical virtue, and Epicurean elegance; we must allow his lot to have been most happily cast for forming a great and distinguished character in life. Nor did he fail to answer the high expectation that might be raised of a young man endowed by nature with uncommon talents, which were improved to the utmost by a singular felicity of situation, into which fortune had thrown him.

Let us now accompany Swift into the world, from entering into which he was happily detained till his thirty-first year. His mind was now stored with variety of useful knowledge; his understanding had arrived at its utmost maturity and strength; his fancy was in its prime; and his heart, long filled with the noblest affections toward God, and toward

toward man, swelled with impatience for proper opportunities of discharging his duty to both. With such abilities, and such dispositions, behold him now entering on the great stage of the world, to perform the character allotted to him in the drama of life, that of an able, bold, and unwearied champion, in the cause of religion, liberty, and virtue.

SECTION II.

FROM THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE TO THE TIME OF HIS INTRODUCTION TO LORD OXFORD.

UPON the death of sir William Temple, Swift immediately removed to London; where his first care was to discharge the trust reposed in him, that of publishing a correct edition of sir William Temple's works; which he effected as speedily as possible, and presented them to king William, with a short dedication written by himself, as publisher*. He thought he could not pay a more acceptable compliment to the king, than by dedicating to him the posthumous works of a man, for whom, from his earliest days, when Prince of Orange, he had professed the highest friendship and esteem; and with whom he lived, after his arrival at the crown of England, on the most intimate footing; frequently visiting sir William in his retreat, after he had found his endeavours vain to draw him out of it, by the tempting offer of making him his first mi-

* See this in the second volume of the present collection. N.

nister. There was another reason too, which must have made the publication of these works peculiarly acceptable to the king; which was, that some of the most important transactions mentioned in those writings, were relative to himself; and many personal anecdotes with regard to him, were now brought to light, which could have been disclosed by no one but sir William, and which put the character of that truly heroick prince in a high point of view. On these accounts Swift thought that such a dedication was not only the politest method of reminding the king of his promise made to sir William Temple in his behalf, but the likeliest means of having it speedily carried into execution. However, as he did not find the event answer his expectation, he applied to that monarch by memorial.

But after waiting some time, he found that his memorial produced no better effect than his dedication. He therefore readily accepted of an offer made to him by lord Berkeley, then appointed one of the lords justices of Ireland, to attend him to that kingdom, in the double capacity of chaplain and private secretary.

This total neglect of his promise, made in consequence of a last, and it may be called a dying request, of his particular friend, seems to bear not a little hard on the character of king William. But it is to be observed that Swift was the most unfit man in the world to solicit a point of that sort in due form, without which nothing is to be done at court. He thought that his showing himself there, or at most the dedication of sir William's works, was all that was necessary to be done on his part. And with regard to the memorial, he himself exonerated king William

William so far, as to say often that he believed it never was received. For he put it into the hands of a certain nobleman, who professed great regard to him, and offered to present it to the king, and second it with all his might; but Swift had afterward reason to believe that he had sunk it, and said not a word of the matter.

Swift acted as secretary to Lord Berkeley, till they arrived at Dublin; when he was supplanted in that office by one Bush, who had by some means ingratiated himself with my lord; and representing the office of secretary as an improper one for a clergyman, he was appointed in Swift's room. Lord Berkeley making the best apology to him that he could, and at the same time promising to make him amends, by bestowing on him the first good church preferment that should fall in his gift. Swift was not a man to be treated in this manner with impunity. Accordingly, he gave free scope to his resentment, in a severe copy of verses, which placed the governor and his new-made secretary in a most ridiculous point of light, and which was every where handed about to their no small mortification. Soon after this the rich deanery of Derry became vacant, and as it was the earl of Berkeley's turn to present to it, Swift applied to him for it upon the strength of his promise*. Lord Berkeley said, "that Bush had

* Swift was set aside on this occasion, from the suggestion of Dr. King then bishop of Derry, that he was too young. "I have no objection to Mr. Swift," says the bishop. "I know him to be a sprightly, ingenious young man: but, instead of residing, I dare say, he will be eternally flying backward and forward to London; and therefore I intreat that he may be provided for in

had been beforehand with him, and had got the promise of it for another*. Upon seeing Swift's indignation rise at this, my lord, who began to be in no small fear of him, said "that the matter might still be settled if he would talk with Bush." Swift immediately found out the secretary, who very frankly told him "that he was to get a thousand pound for it, and if he would lay down the money, he should have the preference. To which Swift, enraged to the utmost degree, at an offer which he considered as the highest insult, and done evidently with lord Berkeley's participation, made no other answer but this; "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels." With these words he immediately quitted the room, and turned his back on the castle, determined to appear there no more. But lord Berkeley was too conscious of the ill treatment he had given him, and too fearful of the resentment of

some other place." But, as if his stars had destined him a parallel revenge, he lived to see the bishop of Derry afterward set aside on account of *age*. That prelate had been archbishop of Dublin many years, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr. Lindsay died. Upon his death, archbishop King immediately laid claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these pretensions were prevalent; he was looked upon as *too far advanced in years* to be removed. The reason alledged was as mortifying as the refusal itself: but the archbishop had no opportunity of shewing his resentment, except to the new primate Dr. Boulter, whom he received at his own house, and in his dining-parlour, without rising from his chair; and to whom he made an apology, by saying, in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance, "My lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because, *You know I am too old to rise.*" See Orrery's Remarks. W. B.

† The deanery was given to Dr. Boulter. N.

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an exasperated genius, not to endeavour to pacify him. He therefore immediately presented him with the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor, and Rath-beggan, then vacant, in the diocese of Meath*. Though these livings united did not make up a third of the deanery in value†, and though from the large promises, which had been made him, he had reason to expect much greater preferment, yet, considering the specimens already given of the performance of those promises, Swift thought it most prudent to accept of those livings, dropping all future expectations from that quarter. Nor did he afterward estrange himself from lord Berkeley's family, but continued still in his office of chaplain; to which he seems to have been chiefly induced, from the great honour and respect which he had for his excellent lady: whose virtues he has celebrated in so masterly a manner, in the Introduction to the "Project for the Advancement of Religion."

From this behaviour to lord Berkeley, we may judge how little Swift was qualified to rise at court, in the usual way of obtaining preferment; and we

* He was instituted March 22, 1699-1700. N.

† Not even after his purchase (for 260*l.*) of the rectorial tithes of one part of the parish, called Effernock, which he gave by his last will to his successors for ever. In his account-book he reckons the annual value of the said union about 230*l.*; and within the first year, from March 1699, to Nov. 1, 1700, the expence of his titles, rent, curate, &c. amounted to 117*l.* He got the prebend of Dunlavan, in the chapter of St. Patrick, Sept. 23, 1700. Being in actual attendance as domestick chaplain to the earl of Berkeley, he had a dispensation from the bishop of Meath that year, in May, for not reading his assent and consent at Laracor and Rath-beggan until the month of June, at which time he went through the necessary form. N.

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may estimate the greatness of his spirit, by the degree of resentment shown to the man, in consequence of ill treatment, upon whom all his hopes of preferment then rested.

It was at this time that Swift's true humorous vein in poetry began to display itself, in several little pieces, written for the private entertainment of lord Berkeley's family; among which was that incomparable piece of low humour, called "The humble Petition of Mrs. Frances Harris, &c."

When lord Berkeley quitted the government of Ireland, Swift went to reside on his living at Laracor; where he lived for some time in the constant and strict discharge of his duty.

It was about this time that Mrs. Johnson (the afterward celebrated Stella) arrived in Ireland, accompanied by another lady of the name of Dingley, who was related to the family of the Temples. Sir William Temple had bequeathed to Mrs. Johnson a legacy of a thousand pounds, in consideration of her father's faithful services, and her own rising merits. After sir William's death, she lived for some time with Mrs. Dingley, a lady who had but a small annuity to support her. In this situation Swift advised his lovely pupil to settle in Ireland, as the interest of money was at that time ten per cent in that kingdom; and considering the cheapness of provisions, her income there would afford her a genteel support, instead of a mere subsistence in England; for the same reason also he recommended it to Mrs. Dingley to accompany her. This proposal was very agreeable to both the ladies. To the latter, as she had scarce a sufficient income to subsist on in England, though managed with the utmost frugality; to the former,

former, that she might be near her tutor, whose lessons, however they might dwell on her memory, had sunk still deeper into her heart. These ladies soon after their arrival, took a lodging at Trim, a village near Laracor, which was the place of Swift's residence. The conversation of this amiable woman, who, by his own account, had the most and finest accomplishments of any person he had ever known of either sex, contributed not a little to sweeten his retirement, which otherwise must soon have become burthensome to so active a spirit. But, though Stella's beauty was at that time arrayed in all the pride of *blooming eighteen**, yet it is certain that he never dropped the least hint that might induce her to consider him in the light of a lover. In his whole deportment he still maintained the character of a tutor, a guardian, and a friend; but he so studiously avoided the appearance of any other attachment to her, that he never saw, or conversed with her, but in the presence of some third person. The truth is, that Swift at that time, knew not what the passion of love was; his fondness for Stella was only that of an affectionate parent to a favourite child; and he had long entertained a dislike to matrimony. He seems to have been under the dominion of a still more powerful passion, that of ambition: a passion which, from his boyish days, had taken strong hold of his mind, and never afterward for-

* Stella is said by most writers to have been in her 16th year when she first went to Ireland in 1699; but Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Deane Swift both say she was 18. As her name is not to be found in the parish register, which begins in 1682, they probably are right. In 1683 is an entry of *Anne* the daughter of Edward Johnson, baptised; but Mrs. Johnson's name was Esther. See Lysons, II. 453. N.

sook

sook him, till all hopes of its being farther gratified had failed.

Urged by this restless spirit, he every year paid a visit to England*, absenting himself for some months from the duties of his parish, and the charming conversation of the amiable Stella, in hopes of finding some favourable opportunity of distinguishing himself, and pushing his fortune in the world. His first visit to London, from the time he had taken possession of his living, was in the year 1701. At which time he found the publick in a ferment, occasioned by the impeachment of the earls of Portland and Orford, lord Somers, and lord Halifax, by the house of commons. Upon this occasion Swift wrote and published his first political tract, entitled, "A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome," in which he displayed great knowledge in ancient history, as well as skill in the English constitution, and the state of parties. The author of this piece concealed his name with the greatest precaution, nor was he at that time personally known to any of the nobles, in whose favour it seems to have been written; and indeed from the spirit of the piece itself, we may see that Swift was induced to write it from other motives than such as were private and personal. As no one understood

* In April 1701, Swift went to London; returned to Ireland in September following; took his doctor's degree on 16 Feb. after, which cost him in fees and treat 44*l.* and upwards. In April 1702, he went to Leicester, to see his mother; in May, to London; in July, to Moor Park; in October, to Ireland. The next year, in November 1703, he went to Leicester; thence to London; and May 30, 1704, returned to Dublin, whence he went directly to Laracor. This he calls, in his accompt book, "his 16th voyage." N.

the English constitution better, so no one loved it more, or would have gone greater lengths to preserve it, than Swift. He saw clearly that the balance, upon the due preservation of which the very life of our constitution depends, had been for some time in a fluctuating state, and that the popular scale was likely to preponderate. All the horrours of anarchy, and the detested times of a Cromwell, came fresh into his mind. He therefore thought it his duty to lay before the publick the fatal consequences of the encroachments then making by the commons upon the other two branches of the legislature; which he executed in a most masterly manner, with great force of argument, assisted by the most striking examples of other states in similar circumstances; and at the same time in a stile and method so perspicuous, as to render the whole clear to common capacities. Another reason for supposing that Swift wrote this wholly from a principle of duty, is, that the author deals throughout in generals, excepting only one oblique compliment to the four lords who were impeached by the commons, which at the same time served to strengthen his general argument. The truth is, Swift, at that time, was of no party; he sided with the whigs merely because he thought the tories were carrying matters too far, and by the violence of their proceedings were likely to overturn that happy balance in our state, so lately settled by the glorious revolution; to which there was not a faster friend in England than himself. However it is certain that it remained for some time a profound secret to the world, who the author of that admirable piece was. And the first discovery made of it, was by Swift himself, upon the following occasion.

After

After his return to Ireland, he happened to fall into company with bishop Sheridan*, where this much talked of pamphlet became the topick of conversation. The bishop insisted, " that it was written by bishop Burnet, and that there was not another man living equal to it†." Swift maintained the contrary; at first by arguments drawn from difference of style, manner, &c. and afterward upon being urged, said, that to his certain knowledge it was not written by Burnet. " Then pray," said the bishop, " who writ it? Swift answered, " My lord, I writ it." As this was the only instance in his life that Swift was ever known to have owned directly any piece as his, it is to be supposed that the confession was drawn from him by the heat of argument.

Early in the ensuing spring, king William died; and Swift, on his next visit to London, found queen Anne upon the throne. It was generally thought, upon this event, that the tory party would have had the ascendant; but, contrary to all expectation, the whigs had managed matters so well, as to get entirely into the queen's confidence, and to have the whole administration of affairs in their hands. Swift's friends were now in power; and the whigs in general, knowing him to be the author of the Discourse on the Contests, &c. considered themselves as much obliged to him, and looked upon him as fast to their party. The chiefs accordingly

* Dr. William Sheridan, bishop of Kilmore, 1681; deprived 1691; died Oct. 1, 1711. N.

† When Swift seemed to doubt Burnet's right to the work, he was told by the bishop that he " was a young man;" and still persisting to doubt, that he was " a very young man." JOHNSON.

applied

applied to him for his assistance in the measures which they were taking; and there is no doubt that he had now a fair opening for gratifying his ambition to the utmost, only by joining heartily with them, and exerting his talents on their side. But great as his ambition was, he would not have purchased its highest gratifications at the expense of his principles; nor would all the wealth and honours of the realm accumulated, have tempted him to act contrary to the conviction of his mind. Upon examining into their new political system, which varied in many points from that of the old whigs, he considered several of their measures as of a dangerous tendency to the constitution. Notwithstanding therefore, both his interest and personal attachments were of their side, he declined all overtures made to him by the heads of the whiggish party, and after some time determined to have no concern in their affairs. This conduct in Swift was so unexpected, for they had all along counted upon him as a sure man, that it met with the same sort of resentment from the whigs, as if he had deserted their party, and gone over to the enemy; though Swift, in reality, so little liked the proceedings of either, that for several years he kept himself entirely a neutral, without meddling in any shape in politicks.

The chief reason that made him decline any connexion with the whigs at that time, was, their open profession of low church principles; and under the specious name of toleration, their encouragement of fanaticks and sectarists of all kinds to join them. But what above all most shocked him, was, their inviting all Deists, Freethinkers, Atheists, Jews, and

and Infidels, to be of their party, under pretence of moderation, and allowing a general liberty of conscience. As Swift was in his heart a man of true religion, he could not have borne, even in his private character, to have mixed with such a motley crew. But when we consider his principles in his political capacity, that he looked upon the church of England, as by law established, to be the main pillar of our newly erected constitution, he could not, consistently with the character of a good citizen, join with those who considered it more as an ornament, than a support to the edifice; who could therefore look on with composure while they saw it undermining, or even open the gate to a blind multitude, to try, like Sampson, their strength against it, and consider it only as sport. With such a party, neither his religious nor political principles would suffer him to join; and with regard to the tories, as is usual in the violence of factions, they had run into opposite extremes, equally dangerous to the state. He has fully given us his own sentiments upon the state of parties in those times, in these words: "Now, because it is a point of difficulty to choose an exact middle between two ill extremes; it may be worth inquiring in the present case, which of these a wise and good man would rather seem to avoid: taking therefore their own good and ill characters of each other, with due abatements, and allowances for partiality and passion; I should think, that in order to preserve the constitution entire in the church and state, whoever has a true value for both, would be sure to avoid the extremes of whig, for the sake of the former; and the extremes of tory, on account of the latter."

This

This was a maxim, which, however well founded, was not likely to influence the opinion of many, amid the violence of party rage; however, as Swift was firmly persuaded of the truth of it, it was by that principle he governed his conduct, though on that account he stood almost alone.

Finding therefore that he could be of no use to the publick in his political capacity, while things remained in the same state, he turned his thoughts wholly to other matters. He resided for the greatest part of the year at his living, in the performance of his parochial duties, in which no one could be more exact; and once a year he paid a visit to his mother at Leicester, passing some time also in London, to take a view of the state of things, and watching some favourable crisis.

During this period, Swift's pen was hardly ever employed, except in writing sermons; and he does not seem to have indulged himself even in any sallies of fancy, for some years, excepting only the "Meditation on a Broomstick," and the "Tritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind," both written in the year 1703. As Swift has been much censured for writing the former of these pieces, on account of the ridicule contained in it of the style and manner of so great and pious a man as Mr. Boyle, it may not be improper here to relate an anecdote which I had from undoubtedly good authority, with regard to the occasion of writing that piece, and which will in a great measure exonerate Swift from the charge brought against him on that account*. In the yearly visits which he made to

* This anecdote came from lady Betty Germain, daughter of lady Berkeley; and was communicated to me by the late lady Lambert, an intimate of lady Betty's. S.

London, during his stay there, he passed much of his time at lord Berkeley's, officiating as chaplain to the family, and attending lady Berkeley in her private devotions. After which, the doctor, by her desire, used to read to her some moral or religious discourse. The countess had at this time taken a great liking to Mr. Boyle's Meditations, and was determined to go through them in that manner; but as Swift had by no means the same relish for that kind of writing which her ladyship had, he soon grew weary of the task; and a whim coming into his head, resolved to get rid of it in a way which might occasion some sport in the family; for which they had as high a relish as himself. The next time he was employed in reading one of these Meditations, he took an opportunity of conveying away the book, and dexterously inserted a leaf, on which he had written his own "Meditations on a Broomstick;" after which, he took care to have the book restored to its proper place, and in his next attendance on my lady, when he was desired to proceed to the next Meditation, Swift opened upon the place where the leaf had been inserted, and with great composure of countenance read the title, "A Meditation on a Broomstick." Lady Berkeley, a little surprised at the oddity of the title, stopped him repeating the words, "A Meditation on a Broomstick! Bless me, what a strange subject! But there is no knowing what useful lessons of instruction this wonderful man may draw, from things apparently the most trivial. Pray let us hear what he says upon it." Swift then, with an inflexible gravity of countenance, proceeded to read the Meditation, in the same solemn tone which he had used in delivering the former. Lady Berkeley,

Berkeley, not at all suspecting a trick, in the fulness of her prepossession, was every now and then, during the reading of it, expressing her admiration of this extraordinary man, who could draw such fine moral reflections from so contemptible a subject; with which, though Swift must have been inwardly not a little tickled, yet he preserved a most perfect composure of features, so that she had not the least room to suspect any deceit. Soon after, some company coming in, Swift pretended business, and withdrew, foreseeing what was to follow. Lady Berkeley, full of the subject, soon entered upon the praises of those heavenly Meditations of Mr. Boyle. "But," said she, "the doctor has been just reading one to me, which has surprised me more than all the rest." One of the company asked which of the Meditations she meant. She answered directly, in the simplicity of her heart, "I mean, that excellent Meditation on a Broomstick." The company looked at each other with some surprise, and could scarce refrain from laughing. But they all agreed that they had never heard of such a Meditation before. "Upon my word," said my lady, "there it is, look into that book, and convince yourselves." One of them opened the book, and found it there indeed, but in Swift's handwriting; upon which a general burst of laughter ensued; and my lady, when the first surprise was over, enjoyed the joke as much as any of them; saying, "What a vile trick has that rogue played me! But it is his way, he never balks his humour in any thing." The affair ended in a great deal of harmless mirth, and Swift, you may be sure, was not asked to proceed any farther in the Meditations. Thus we see that his original intention in writing this

piece, was not to ridicule the great Robert Boyle, but only to furnish occasion for a great deal of innocent mirth on lady Berkeley's enthusiasm, and simplicity of heart; and at the same time to get rid of the disagreeable task of reading to her writings which were not at all to his taste. And that it afterward got out into the world, was owing to the eagerness of those who were acquainted with the Berkeley family, to procure copies of a piece of such exquisite humour. This was the case indeed in almost all the small things afterward written by Swift, scarce any of which were published by himself, but stole into the world in that way.

Though the greatness of Swift's talents was known to many in private life, and his company and conversation much sought after and admired, yet was his name hitherto little known in the republick of letters. The only pieces which he had then published, were "The Battle of the Books," and "The Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome," and both without a name. Nor was he personally known to any of the wits of the age, excepting Mr. Congreve, and one or two more, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance at sir William Temple's. The knot of wits used at this time to assemble at Button's coffeehouse; and I had a singular account of Swift's first appearance there from Ambrose Philips, who was one of Mr. Addison's little senate. He said that they had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffeehouse, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it; and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal,

mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to any thing that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them, was that of "the mad parson." This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advanced toward him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb, mad parson, had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold; too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffeehouse; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad. There is another anecdote recorded of him, of what

passed between him and doctor Arbuthnot in the same coffeehouse. The doctor had been scribbling a letter in great haste, which was much blotted; and seeing this old parson near him, with a design to play upon him, said, "Pray, sir, have you any sand about you?" "No," replied Swift, "but I have the gravel, and if you will give me your letter I'll p-ss upon it." Thus singularly commenced an acquaintance between those two great wits, which afterward ripened into the closest friendship. After these adventures they saw him no more at Button's till "The Tale of a Tub" had made its appearance in the world, when, in the person of the author of that inimitable performance, they recognized their mad parson. This piece was first published in the following year 1704; and though without a name, yet the curiosity excited by the appearance of such a wonderful piece of original composition, could not fail of finding out the author, especially as not only the bookseller knew him, but as the manuscript had at different times been shown to several of sir William Temple's relations, and most intimate friends. When it is considered that Swift had kept this piece by him eight years, after it had been, by his own confession, completely finished, before he gave it to the world; we must stand astonished at such a piece of self-denial, as this must seem, in a young man, ambitious of distinction, and eager after fame; and wonder what could be his motive for not publishing it sooner. But the truth is, Swift set but little value on his talents as a writer, either at that time, or during the whole course of his life, farther than as they might contribute to advance some nobler

ends, which he had always in view. Unsolicitous therefore about fame merely literary, or the reputation of an author, he could with the most perfect *sang froid* lock up this admirable piece in his desk, and wait with the most philosophick patience, for a favourable season to produce it, when it might answer some more important purpose. After the time he had given the last finishing to it, the violence of parties ran so high for some years, and their disputes were carried on with such animosity, that he did not think the publick in a temper fit to receive the work, so as to produce the effects which he proposed from it. But as the rage of party began to cool at that time, and the opposition from the tories grew daily more feeble, as the power of the whigs increased; and as a firm establishment of the whig interest seemed to threaten, upon their principles, an entire disregard to, and neglect of all religion; Swift thought this a proper juncture to revive the topick of religion, and to show the excellency of the established church, over its two rivals, in a new way adapted to common capacities, with regard to the understanding; and calculated to make way to the heart, through the pleasure which it afforded to the fancy. And without some artifice of that sort, it would have been impossible to have gained any attention at all to the topick of religion. People were quite wearied out with the continual repetition of the same dull arguments; or sore, on account of the ill temper with which the disputes were carried on, and the ill blood which they occasioned. The bulk of mankind were therefore in a fit disposition to fall in with the principle of moderation held out by the whigs; but as it was easy to

see from some of their political measures, that moderation was not the point at which they intended to stop; but that an indifference with regard to any form of religion was likely to ensue, in consequence of some of their tenets; Swift thought it high time that the attention of the people toward the security of the established church should be roused, that they might be guarded against the undermining artifices of its enemies, secretly carried on under covert of her pretended friends; who in their hearts were little solicitous about her interests, being wholly absorbed in worldly pursuits. And surely nothing could be contrived better to answer this end, than to make religion once more a general topick of conversation: but of such conversation as no longer excited the disagreeable and malevolent passions, but gave rise to cheerfulness and mirth. Stripped of the frightful mask with which her face had been covered by bigotry and enthusiasm, and adorned with all the graces of the comick muse, she became a welcome guest in all companies. The beauty of the church of England, by a plain and well conducted allegory, adapted to all capacities, was shown, in the most obvious light, by the characters of simplicity and moderation, which are the true marks of christianity, in opposition to the pageantry, superstition, and tyranny of the church of Rome, on the one hand; and the spleen, hypocrisy, and enthusiasm of Calvinism, on the other. This had been often done before in a serious way, but it was the new manner of treating the subject that produced the great effect. While the English divines had for more than a century been engaged in a constant state of warfare with their antagonists,

and

and attacked them with serious reasoning, and vehemence of argumentation, their antagonists were always considered as powerful and formidable; and though often foiled, were never looked upon as subdued. While these different religions were rendered odious or terrible to the imaginations of people, the very feelings of that hatred and fear, were accompanied with the ideas of danger and power in the objects which excited them, and of course gave them a consequence. But the instant they were rendered ridiculous, they became contemptible, and their whole power vanished; nor was there ever a stronger instance of the truth of Horace's rule,

Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res *,

than in the effects produced by the "Tale of a Tub," with regard to the weakening of the powers of popery and fanaticism in this country. Effects not merely temporary, but which, with their cause, are likely to last, as long as the English language shall be read.

After the publication of this work, Swift wrote nothing of consequence for three or four years †; during which time his acquaintance was much sought after by all persons of taste and genius. There was, particularly, a very close connection

* Well-season'd Irony will oft prevail,
When stern rebukes and strongest reasonings fail.
DUNCOMBE.

† He was appointed proctor for the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's, in the Irish convocation, July 24, 1707; and was very active in it, as appears by his protest, Oct. 30, 1707, signed singly by himself, in the presence of Tho. Trotter, notary public. N.

formed

formed between Mr. Addison * and him, which ended in a sincere and lasting friendship, at least on Swift's part. Addison's companionable qualities were known but to a few, as an invincible bashfulness kept him for the most part silent in mixed companies; but Swift used to say of him, that his conversation in a *tête à tête*, was the most agreeable he had ever known in any one; and that in the many hours which he had passed with him in that way, neither of them ever wished for the coming in of a third person.

In the beginning of the year 1708, Swift started forth from his state of inactivity, and published several pieces upon religious and political subjects, as also in the humorous way. That which regarded religion chiefly, was, "An Argument against abolishing Christianity;" in which he pursues the same humorous method, which was so successfully followed in the "Tale of a Tub." Perhaps there never was a richer vein of irony than runs through that whole piece; nor could any thing be better calculated to second the general impression made by the "Tale of a Tub." It is certain, that Swift thought the state of the church in great danger, notwithstanding any vote of par-

* In 1705, Mr. Addison made a present of his book of Travels to Dr. Swift; in the blank leaf of which he wrote the following words:

"To Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,
The most agreeable companion,
The truest friend,
And the greatest genius of his age,
This Book is presented by his
Most humble servant,
The AUTHOR."

N.

liament

liament to the contrary; and this chiefly from a sort of lethargick disorder, which had in general seized those who ought to have been its watchful guardians. To rouse them from this state, he found tickling to be more effectual than lashing; and that the best way to keep them wakeful, was to make them laugh.

It was at this juncture too he chose to publish his political principles. Swift had been hitherto always classed among the whigs, as the only political tract of his which had been published was in their favour, and as his chief connections were among that body. And he himself had adopted the name in a Copy of Verses to the Honourable Mrs. Finch *. And indeed with respect to government, there could not be a stauncher whig than he was upon the old principles of whiggism, as set forth by him; but he was an utter enemy to some new ones adopted by that party, in order to enlarge their bottom, and which evidently tended to republicanism. And as to their maxims with regard to religion, he widely differed from them. As these were made an essential part of the character of a whig at that time, he could not be said to be of their body. The truth is, that Swift was a man of too much integrity to belong to either party, while they were both so much in the wrong. This he himself declared in the opening of the political tract printed at this time, entitled, "The Sentiments of a Church of England Man, with respect

* And last, my vengeance to complete,
May you descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A *whig*, and one who wears a gown. S.

to

to Religion and Government;" which begins with these words: "Whoever has examined the conduct and proceedings of both parties for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far toward the extremes of either, without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding." His motive for publishing this tract at that juncture, he has given in the following words: "When the two parties, that divide the whole commonwealth, come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third with better principles to balance the others; it seems every man's duty to choose one of the two sides, although he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are justly exploded by both, being too stale and obvious; only intending the safety and ease of a few individuals, while the publick is embroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I esteem to have been the wisest and the best of all the Romans. But before things proceed to open violence, the truest service a private man may hope to do his country, is, by unbiassing his mind as much as possible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which must needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world; because it is, of all others, the least consistent with the common design of making a fortune, by the merit of an opinion.

Swift, from several circumstances at that time, apprehended that the parties would speedily come to an open rupture; he therefore thought it the duty of a good citizen to endeavour to form a third party out of the more moderate of each, that should

serve

serve as a check upon the violence of both. With this view he represents the extremes of both parties, and the evil consequences likely to ensue from each, in the strongest light; at the same time he clearly shows that the moderate of both hardly differed in any material point, and were kept asunder only by the odious distinction of a name. He set down in this piece such a just, political, and religious creed, so far as related to any connexion between church and state, as every honest subject of the church of England must at once assent to. And indeed if it were in the nature of things, that a party could have been formed upon principles of moderation, good sense, and publick spirit, his scheme would have taken place, from the masterly manner in which it was proposed. His design was, to engage all those of both parties, who wished well to the established church, to unite together under the denomination of church of England men, instead of the odious terms of *high* and *low church*, calculated to keep up animosity; and by so doing, to leave the most violent of both parties, whose numbers would in that case be much reduced, exposed to the world in their true colours, merely by being singled out in the different herds of their associates. In that case, there were few whigs, so lost to all sense of shame, as would choose to be one of a handful of English protestants, at the head of a numerous body of sectaries of all kinds, infidels and atheists; as there would be few tories who would wish to appear leaders of papists and jacobites only. Under the name of church of England man, none of those enemies to our constitution could have listed; whereas under the vague

vague names of whig and tory, persons of all denominations and principles were enrolled without scruple by both, merely to increase their numbers, and swell the cry. This project, for the uniting of parties, seems to have taken strong possession of Swift, and not to have quitted him for some time, as we find he mentions it in a * letter to colonel Hunter, in the beginning of the following year. However, if this design failed, he was determined, whenever matters should come to an open rupture between the parties, not to remain neutral; but to choose that side, which, upon the whole, should appear to him the best, according to the maxim before laid down. In order therefore to render himself of the greater consequence, he seems to have exerted himself this year in the display of his various talents. Beside the two admirable tracts before mentioned, he published "A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland, to a Member of the House of Commons in England, concerning the Sacramental Test." As he always kept a watchful eye upon the motions of the presbyterians, the intention of this piece was, not only to frustrate their attempt to get the test act repealed in Ireland, but also to alarm the people in England, by showing that their design was deeper laid, and that the carrying of it first in that country, was only intended as a precedent for doing the same here. In the humourous way, he wrote also in this year those

* "I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch, and sometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning." Swift's Letters to Col. Hunter, Jan. 12, 1708-9.

admirable

admirable papers on Partridge the almanack maker, which appeared under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq.; and in poetry, " An Elegy on the supposed Death of Partridge;" the Story of " Baucis and Philemon;" and two copies of verses on Vanbrugh's house*. So wide a display of such different talents; such knowledge in political affairs; so much good sense and strength of reasoning, joined to so pure and masterly a style; and above all, so much wit, and such uncommon powers of ridicule, could not fail of raising prognosticks, that he would prove the most able and formidable champion living, of that party whose cause he should espouse. The whigs therefore, who had hitherto neglected him, as considering him in the light of a half brother, began now to dread, and consequently to pay him great court.

* It appears from a memorandum in Swift's handwriting on the back of a letter directed to him, in Oct. 1708, at lord Pembroke's house in Leicester-fields, that he had an intention this year to publish a volume of his works, consisting of the following articles:

SUBJECTS FOR A VOLUME.

Discourse on Athens and Rome.
Bickerstaff's Predictions.
Elegy on Partridge.
Letter to Bishop of K[illala.]
Harris's Petition.
Baucis and Philemon.
Vanbrugh's House.
The Salamander.
Epigram on Mrs. Floyd.
Meditation on a Broomstick.
Sentiments of a Church of England Man.
Reasons against abolishing Christianity.
Essay on Conversation.
Conjectures on the Thoughts of Posterity about me.
On the present Taste of Reading.
Apology for the Tale, &c.
Part of an Answer to Tindal.
History of Van's House.
Apollo outwitted. To Ardelia.
Project for Reformation of Manners.
A Lady's Table-book.
Tritical Essay. N.

Their

Their apprehensions were quickened by the narrow escape which they just then had of being turned out of power, by the intrigues of Mr. Harley; which had very nearly taken place then, in the manner they did two years afterward. No solicitations or promises were wanting, on their parts, to engage Swift on their side; but they found him a man of stubborn integrity; nor could any temptation prevail on him to go the lengths which they wanted. Failing in this, their next wish was to send him out of the way, in some honourable post. That of secretary to an intended embassy to the court of Vienna, was first designed for him; but that project going off, there was a scheme on foot to make him bishop of Virginia, with a power to ordain priests and deacons, and a general authority over all the clergy in the American colonies. There could not have been a stronger bait thrown out to Swift than this; as it would gratify his ambition, by a most extensive power, in the very sphere where he most wished to have it, in the church; as religion was always nearest his heart. Accordingly we find that he was very earnest in the pursuit of that point; but, unfortunately for the interests of religion in America, and as unfortunately for the whiggish ministry, notwithstanding their promises, that it should be done, the design fell to the ground, and Swift remained in the same state; remained on the spot, filled with resentment at their treatment of him, and determined to wreak his vengeance on them, when opportunity should serve, which was not now far distant.

Early in the following year, Swift published that admirable piece, called, "A Project for the Advancement

vancement of Religion;" in which, after enumerating all the corruptions and depravities of the age, he shows, that the chief source of them was the neglect, or contempt of religion, which so generally prevailed. Though at first view this pamphlet seemed to have no other drift, but to lay down a very rational scheme for a general reformation of manners, yet upon a closer examination it will appear to have been a very strong, though covert attack, upon the power of the whigs. It could not have escaped a man of Swift's penetration, that the queen had been a long time wavering in her sentiments, and that she was then meditating that change in the ministry, which some time afterward took place. To confirm her in this intention, and to hasten the execution of it, appears, from the whole tenour of the pamphlet, to have been the main object he had in view, in publishing it at that time. For though it seems designed for the use of the world in general, and is particularly addressed to the countess of Berkeley, yet that it was chiefly calculated for the queen's perusal, appears from this; that the whole execution of his project depended upon the impression which it might make upon her mind; and the only means of reformation proposed, were such as were altogether in her own power. At setting out, he says; "Now, as universal and deep rooted as these corruptions appear to be, I am utterly deceived, if an effectual remedy might not be applied to most of them; neither am I now upon a wild speculative project, but such a one as may be easily put in execution. For, while the prerogative of giving all employments continues in the crown, either immediately, or by subordination; it is in the power of the prince to make

make piety and virtue become the fashion of the age, if, at the same time, he would make them necessary qualifications for favour and preferment." He then proceeds to show the necessity of her majesty's exerting her authority in this way, by a very free observation, couched under one of the finest compliments that ever was penned: "It is clear from present experience, that the bare example of the best prince, will not have any mighty influence where the age is very corrupt. For, when was there ever a better prince on the throne than the present queen? I do not talk of her talent for government, her love of the people, or any other qualities that are purely regal; but her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and whatever other virtues do best adorn a private life; wherein, without question, or flattery, she has no superiour: yet, neither will it be satire or peevish invective to affirm, that infidelity and vice are not much diminished since her coming to the crown; nor will, in all probability, until more effectual remedies be provided."

The chief remedy he proposes, is, "To bring religion into countenance, and encourage those who, from the hope of future reward, and dread of future punishment, will be moved to act with justice and integrity. This is not to be accomplished in any other way than by introducing religion as much as possible, to be the turn and fashion of the age, which only lies in the power of the administration; the prince, with utmost strictness, regulating the court, the ministry, and other persons in great employment; and these, by their example and authority, reforming all who have dependence on them."

Having expatiated on this topick, and shown how easily

easily such a design might be carried into execution, if the queen would only form such a determination, he proceeds to enforce his arguments by conscientious motives; which were likely to have the strongest effects upon one of such a truly religious turn as the queen was. After having just mentioned some points of reformation, in which the aid of the legislature might be found necessary, he says, "But this is beside my present design, which was only to show what degree of reformation is in the power of the queen, without interposition of the legislature; and which her majesty is, without question, obliged in conscience to endeavour by her authority, as much as she does by her practice."

And in another place he still more forcibly urges arguments of the same nature: "The present queen is a prince of as many and great virtues, as ever filled a throne: how would it brighten her character to the present, and after ages, if she would exert her utmost authority to instil some share of those virtues into her people, which they are too degenerate to learn, only from her example. And, be it spoke with all the veneration possible for so excellent a sovereign; her best endeavours in this weighty affair, are a most important part of her duty, as well as of her interest, and her honour."

Nothing could have been better contrived to work upon the queen's disposition, than the whole of this tract. In which the author first shows that all the corruptions and wickedness of the times, arose from irreligion: he shows that it is in her majesty's power alone, without other aid, to restore religion to its true lustre and force, and to make it have a general influence on the manners and conduct of her people: and

and then he urges the strongest motives, of honour, of interest, and of duty, to induce her to enter upon the immediate exercise of that power. And to render what he offered upon that head more forcible, it was apparently written by some disinterested hand, from no other principle but a due regard to religion and morality. For the author artfully suppressed all mention of party: and yet, upon a closer examination, it would appear, that nothing could be more directly, though covertly, aimed at the destruction of the power of the whigs. For, the first step proposed to render the design effectual, was, that the queen should employ none in her ministry, or in any offices about her person, but such as had the cause of religion at heart; now this was in effect to say, that she must begin with turning out the whigs, or low church party, who in general professed either an indifference to, or contempt of religion; and choose her officers from among the tories, or high church party, with whom the support of the interests of religion was the first and most generally avowed principle.

After the publication of this piece, Swift went to Ireland, where he remained till the revolution in the ministry took place, which happened in the following year; when Mr. Harley, and Mr. St. John, the heads of the tory party in the house of commons, were appointed to fill the chief offices; the former, that of chancellor of the exchequer, the latter, that of principal secretary of state. During this interval, Swift passed much of his time with Mr. Addison, who had gone over to Ireland as first secretary to the earl of Wharton, then lord lieutenant of that kingdom. By this means he had an opportunity of

of being an eye witness of the corrupt administration of affairs in that kingdom, under that lord's government, which he afterwards exposed to the world in such strong and odious colours. Had Swift been intent only on his own promotion, it is probable that he might easily have obtained preferment in Ireland at that juncture, on account of his great intimacy with the secretary; but he would have scorned to pay court to a viceroy of such a character, or even to have accepted any favour at his hands. Upon the change of affairs at court, when a new ministry was appointed, Swift was requested by the bishops of Ireland to take upon him the charge of soliciting a remission of the first fruits, and twentieth parts, to the clergy of that kingdom. It was not without great reluctance that he accepted of this office, for reasons hereafter to be assigned; but his regard to the interests of the church, outweighed all other considerations, and he accordingly set out for England as soon as his credentials were ready.

SECTION III.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO MR. HARLEY, TO THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

ON his arrival in London in the month of September 1710, he found that open war was declared between the two parties, and raged with the utmost violence. There was no room for moderating schemes, and according to his own maxim, that a good citizen could not remain neutral in such a situation of affairs, Swift was to choose his party, and to

declare himself accordingly. His arrival at that crisis, filled the whigs with joy, as in general they looked upon him to be of their party; but the leaders among them were not without their apprehensions, being conscious of the ill treatment he had met with at their hands. Of this, take the following account from Swift himself *: "All the whigs were ravished to see me, and would have laid hold on me as a twig, to save them from sinking; and the great men were all making their clumsy apologies. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the whigs all make of my ill usage." On the other hand, the tories were exceedingly alarmed at his arrival, as they had always considered him in the light of a whig, and as the leaders of their party had not even the least personal knowledge of him; how strong their apprehensions must have been, we may judge from a passage in Swift's Journal of the following year, dated June 30, 1711, where he says, that, "Mr. Harley and Mr. secretary St. John frequently protested, after he had become their intimate, that he was the only man in England they were afraid of." In such a disposition,

* At this time, and during his connexion with the ministry afterward, Swift kept a regular journal of all the most remarkable events, as well as little anecdotes; which he transmitted every fortnight to Stella, for her private perusal, and that of Mrs. Dingley, but upon condition that it should be communicated to no other person whatsoever. This journal was luckily preserved, and some time since given to the world. As nothing could better show Swift's own sentiments with regard to affairs at that time, and the motives which induced him to take the part he did in them, than such a journal, written as it were to the hour, and transmitted to that person in the world to whom his heart was most open; the account of his conduct, during that busy time, will, wherever there is an opportunity, be corroborated by extracts from it. S.

therefore,

therefore, it is to be supposed, that a visit from Dr. Swift to Mr. Harley, was by no means an unacceptable thing. The occasion of this visit is set forth at large, in the letters which passed between Dr. King, archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Swift, published in his works. Upon his leaving Ireland, Swift had undertaken to solicit the affairs of the first fruits, and twentieth parts, for the benefit of the clergy in Ireland, which had been long depending, and in vain attempted by two bishops sent over for that purpose by the whole body. In his first letter to the archbishop on that subject, he says "As soon as I received the packets from your grace, I went to wait upon Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate: and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me." He afterward gives such an account of the whole transactions as might be proper to be shown.

But in his Journal to Stella, he is more particular:

Oct. 4, 1710. "Mr. Harley received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable, and appointed me an hour, two or three days after, to open my business to him."

Oct. 7. "I had no sooner told him my business, but he entered into it with all kindness; asked me for my powers, and read them; and read likewise the memorial I had drawn up, and put it into his pocket to show the queen: told me the measures he would take; and in short, said every thing I could wish. Told me he must bring Mr. St. John and me acquainted;

quainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that I am inclined to believe what some friends had told me, that he would do every thing to bring me over. He desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's coffeehouse in a hackney coach.

" I must tell you a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him, in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, 'That was no place for friends.'

" Oct. 10. " Harley tells me he has shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; because, said he, the queen designs to signify it to the bishops of Ireland in form, and take notice that it was done upon a memorial from you; which he said he did to make it look more respectful to me; I believe never was any thing compassed so soon: and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley; who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party, that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. He speaks all the kind things to me in the world." Oct. 14. " I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed."

When we consider the rapidity of Mr. Harley's motions on this occasion, who was remarkable for procrastination, and the open freedom of his behaviour toward Swift, so contrary to that closeness and reserve, which were his characteristicks, we may judge of his eager desire to fix him in their party

Nor

Nor was this hard to be accomplished: Swift had long in his own mind been of their side; and he only waited for such a favourable juncture as now offered to declare himself. Mr. Harley's uncommon condescension, flattered his pride; and the obligingness of his behaviour, engaged his friendship. Accordingly, after he had inquired into their plan, and the measures which they intended to pursue, as he found them entirely consonant to his own sentiments, he embarked without hesitation in their cause, and entered into their interests with his whole heart. His approbation of their measures he expresses in the following manner in his Journal.

Nov. 29. "The present ministry have a difficult task, and want me. According to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the publick, and therefore I am glad to contribute what lies in my power."

The writers on both sides had before this taken the field, and attacked each other with great acrimony. On the whig side, were Mr. Addison, bishop Burnet, sir Richard Steele, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and many others of less note. On the part of the tories, the chief writers were, lord Bolingbroke, bishop Atterbury, and Mr. Prior. They had begun a weekly paper, called, "The Examiner," which was the joint work of those three celebrated writers, and had published twelve numbers*. But as soon as Swift declared himself, they thought all aid to him unnecessary, and the whole conduct of that paper was from that time put into his hands. He entered the field alone, and, with a Sampsonlike

* They had published *thirteen*. See Vol. IV. p. 3. N.

strength,

strength, scorned assistance, and despised numbers. His power of ridicule was like a flail in his hand, against which there was no fence. Though he industriously concealed his name, yet his friend Addison soon discovered him, and retired prudently from the field of battle, leaving the rest exposed to the attacks of this irresistible champion; by whom it must be allowed they were unmercifully handled, till, one after another, they were all laid low. His first paper was published on the 2d of November, 1710, No. 14 of the Examiner, which was about a month after his introduction to Mr. Harley; and he continued them without interruption till June 7, 1711, where he dropped it, closing it with No. 45, and then leaving it to be carried on by other hands. During this time he lived in the utmost degree of confidence and familiarity, not only with Mr. Harley, but the whole ministry. Mr. secretary St. John was not behind Mr. Harley, either in desire of cultivating Swift's acquaintance, or in address, which the following extract from his Journal will sufficiently show.

Nov. 11, 1710. "I dined to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came into us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose the advancing of money to government. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, the secretary said to him, 'The best thing I ever read is not your's, but Dr. Swift on Vanbrugh;' which I do not reckon so very good neither; but Prior was damped, till I stuffed him with two or three compliments. He told

told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement, and so I told him; and it was so. Indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me. But there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet."

In another place, he says, March 3, 1710-11. "I dined with Mr. Harley to-day. Every Saturday, lord keeper, secretary St. John, and I, dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. I staid with Mr. Harley till nine, when we had much discourse together, after the rest were gone, and I gave him very truly my opinion, when he desired it."

Feb. 18, 1710-11. "Secretary St. John would need have me dine with him to-day; and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for; so I left them early, and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat upon me; for lord Peterborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds."

Feb. 25. "I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, sir T. Mansel, and Mr. Lewis. I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad

bad company when I dined with him before. So we laughed, &c.

In the beginning of February, there was a piece of behaviour in Mr. Harley toward Swift, which nettled him to the quick, and had nearly occasioned a breach between them. Of this Swift gives the following account in his Journal.

Feb. 6, 1710. "Mr. Harley desired me to dine with him again to-day, but I refused him; for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends."

Feb. 7. "I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know that I expected farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me; and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect farther satisfaction."

In a subsequent part of the Journal he acquaints Stella with the cause of quarrel.

March 7. "Yes I understand a cipher, and Ppt*

* Stella. S.

guesses

guesses right, as she always does. He gave me *al bsadnnk lboinlpt dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpeonufnad* *; which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I wrote a very complaining letter, that was showed him, and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time."

Nothing could have been considered by Swift as a greater indignity, than this offer of Mr. Harley's, which put him on the footing of a hireling writer. Accordingly, he was determined to let him see how much he had mistaken his man, by refusing to see him again till he had asked his pardon by a third hand. He laid hold of this opportunity, to let the ministry know how he expected to be treated by them for the future: as a man, who not only scorned a state of dependance, but who could not bear any thing that might carry the least appearance of it; as one who entered a volunteer in their cause, and who scorned to lie under any obligation, or accept of any thing to which he was not justly entitled by his merits: and lastly, as one, who, conscious of his abilities to serve the publick, expected to be considered by them as their coadjutor in the cause, and to be treated on a footing of entire equality. Accordingly, immediately after Mr. Harley had made his peace

* This is a sort of cipher, in which, to disguise the words, superfluous letters are introduced; and the way to read it is to pass over those letters, and retain only such as will make out words and sense, in the following manner, where the letters to be retained are capitals. Al BsAdNnK lBoInLpt dFaOnR uFaInFbToY dPeOnUrNaD. That is, *A Bank Bill for fifty pound.* S.

with

with him, he showed, by an extraordinary piece of behaviour, that he was determined to extract this from them, without bating the smallest article. The circumstance is mentioned in the following passage of the Journal.

Feb. 12. "I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John: I went to the Court of requests at noon, and sent Mr. Harley into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late."

When this story is told, without any other circumstance, and we are informed that a private clergyman, vicar of a small country living, in an obscure part of the world, sent the prime minister of Great Britain, to bring out to him the first secretary of state from the senate house, where he was engaged in the important business of the nation, upon so frivolous an occasion, we should be apt to consider it was a wanton exertion of the most insolent pride. But when we reflect that this was done the very day after he was reconciled to Mr. Harley, and that he took the first opportunity of retaliating the slight put upon him a few days before, it can only give us a high opinion of his magnanimity. Besides, upon this reconciliation, he thought it necessary to give both ministers a specimen of the terms upon which alone their union could continue, the principal of which was a most perfect equality. How little Swift was willing to allow them any superiority, may be judged by an expression in his journal the next day after this accident.

Feb. 13. "I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again."

And

And it soon afterward appeared how readily these ministers came into his terms, as may be seen from the following passage.

Feb. 17. "The ministers are good honest hearty fellows: I use them like dogs, because I expect they will use me so. They call me nothing but *Jonathan*, and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a minister do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures: and I believe you will find it so, but I care not."

How tenacious he was of his rights in this respect, and how ready to take the alarm upon the least appearance of their being infringed, we may judge from the following account of what passed between the secretary and him, some time after, on an occasion of that sort.

April 1, 1711. "I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy; which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it."

April 3. "I called at Mr. secretary's, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday: I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already, that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess

guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it*; and that I designed to let my lord keeper, and Mr. Harley, know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed him, but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dine with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not: I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson; you never heard of him before."

From this time we find that Swift was treated by the ministry with the most unreserved confidence in regard to publick affairs, and the most familiar intimacy in private; being always present at their most secret consultations in political matters, and a constant companion of their chosen parties to enliven their social hour.

Swift has given us the following view of the light in which he considered the situation of affairs about that time. "March 4, 1710. "This kingdom is certainly ruined, as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have a peace, let it be a bad or a good one; though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces, and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very

* In a subsequent part of the Journal to Stella, he says, "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain, when sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman." S.

narrow

narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus between the whigs on one side, and violent tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and the duchess of Somerset, who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman; and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them all this, which they know already; but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley; though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that, uttering his mind to me, gave him ease."

Swift was employed chiefly in writing the Examiners till the beginning of the following June; when, having with ease foiled all his opponents in this skirmishing way of fighting, he retired to prepare for the general engagement, expected at the opening of the next campaign, and which was likely to prove decisive with regard to the fate of the two parties. It is certain, that his apprehensions for the side which he had embraced, were daily increasing; and as he said himself, "the nearer he looked upon things, the worse he liked them." But his apprehensions were either confined within his own breast, or communicated only to the ministry, excepting in the Journal to Stella, where he is wholly without reserve. He had said to her, so early as January 7, 1710-11: "In my opinion we have nothing

to

to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped; and then the whigs will bawl what they would have done, had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them."

Afterward, he gave her an account of the danger they were in, from the most violent members of their own party.

Feb. 18. "We are plagued with an October club, that is, a set of above a hundred parliament men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult on affairs, and drive things to extremes against the whigs; to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I'll tell you one great secret: the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme; and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the other's hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called The Examiner, for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough. This I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others; and swore, if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think, they will endeavour to prevail on the queen, to put her affairs more in the hands of a ministry, than she does at present; and there are two men

men thought on, one of whom you have often met the name of in my letters."

But though there were many external circumstances which rendered the situation of the ministry very precarious, yet the chief danger arose from themselves, through a want of concert and mutual confidence, so necessary to men embarked in so difficult an undertaking. This was chiefly owing to the reserve and mysterious conduct of Mr. Harley, which gave great umbrage to Mr. St. John, and had very nearly occasioned a breach between them about that time, of which Swift makes the following mention in his Journal.

August 27, 1711. "The whigs whisper that our ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out the secretary. They have some reasons for their whispers; though I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the present posture of things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times."

Besides this reserve in the treasurer, there was a procrastination in his temper, which ill suited such a juncture of affairs, as required the utmost vigour and dispatch. And though the secretary was a man of great parts and fire, yet had he such a turn to dissipation, as made him lose opportunities, and produced as ill effects, as the procrastinating turn of the treasurer. Of this Swift complains in the following passage of his Journal.

Oct. 31, 1711. "The deuse is in the secretary; when I went to him this morning he had people with him; but says, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon:

at two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged: then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers; teazing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, and slipping opportunities."

On these, and many other accounts, things wore but a very unpromising aspect on the side of the tories; especially as the leaders of the whig party were active, vigilant, let slip no opportunity; and at the same time, being exasperated to the last degree at the loss of their power, were determined to stop at nothing, to compass the ruin of those who had supplanted them. Yet, however gloomy the prospect might be, Swift was not of a temper to give way to despondency. It is certain, that from the time he took a nearer view of the state of things, he had little hopes that the cause in which he had engaged would be brought to a happy issue; yet he determined, that, whenever it should fail, no part of the miscarriage should be laid at his door; and accordingly he exerted himself with the same sort of ardour as is usually raised only by a near prospect of success upon vigorous measures. Not content with performing every thing that was allotted to him in his own department, he let no opportunity slip of urging the ministers to do what was proper on their parts. He, with great freedom, told them of their faults or omissions, sometimes in a serious, sometimes in a jocose way, as opportunities offered. There is a little anecdote of that sort, which shows how freely he indulged himself in this vein. Swift had

had received a present of a curious snuff box from colonel Hill, beautifully painted with a variety of figures, which he showed to lord Oxford; who, after having examined the workmanship, turned up the bottom of the box, where he spied a figure resembling a goose, studded on the outside of the box; upon which, turning to Swift, he said, "Jonathan, I think the colonel has made a goose of you." "'Tis true, my lord," replied Swift, "but if you will look a little farther, you will see I am driving a snail before me:" which indeed happened to be the device. "That's severe enough, Jonathan," said my lord, "but I deserved it."

On another occasion, he observed to lord Bolingbroke, that men of great parts are often unfortunate in the mangement of publick business, because they are apt to go out of the common road, by the quickness of their imagination: and he desired his lordship to take notice, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife, with a blunt edge, to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

These friendly admonitions of Swift, though they might sometimes produce good effects in particular cases, when properly timed, yet could they do but little toward eradicating faults which seem to have been in a great measure constitutional, and which were grown too strong by habit to be easily overcome. Happy therefore was it for the ministry, that they had, in Swift, such a faithful monitor, to remind them of their errours, and such an able coadjutor, to

supply their deficiences. As no man perhaps ever possessed a greater degree of natural sagacity than Swift, or was master of a deeper penetration from close observations made on human nature, he often warned the ministers of dangers in their own sphere, which they did not see, though they had the advantage of being much nearer the springs of action; but the acuteness of his sight more than made up for the different degrees of distance. This was sufficiently shown by the event, as all his conjectures proved to be well-founded; nor was there a single prognostick of his that failed. These he was never sparing to communicate to the ministers, though the phlegm of one, and dissipation of the other, generally rendered such notices of little effect. They were indeed so very dilatory or remiss in their preparations for the approaching contest, and their enemies so vigilant and active, that their ruin must inevitably have been accomplished soon after the meeting of the parliament, had it not been for the measures taken by Swift to prevent it. Finding that he could not rouse the minister to that activity, which so critical a juncture required, he determined to leave nothing undone, that lay in his own power, toward the support of the common cause. There were two points, which he thought of the utmost importance, and which therefore demanded the highest attention: the one was, to put an end to the cabals of the October club, which threatened the most dangerous consequences to the ministry; the other was, the making of a peace; without which, it was a maxim with him that the ministry could not stand. The first of these points he soon accomplished. He procured a meeting of some of the principal members of the club

club at the tavern; where he gave them such cogent reasons for the conduct of the ministry, as removed their fears and jealousies. This meeting occasioned a suspicion in many of the absent members, which was followed by a division of the club; after which, their meetings being neither so numerous nor so frequent, they gradually dwindled away; and, upon the seasonable publication of a little pamphlet, by Swift, called, "Some Advice to the Members of the October Club," they were in general so well satisfied, that their meetings were no more heard of; and these very members were afterward the staunchest friends that the ministry had in the house of commons. The affair of the peace was at a greater distance, and a point of infinitely more difficulty. Necessary as it was that it should be accomplished, in the disposition that the nation then was, the ministry did not even dare to hint it, and there was but one way in which they could attempt it, with the least degree of safety to themselves; and that was by raising such a clamour for peace, as should make the steps taken toward it by the ministry, appear to be in consequence of the attention due to the general voice of the nation. This Swift undertook to accomplish; and with that view he took uncommon pains in drawing up that famous political tract, called "*The Conduct of the Allies*;" the effects of which will presently be shown.

But Swift had still a more difficult point to manage; and one, which was attended with more immediate danger than all the rest; I mean, that of keeping the ministry from quarrelling among themselves, which he foresaw must end in their total des-

truction *. The treasurer and secretary were of such different dispositions, and so little agreed about the means to be pursued toward the attainment of the common end they had in view, that it required the utmost address to prevent their coming to an open rupture; which would probably have happened, even at that critical time, had it not been for Swift's interposition. Perhaps there was no man living so well qualified for the office of a mediator between them, as Swift. The case required the constant interposition of some common friend to both, who should not be suspected of any partiality to either, or of any interested views in the advice he should give; at the same time of one, who would speak his mind with unlimited freedom to each separately, or both together, without fear of disobliging. He must therefore be a man, whose assistance was of so much moment to each in the prosecution of their several designs, that neither would dare to break with the other unreasonably, lest his whole weight should be thrown into the opposite scale. And perhaps there was no man living at that juncture, who could perfectly answer this description, but Swift. Accordingly we find, that for the space of more than two years afterward, though there was much ill blood, and many bickerings between them, he kept them from coming to an open rupture; and the incurable breach which

* Swift, in a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, dated August 11, 1711, says, "I take the safety of the present ministry to consist in the agreement of these great men, lord keeper, lord treasurer, and Mr. Secretary; and so I have told them together, between jest and earnest, and two of them separately with more seriousness." S.

afterward

afterward ensued, was made during his absence in Ireland, when he went to take possession of his deanery.

In this critical situation of affairs, and in the midst of that load of business which was thrown upon Swift's shoulders, let us stop a while, to admire the vigour and activity of his mind, which, at such a juncture, could find leisure to throw out, as if it were a holiday task, his favourite design, of establishing the English language on some solid foundation.

In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, dated July 12, 1711, there is this passage: "I have been engaging my lord treasurer, and the other great men, in a project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, especially his lordship. He is to erect some kind of society, or academy, under the patronage of the ministers, and protection of the queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language. The methods must be left to the society; only I am writing a letter to my lord treasurer, by way of proposals, and some general hints, which I design to publish, and he expects from me. All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned men of all my acquaintance fall readily in with it; and so I hope will your grace, if the design can be well executed. I would desire at leisure some of your grace's thoughts on this matter."

As the time of the parliament's meeting approached, which was to decide the fate of the parties, Swift applied himself closely to the finishing of a work, from which great matters were expected, toward inclining people to the main object of the ministry, a peace.

His first mention of it to Stella, is in his journal, Oct. 26, 1711. "We have no quiet with the whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them with a vengeance very soon. I have written a paper, which the ministers reckon will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas it is certain, we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction."

Upon the meeting of parliament, on the 7th of December 1711, Swift's apprehensions and prognosticks proved to be but too well founded. He saw clearly, that if the queen did not stand firm in support of the ministry, they were undone; and from a knowledge of her temper, he dreaded some change in her, from the influence which the * duchess of Somerset had over her; who had succeeded the duchess of Marlborough in her favour, and whose husband was avowedly bent on the destruction of the ministry. His fears proved indeed to have been too well founded. What passed on this occasion, is thus related in his journal, Dec. 7, 1711, "The earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired, that in their address they might put in a clause, to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried

* In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, dated August 26, 1711, Swift says, "You know the duchess of Somerset is a great favourite, and has got the duchess of Marlborough's key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue; and will, I believe, do what ill offices she can to the secretary." S.

by the whigs, by about six voices, in a committee of the whole house." The question's being then carried against the ministry, was no small surprise to them, as they did not expect it, though Swift had often warned them of it, and pointed out the means by which it would be effected. But the behaviour of the queen, upon that occasion, was such a thunderclap, as perfectly astounded them, and made them give over all as lost. This circumstance is thus related by Swift in his Journal, Dec. 8, 1711. "When the queen was going from the house of lords, where she sat to hear the debate, on the 7th of December, 1711, the duke of Shrewsbury, lord chamberlain, asked her majesty, whether he, or the great chamberlain Lindsey, ought to lead her out! she answered short, 'Neither of you,' and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house against a peace." This behaviour of the queen could be construed in no other light than a desertion of the ministry, and accordingly it produced such an effect, that Swift tells us, "the clause was carried the next day, in the house of lords, almost two to one," The consequences of this, are thus described by Swift, in his History of the Peace of Utrecht. "When this address, against any peace without Spain, &c. was carried in the house of lords, it is not easy to describe the effect it had upon most men's passions. The partisans of the old ministry triumphed loudly, and without any reserve, as if the game were their own. The earl of Wharton was observed in the house to smile, and to put his hands to his neck, when any of the ministry was speaking; by which he would have it understood, that some heads were in danger.

Parker,

Parker, the chief justice, began already, with great zeal and officiousness, to prosecute authors and printers of weekly and other papers, and written in defence of the administration: in short, joy and vengeance sat visible in every countenance of that party.

"On the other side, all well wishers to the church, the queen, or the peace, were equally dejected; and the treasurer stood the foremost mark, both of his enemies fury, and the censure of his friends. Among the latter, some imputed this fatal miscarriage to his procrastinating nature; others, to his immeasurable publick thrift! Both parties agreed, that a first minister, with very moderate skill in affairs, might easily have governed the events; and some began to doubt, whether the great fame of his abilities, acquired in other stations, where what he justly deserved." Swift gives the following account of his first interview with the lord treasurer on this occasion, in his Journal, Dec. 8, 1711. "Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because lord treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour, as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right; he asked, how? I said, I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley, out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked, How he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A

poor

poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, *that the hearts of kings are unsearchable.* I told him, it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little, but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet."

Swift's private sentiments on the occasion, are thus expressed in his Journal, Dec. 8, 1711. "This is a long Journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The whigs are all in triumph, they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they say the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may. This is all your d——d d— of Somerset's doing: I warned the ministers of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since. The secretary always dreaded it. I told lord treasurer I should have the advantage of him, for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave."

Dec. 15, 1711. "Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry, for I look upon them as certainly ruined. Some are of opinion the whole ministry will give up their places next week; others imagine, when the session is over. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already; I would be out of the way, upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things upon me, even some I have never read."

Lord Oxford now perceived the ill effects of his too great security; but, as he was a man of great firmness of mind, instead of being daunted at the dangerous situation of affairs, he applied himself vigorously

vigorously to retrieve what had been lost. Swift speaks of him as a man fruitful in expedients, and says, "He never wanted a reserve upon any emergency, which would appear desperate to others:" and never did any occasion call more for the exertion of such talents. The first necessary step was to get the queen back out of the hands into which she had fallen, and then to fix her steadily in the pursuit of his measures. He had the address very soon to regain the queen's favour and confidence; and the first use he made of it was to restore the majority he had lost in the house of lords, by engaging her to create twelve new peers at once. This, it must be allowed, was a desperate step, but the desperate state of their affairs required it. Swift, in speaking of this point, says, "Yet, after all, it is a strange unhappy necessity, of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself, by her trimming and moderation." This could not fail, however, of raising great clamours and jealousies in the people. "The adverse party," says Swift in his History, "being thus driven down by open force, had nothing left but to complain, which they loudly did: that it was a pernicious example set for all ill princes to follow, who, by the same rule, might make at any time a hundred as well as twelve; and by these means become masters of the house of lords, whenever they pleased, which would be dangerous to our liberties."

This unpopular measure was quickly followed by another, which raised a universal clamour both at home and abroad; and that was, the dismissing of the duke of Marlborough from all his employments. This act, whatever danger might attend it, was, to the ministry, an act of necessity; for matters were then

then carried to such a height, that there was no alternative, but either the duke, or the ministry, must fall. However, though it kept them in for the time, it rendered their situation exceedingly precarious. The people, alarmed at the dismissal of so great and fortunate a general, in the midst of war, expected nothing to follow, but a shameful peace. The clamour for the continuance of the war, became louder than ever, which was helped on by the presence of prince Eugene, who had lately arrived in England, with the largest proposals from the emperor for that purpose. All the envoys from the allies bestirred themselves every where to raise a spirit for war; and the whigs, enraged to the last degree, at the total loss of their power, by the fall of their chief, left no stone unturned to rouse the people. In a short time, the nation seemed to have but one voice, which was, for the continuance of the war; and it was certain, that if the ministry could not carry a peace, it was impossible they should stand. In this critical situation of affairs it was, that Swift's talents shone forth in their highest lustre. It was at this juncture, that his celebrated political tract, called, "The Conduct of the Allies," produced such marvellous effects. Never did any thing of that nature cause so sudden a change in the minds of the people. It immediately passed through seven editions, and eleven thousand of them were sold in less than a month. The members during the recess, had full time to read and consider it well; and Swift, in his Journal, gives the following account of the effects which it produced, Feb. 4, 1711. "The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke, drew all their

their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I wrote. The court had a majority of 150. All agree, that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions." And shortly afterward, speaking on the same subject, he says, Feb. 8. "The resolutions, printed the other day in the votes, are almost quotations from it, and would never have passed, if that book had not been written." That Swift had taken uncommon pains about this tract, appears from another passage, where he says, "It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it." Thus did the doctor amply fulfil his prediction with regard to this book, in a passage before cited, where he says, "We have no quiet with the whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I will cool them, with a vengeance, very soon." The voice of the commons was immediately backed by a great majority without doors, who were made converts by the same arguments. Thus was the ministry indebted to Swift, not only for their immediate preservation, from a destruction which seemed inevitable, but for such a solid establishment in future, as could neither be undermined nor shaken by the arts or violence of their enemies; and they had nothing to fear, but from their own dissensions among themselves. After so signal a service, it is no wonder that he grew into the deepest confidence with them, and that they ever after cherished him in their bosoms.

As the ministry were now at full liberty to pursue their political plan with security, and to take all proper measures toward bringing about a peace: Swift, whose active spirit seems to have known no rest at that juncture, and who was eager to make use of the influence he had obtained, toward doing some great publick

publick good, laid hold of this opportunity to press his plan of an academy. In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, March 29, 1712, he says, " I lately wrote a letter of about thirty pages to lord treasurer, by way of proposal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and ascertain the English language: and he and I have named above twenty persons of both parties to be members. I will shortly print the letter, and I hope something will come of it. Your grace sees I am a projector too." In a subsequent one, he says, upon the same subject, " My lord treasurer has often promised he will advance my design of an academy, so have my lord keeper, and all the ministers; but they are too busy to think of any thing beside what they have upon the anvil. My lord treasurer and I have already pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing."

And afterward, in another letter, he says, " As for any academy to correct and settle our language, lord treasurer talked of it often very warmly; but I doubt is yet too busy until the peace be over."

Swift indeed soon found, that his eagerness to accomplish a point, which he had so much at heart, had made him push it at an improper season; not only as the hands of the ministry were full, but as he himself had work enough cut out for him of another kind. A numerous body of the whig writers were continually assaulting the ministry, with the utmost violence; and they relied, for their defence, on the single arm of their doughty champion, Swift.

On the other side, the two champions, on whom the whigs most depended, were bishop Burnet and Mr. Steele (afterward sir Richard), well known to the

the world as writer of the greatest number of those ingenious essays, which appeared under the titles of the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians. They placed great hopes in two pamphlets, published about this time; one by bishop Burnet, under the title of "An Introduction to the third Volume of his History of the Reformation:" the other by Mr. Steele, called, "The Crisis." These two were immediately answered by Swift, with such infinite humour, wit, ridicule, and strength of argument, as not only blunted the edge of those pieces, but lowered the consequence of the authors themselves so much, by raising the laugh strongly against them, as to deprive them of the power of doing future mischief. We may judge of the effect which those two pamphlets must have produced at that critical time, when we consider with what delight they are read at this day, on account of their intrinsick merit, though we are little interested with regard to the events which gave them birth. This indeed distinguishes Swift's political tracts from all others; that these were written for a day; his, for perpetuity: they borrowed their chief merit from circumstances and times; his, from the immensity of his genius: their chief value arose from fashion; his, from weight. And he seems to have had the same advantage over his antagonists, as Homer has given to Achilles, by cloathing him in celestial armour, and furnishing him with weapons of ethereal temper.

It may perhaps seem surprising, that after so many and such important services, Swift should have remained so long without preferment, or reward of any kind; and the ministry have on that account, been charged with ingratitude toward him. But they were far from being unmindful of his merits, and had recom-

recommended him to the queen to fill a vacant bishoprick. But the duchess of Somerset, who entertained an implacable hatred against him, determined to move Heaven and earth to prevent his promotion taking place, She first prevailed on the archbishop of York to oppose it, whose remarkable expression to the queen was, " That her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop, was a Christian." But as he could give no better colour for this surmise, than that Swift was supposed to be the author of the " Tale of a Tub," the bishop was considered as acting officiously, out of too indiscreet a zeal, and his interposition was of no avail. The duchess then went in person to the queen, and, throwing herself on her knees, entreated, with tears in her eyes, that she would not give the bishoprick to Swift; at the same time presenting to her that excessively bitter copy of verses, which Swift had written against her, called, " The Windsor Prophecy." The queen upon reading them, was stung with resentment at the very severe treatment which he had given to a lady, who was known to stand highly in her favour, and as a mark of her displeasure, passed Swift by, and bestowed the bishoprick on another.

As soon as it was known that Swift was in disgrace with the queen, his enemies began to attack him from all quarters; and, as is usual in such cases, his court friends in general either deserted him, or looked coldly on him. There were several speeches made against him, both in the house of lords and commons; particularly by the earl of Nottingham in the former, and Mr. Walpole (afterward sir Robert) and Mr. Aislabie, who had before professed much friend-

friendship for him, in the latter. The Scotch lords went in a body to the queen, to complain of the author of a pamphlet, called, "The public Spirit of the Whigs," in which were many passages highly injurious to the honour of their nation, and desiring that the author might be brought to condign punishment. Accordingly, a reward was offered by proclamation, of three hundred pounds, for the discovery of the author of that piece. But Swift was a man of too much courage, and knew his own strength too well, to be much alarmed at all these threatening appearances. Instead of retiring, he stood boldly on his defence. His friend lord Oxford too, and the rest of the ministry, espoused his cause so warmly, and exerted their influence so strongly in his behalf, that he soon appeared again at court in higher favour than ever.

In April 1713, soon after the conclusion of the peace, he was appointed dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin; and in the beginning of June following he set out for Ireland, in order to be installed. His intention was, to take up his residence there for some time; but the ministry, to whom his presence was become necessary, would not suffer it; and were so importunate for his return, that, after he had passed through the necessary forms, and recovered from an indisposition, which had confined him some time at his living in the country, he returned to London, though very unwillingly*. Upon his arrival, he

* In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, dated from Ireland, July 16, 1713, he says, "If your grace goeth to London from the Bath, I believe I may have the honour of waiting on you, although I shall do all in my power to save the trouble of such a journey, which neither my fortune nor my health will very well bear." S.

found

found his presence necessary on two very material accounts. One was, to prevent if possible a rupture between the ministers, which was daily threatened, as they had no longer the tie of common danger to cement them, since the conclusion of the peace: the other was, to defend the articles of that peace; which were now violently attacked. In the former of these points, he succeeded for some time so far as to make them keep fair appearances toward each other, whatever ill will might be rankling in their hearts. And with regard to the latter, he applied himself to the finishing of the History of the Peace of Utrecht, in which he had made a considerable progress, before he had gone to take possession of his deanery. He was likewise particularly employed at this juncture with relation to the affairs of Ireland, where party rage had at that time broken out into several violent and dangerous acts. When he had finished the history, he put it into the hands of lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke, in order that it might be published; and soon after returned to his deanery. But he had scarcely arrived there, when there were a* hundred letters sent after him to recall him with all speed, in order to use his endeavours to reconcile the ministers; who, soon after he had turned his back, had come to an open rupture. Upon this intelligence, Swift returned immediately, though he had scarce been a fortnight in Dublin. Upon his arrival, he contrived to bring lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke together at lord Masham's, where he was left alone with them, and expostulated freely with both, but to little effect. However, they agreed to go to Windsor to-

* See Swift's letter to the earl of Oxford. S.

gether the next day. Swift, hoping they might come to a more free explanation in a *tête à tête*, than in the presence of a third person, pretended business the next morning, and sent them together to Windsor. He followed soon after, but found his scheme had not produced the desired effect. He had one meeting more with them, and finding the breach irreconcilable, he told them he was resolved to retire, saying, "that as he was a common friend to both, he would not, upon a breach, take part with either." And as he foresaw nothing from their disunion, but what would be fatal to the general interest, he was determined to have no farther concern with publick affairs." Swift on this occasion acted the part of a zealous and disinterested friend, but he found no one to second him; which he laments in several places, as he imagined, if others had done their duty, a reconcilement might have been effected. In a letter to Mr. Pope, he says, "I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better, in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern, and more influence, would have acted their parts; and if this had succeeded, the publick interest, both of church and state, would not have been the worse, nor the protestant succession endangered." But Swift was probably the only man among them, who had either the interest of the publick, or of the ministers at heart; the rest seem rather to have been wholly intent upon considering how their own private advantage might be promoted by this breach, and listed themselves under the several leaders with this view. Had Swift been a selfish man, he might certainly have made what terms he pleased; as his weight, thrown into either scale

scale, would have been of great moment. But he was actuated upon this occasion by that high principle of honour, from which he never swerved in the whole course of his life.

> " By faction tir'd, with grief he waits awhile,
> His great contending friends to reconcile,
> Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
> What could he more, but decently retire? *"

After his last fruitless conference with the ministers, Swift immediately retired, as he said he would, to a friend's house in Berkshire. But this retirement was not owing to a timid disposition, which might prompt him to be out of harm's way at this dangerous juncture; nor to a principle of trimming, which might induce him to lie upon the lurch till he saw which party in the ministry should gain the ascendant; no, it was from a motive consonant to the nobleness of his mind. He had already acquitted himself to the utmost in point of friendship to the ministers; and by endeavouring to unite them, had taken the shortest and surest way to serve the common cause. When this was found impracticable, he thought his duty to the publick, at so critical a conjuncture, paramount to all other considerations whatsoever; he therefore retired, in order to have leisure to lay open to the world the true causes of the violent disorders of the state, let it offend whom it would; and to point out the only remedies that could effect a cure, however unpalatable they might prove to some of his best friends. It was on this occasion that he wrote that spirited pamphlet, called, " Some free Thoughts upon the present state of affairs;" in which, with great boldness, he charges

* Swift's Verses on himself. S.

the ministers as the chief causes of the reigning disorders, from their misconduct; and lays the greatest load of blame on the man whom he loved best in the world, lord Oxford. Acting in this, like a friendly and skilful surgeon, who lays open the sore to the bottom, however painful the operation may prove to the patient, when he sees no other way of preventing a gangrene. The general blame which he throws out upon the ministry, is prefaced in this manner: "It may be matter of no little admiration, to consider in some lights, the state of affairs among us for four years past. The queen, finding herself and the majority of her kingdom grown weary of the avarice and the insolence, the mistaken politicks and destructive principles of her former ministers; calls to the service of the publick another set of men, who, by confession of their enemies, had equal abilities, at least, with their predecessors; whose interest made it necessary for them (although their inclinations had been otherwise), to act upon those maxims which were most agreeable to the constitution in church and state; whose birth and patrimonies gave them weight in the nation, and who (I speak of those who were to have the chief part in affairs) had long lived under the strictest bonds of friendship. With all these advantages, supported by a vast majority of the landed interest, and the inferiour clergy to a man, we have several times seen the present administration in the greatest distress, and very near the brink of ruin, together with the cause of the church and monarchy committed to their charge: neither does it appear to me, at the minute I am now writing, that their power or duration is upon any tolerable foot of security; which I do not so much impute to the address and industry

industry of their enemies, as to some failures among themselves, which I think have been full as visible in their causes as their effects."

He then proceeds to enumerate several of those failings, among which, that which is mentioned in the following paragraph is particularly levelled at lord Oxford. " I must therefore take the boldness to assert, that all these discontents, how ruinous soever they may prove in their consequences, have most unnecessarily arisen from the want of a due *communication* and *concert*. Every man must have a light sufficient for the length of the way he is appointed to go: there is a degree of confidence due to all stations; and a petty constable will neither act cheerfully, or wisely, without that share of it, which properly belongs to him: although the main spring of a watch be out of sight, there is an intermediate communication between it and the smallest wheel, or else no useful motion could be performed. This reserved, mysterious way of acting, upon points where there appeared not the least occasion for it, and toward persons, who, at least in right of their posts, expected a more open treatment, was imputed to some hidden design, which every man conjectured to be the very thing he was most afraid of.

" But the effects of this mystical manner of proceeding did not end here: for the late dissensions between the great men at court (which have been for some time past the publick entertainment of every coffeehouse) are said to have arisen from the same fountain; while, on one side, very great reserve, and certainly very great resentment on the other, have inflamed animosities to such a height, as to make all reconcilement impracticable.

Supposing

Supposing this to be true, it may serve for a great lesson of humiliation to mankind, to behold the habits and passions of men, otherwise highly accomplished, triumphing over interest, friendship, honour, and their own personal safety, as well as that of their country; and probably of a most gracious princess, who had entrusted it to them. A ship's crew quarrelling in a storm, or while their enemies are within gunshot, is but a faint idea of this fatal infatuation; of which, although it be hard to say enough, some people may think perhaps I have already said too much."

From the above passages, it is clear that Swift was determined not to spare the incision knife on this occasion. And from the whole drift of the pamphlet, it is highly probable he had discovered that both lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke had long since lost sight of the publick interest, which had at first cemented them, and had each no other object in view, but that of gratifying his ambition. It could not escape a man of his penetration, that they were in the condition of Pompey and Cæsar; whereof the one could not bear an equal, nor the other a superiour. He resolved therefore to separate himself from them both, and try what he could do apart for the publick interest. As he found private admonition ineffectual to persuade, he determined to try whether publick shame, and the fear of the total desertion of their party, might not compel them to a discharge of their duty. He pointed out the only means which could effectually put things once more on a proper footing; and as he well knew lord Oxford's unwillingness to pursue those means, he was resolved to drive him to it, through the

the fear of his being deserted otherwise both by his party, and the queen; which is evidently the tendency of the last paragraph in this piece. "To conclude: the only way of securing the constitution in church and state, and consequently this very protestant succession itself, will be the lessening the power of our domestick adversaries as much as can possibly consist with the lenity of our government; and if this be not speedily done, *it will be easy to point where the nation is to fix the blame*; for we are very well assured, that since the account her majesty received of the cabals, the triumphs, the insolent behaviour of the whole faction during her late illness at Windsor, *she has been as willing to see them deprived of all power to do mischief*, as any of her most zealous and loyal subjects can desire."

There was no opportunity however of trying what effect this piece would have had, as the death of the queen, soon after it went to press, put a stop to the publication. This event also put an end to all Swift's noble designs for the publick benefit, and cut off at once all his own future prospects. This was a terrible blow to the whole party; but, though it was felt by no one more severely than by Swift, he had too much fortitude to sink under it. There is an admirable picture given of him upon this occasion, by a few strokes of the masterly hand of an Arbuthnot*: "I have seen a letter from dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a

* Letter to Pope. S.

stern

stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

In a few weeks after this event, Swift returned to his deanery in Ireland, where he continued many years without visiting England.

Before we accompany him into exile, for as such he always considered it, let us take a review of his conduct during the most distinguished era of his life, when he had an opportunity of displaying all the great talents of his mind, and the excellent qualities of his heart, in a most conspicuous light. His engaging with the new ministry was not either the effect of a sudden resolution, or of accident. He had long foreseen the change, and determined what part he should take, whenever it should be brought about; although he prudently concealed his thoughts till the event happened. It was before mentioned, that Mr. Harley had very nearly succeeded in supplanting the whig ministry in the year 1708; two years before he actually effected it. While this was in agitation, we find that Swift insinuates his own intentions to his friend the archbishop of Dublin, in a letter, dated Nov. 9, 1708. "Although I care not to mingle publick affairs with the interest of so private a person as myself, yet, upon such a revolution, not knowing how far my friends may endeavour to engage me in the service of a new government, I would beg your grace to have favourable thoughts of me on such an occasion; and to assure you, that no prospect of making my fortune, shall ever prevail upon me to go against what becomes a man of conscience and truth, and an entire friend to the established church."

However,

However, as the design failed at that time, Swift made no advances to the tories, but kept himself at large, waiting for the event; which he foresaw would certainly be brought about in time. He had leisure mean while to lay down to himself the maxims by which his conduct should be regulated, whenever such a revolution should take place.

As there was much obloquy thrown on the character of Swift, on account of his supposed desertion of the whigs, and going over to the tories as soon as they got into power, it will be proper to examine what foundation the whigs had for such a charge against him.

Swift, in his "Memoirs relative to the change in the queen's ministry," gives the following account of his first introduction to the leaders of the whig party. Speaking of his pamphlet, entitled "The Contests and Dissensions of the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome," &c. he says; "This discourse I sent very privately to the press, with the strictest injunctions to conceal the author, and returned immediately to my residence in Ireland. The book was greedily bought and read; and charged, sometimes upon lord Somers, and sometimes upon the bishop of Salisbury; the latter of whom told me afterward, that he was forced to disown it in a very publick manner, for fear of an impeachment, wherewith he was threatened.

"Returning next year for England, and hearing of the great approbation this piece had received, which was the first I ever printed, I must confess the vanity of a young man prevailed with me, to let myself be known for the author; upon which my lords Somers and Halifax, as well as the bishop above-

abovementioned, desired my acquaintance, with great marks of esteem and professions of kindness: not to mention the earl of Sunderland, who had been of my old acquaintance. They lamented that they were not able to serve me since the death of the king, and were very liberal in promising me the greatest preferments I could hope for, if ever it came in their power. I soon grew domestick with lord Halifax, and was as often with lord Somers, as the formality of his nature (the only unconversable fault he had) made it agreeable to me.

" It was then I began to trouble myself with the difference between the principles of whig and tory: having formerly employed myself in other, and I think, much better speculations: I talked often with lord Somers upon this subject; told him, that having been long conversant with the Greek and Roman authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they called a whig in politicks; and that besides, I thought it impossible, upon any other principles, to defend the revolution: but as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that I did not conceive how any one, who wore the habit of a clergyman, could be otherwise. That I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever; and thought this sufficiently recompensed, by their professions of zeal to the church. That I had observed the whig lords took a direct contrary measure; treated the persons of particular clergymen with great courtesy, but showed much ill will and contempt for the order in general.

That

That I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of protestants to be members of their body. That I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side; but that the connivance or encouragement given by the whigs, to those writers of pamphlets who reflected on the whole body of the clergy, without any exception, would unite the church, as one man, to oppose them; and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequence of this. My lord Somers, in appearance, entered very warmly into the same opinion, and said very much of the endeavours he had often used, to redress the evil I complained of. This his lordship, as well as my lord Halifax, to whom I have talked in the same manner, can very well remember, and I have indeed been told, by an honourable gentleman of the same party, that both their lordships, about the time of lord Godolphin's removal, did, upon occasion, call to mind what I had said to them five years before."

Hence it appears evidently, that though Swift agreed with the whigs in his political principles, he differed totally from them in those which regarded the church, and therefore was considered by them only as a half-brother; on which account they were not very solicitous to give him any preferment, though they wished to keep upon good terms with him, by making many fair promises, which it seems they had no intention to perform. Of this we have already seen instances in the affair of his secretaryship to Vienna, and the bishoprick of Virginia. Stung with this treatment, he broke off all connexion with them long before he had access to any of the leaders

of

of the tory party, and while the whigs were yet in the plenitude of power. Nay, he went farther, and published several pieces in opposition to their measures. Of which take the following account, given by himself in his Memoirs, &c. "I mentioned these insignificant particulars, as it will be easily judged, for some reasons that are purely personal to myself; it having been objected by several of those poor pamphleteers, who have blotted so much paper to shew their malice against me, that I was a favourer of the low party. Whereas it has been manifest to all men, that during the highest dominion of that faction, I had published several tracts in opposition to the measures then taken. For instance, A Project for the Reformation of Manners, in a Letter to the Countess of Berkeley; The Sentiments of a Church of England Man; An Argument against abolishing Christianity; and lastly, A Letter to a Member of Parliament, against taking off the Test in Ireland, which I have already mentioned to have been published at the time the earl of Wharton was setting out to his government of that kingdom."

The same cry about quitting the whigs was raised against him in Ireland, of which he takes the following notice, in his Journal to Stella. "Why should the whigs think I came to England to leave them? sure my journey was no secret. I protest sincerely I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot them, for ungrateful dogs, I'll make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the whigs; but they own

they

they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had."

On his arrival in London, he says, "The whigs are ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig, while they are drowning, and the great men are making me their clumsy apologies, &c. But my lord treasurer (Godolphin) received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge." Soon after he says, "At ten I went to the coffeehouse, hoping to find lord Radnor, whom I had not seen. He was there; and for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge; full of which, having written down some hints, I go to bed." In another place, "'Tis good to see what a lamentable confession the whigs all make me of my ill usage, but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him." In a letter to archbishop King, Sept. 9, 1710, he speaks more fully to the same effect. "Upon my arrival here, I found myself equally caressed by both parties; by one, as a sort of bough, for drowning men to lay hold of; and by the other, as one discontented with the late men in power, for not being thorough in their designs, and therefore ready to approve present things. I was to visit my lord Godolphin, who gave me a reception very unexpected, and altogether different from what I ever received from any great man in my life; altogether short, dry, and morose; not worth repeating to your grace, until I have the honour to see you."

In

In his Journal, Oct. 2, 1710, he says, " Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day; it was the *resurrection of the whigs*, which I refused, unless he would add their *reformation* too: and I told him he was the only whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of *."

One may form a just idea of the greatness of Swift's resentment, at the treatment he had met with from the whigs, from a passage in his Journal of the following year, after the wonderful success which his writings against them had met with; where he says, " I have been gaining enemies by scores, and friends by couples, which is against the rules of wisdom; because they say, one enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let fate govern."

I have been the longer upon this article, because, however Swift might have been acquitted of this charge in England, where the real state of the case was known, I always found the imputation keep its ground in Ireland, and his character stigmatized, as that of a turncoat for preferment, under the tory administration.

We have already seen with what eagerness lord Oxford embraced the first overtures made to him by Swift, and what pains he took to engage him in his

* What obligation Swift had to that lord, and his party, may be seen by his indorsement on a letter dated Oct. 6, 1709. I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers, and court promises." And in the first leaf of a small-printed book, entitled, " Poësies Chrétiennes de Mons. Jolivet," he wrote these words, " Given me by my lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember, it was the only favour I ever received from him or his party. S.

party.

party. As Swift well knew his own consequence, and the great necessity the new ministry had for his service, it is certain he might have indulged himself at such a juncture, in the most flattering expectations, of rising soon to the highest dignities in his profession; and could have made what terms he pleased with regard to his own interest, if that had been the chief point he had in view. But he had long formed in his head some great plans for promoting the publick welfare, in regard to which all considerations of self, weighed with him but as the dust upon the balance. He therefore determined, upon his engaging with the new ministry, to make use of all the weight and credit to which his services might entitle him, in carrying on those publick plans, and to leave the care of his own fortune wholly to chance. How little solicitous he was about that article, may be fully seen in a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, dated Oct. 1, 1711, where he has been very explicit, both as to his sentiments upon that head, and the conduct he was determined to observe. "I humbly thank your grace for the good opinion you are pleased to have of me, and for your advice, which seems to be wholly grounded on it. As to the first, which relates to my fortune, I shall never be able to make myself believed how indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the pleasure of making that of others; and I fear it is too great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me. Perhaps, in Ireland, I may not be able to prevent contempt, any other way than by making my fortune, but then it is my comfort, that contempt in Ireland will be no sort of mortification to me. When I was last in Ireland, I was above half the time retired to one scurvy acre of ground, and

and I always left it with regret. I am as well received and known at court, as perhaps any man ever was of my level; I have formerly been the like. I left it then, and perhaps will leave it now (when they please to let me) without any concern but what a few months will remove. It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as they please; and if I cannot enough distinguish myself by being useful in such a way, as becomes a man of conscience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will solicit for myself, although I often do for others." And in another letter to the same, dated in the following year, he says, "I know nothing of promises of any thing intended for myself; but I thank God I am not very warm in my expectations, and know courts too well to be surprised at disappointments; which, however, I shall have no great reason to fear, if I give my thoughts any great trouble that way, which, without affectation, I do not, although I cannot expect to be believed when I say so."

In his Journal to Stella, where the inmost recesses of his heart are opened, he makes frequent mention of his little solicitude, and small expectation on that score. In one, dated Jan. 1711, he says, "My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them. However, we will see what may be done, and, if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed." And in that of the June following. "Remember, If I am ill used, and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at. Yet I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly

perfectly well, and all that know them, say, they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, &c. They think me useful, they pretend they were afraid of none but me, and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this, yet all makes little impression on me." In that of March 1712, he says, "I had been with the secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. Freind, to be physician general, and the secretary promised to mention it to the queen. I can serve every body but myself."

There are many passages to the same effect throughout this Journal, so that we may conclude with certainty, that the desire of serving himself was one of the last motives which engaged him to enter so deeply into the political system at that time. No, he was actuated by a nobler principle, a true spirit of patriotism. He saw now a fair opening for the exertion of his extraordinary talents, in support of our excellent constitution, both in church and state; an occasion which he had long waited for with impatience, and which he embraced with ardour. He had, as he mentions in his Journal to Stella, great things in view, to the accomplishment of which he postponed all considerations of self. Beside his political plan, he had formed a design of bringing about a general reformation in manners, and taste, which had been much corrupted under the whig administration. He was firmly persuaded that the only way to accomplish these points, was to keep them from ever returning again into power. He had a good opinion of the intentions of the new ministry; or, whether they were sincere or not, the professed principles, upon which they acted, were consonant to his. He says, in a letter to the arch-

bishop of Dublin, "Wanting wisdom to judge better, I follow those, who I think, are most for preserving the constitution in church and state, without examining whether they do so from a principle of virtue, or of interest." And indeed they were the only persons that could possibly have overturned the whig administration, or, when overturned, have kept them out; consequently, he could have no hope, but in their continuance in power. He early saw, and told the ministry, composed of lord Oxford, lord Bolingbroke, and the lord keeper, that all things depended on their union, and this he often repeated to them, when they were together, and separately to each. But he soon had occasion to observe, that two of them were formed of such discordant tempers, and had views so opposite, as to threaten a speedy breach. To prevent so great an evil, which would at once ruin their cause, and put an end to all his noble designs, he determined to keep himself in a situation, that would at all times qualify him for the office of a mediator between them, and at the same time give due weight to his interposition, by his remaining in a state of utter independence, and receiving no obligation in return, while he was daily conferring the greatest upon them. It was on this account that he refused to be chaplain to lord Oxford, who made an offer of it to him, the very day after his being created lord Oxford, and appointed lord treasurer. In his Journal to Stella, of the 24th of May, 1711, there is this passage: "My lord Oxford cannot yet abide to be called my lord; and when I called him *my lord*, he called me *Dr. Thomas Swift**, which he always

* A cousin german of Swift, whom he held in the utmost contempt. S.

does

does when he has a mind to tease me. By a second hand, he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to day; but I will be no man's chaplain alive." And in his Preface to the History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne, he says, "I absolutely refused to be chaplain to the lord treasurer, because I thought it would but ill become me to be in a state of dependence." For the same reason, very early after his connexion with the ministry, he refused to accept of a living from the lord keeper, which he thus mentions in his Journal: "Lord keeper told me, some months ago, he would give me a living when I pleased; but I told him I would not take any from him." There have been several instances before given of his early conduct toward the ministry, showing, that he expected to be treated by them on a footing of perfect equality; of which he never slipped any opportunity of reminding them. In a letter to the lord treasurer, he says, "When I was with you, I have said more than once, that I would never allow that quality, or station, made any real difference between men. From these sentiments, I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwise than as to a private person, or allow myself to have been obliged by you in any other capacity." In a letter to lord Bolingbroke, he says, "I would have you know, sir, that if the queen gave you a dukedom and the garter to morrow, with the treasury staff at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat." To preserve this equality, which he then thought essential to the great points he had in view, it was necessary he should keep himself free from any particular obligation; by which means he was considered as a

common disinterested friend by all the ministers. And it was in this capacity that he was able to heal many breaches between them, which would have been otherwise incurable. Of this he makes frequent mention in his Journal. In that of August, 1711, he says, "Do you know that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers, to clear some misunderstanding between them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides." In that of October following, is this passage: "The secretary told me last night he had found the reason why the queen was so cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it to him yesterday; and it was, that they suspected he was at the bottom with the duke of Marlborough. Then he said, he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my suspicion, and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world, as to talk at a venture to a great minister, that I had gone between him and lord treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other; and that I had informed him so before. He said all, you may imagine, to excuse himself, and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along, that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told lord treasurer, lord keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was, to see them love one another, and I told them all singly, that I had not said this by chance," &c.

&c. In September 1712, he says, " I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both." And in the October following, he says, " I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last." In many other places, he mentions the disagreeable necessity he was under of continuing his endeavours in this way, and laments that he could get no one to second him. In his " Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry, &c." he says, " Neither perhaps would a reconcilement have been an affair of much difficulty, if their friends on both sides had not too much observed the common prudential forms of *not caring to intermeddle*; which, together with the addition of a shrug, was the constant answer I received from most of them, whenever I pressed them upon the subject. And, to say the truth, most persons had so avowedly declared themselves on one side, or the other, that, these two great men had hardly a common friend left; except myself. I had ever been treated with great kindness by them both; and I conceived what I wanted in weight and credit, might be made up with sincerity and freedom. The former they never doubted, and the latter they had constant experience of. I had managed between them for almost two years, and their candour was so great, that they had not the least jealousy or suspicion of me."

The truth of this account is confirmed in a letter written to lord Bolingbroke, soon after the queen's death, where, speaking of the lord treasurer, he says, " I am only sorry it was not a resignation, rather than a removal;

a removal; because the personal kindness and distinction I always received from his lordship and you, gave me such a love for you both (if you great men will allow that expression in a little one) that I resolved to preserve it entire, however you differed between yourselves; and in this I did for some time follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you, than to my own conduct, that having been for two years almost the only man who went between you, I never observed the least alteration in either of your countenances toward me."

Nothing can show the character of Swift in a higher point of light, than his conduct on this occasion; and nothing could possibly have preserved to him the unabated love of these two great rivals for power, who hated each other mortally, in this discharge of so delicate an office, but the high opinion which each entertained of his integrity, and perfect disinterestedness. However, it is certain, that had it not been for his generous and unwearied endeavours, their whole plan must have been destroyed long before, and the ministry, and the party, involved in the same ruin. So that as they were indebted to him at first, for saving them from the attacks of their enemies, and establishing them in power, they where daily afterward obliged to him for preserving them in it, by guarding them against their worst enemies, their own passions. Having thus suspended all regard to his own interest, after such important services he had an undoubted claim upon the ministers to promote every plan for the good of the publick, and could with a better grace push the fortune of others. Accordingly, we find him bold and frequent

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in his recommendations, whenever merit or compassion called for his assistance. His first object was to procure marks of distinction and reward, to all men of parts and genius. The claim which he put in on that score to the ministry, was not selfishly confined to his own person, but exacted equally for all others, according to their several pretensions. He insisted, that no distinction of party should be made with regard to them; and that all of that class, who had listed under the banner of the whigs, should still be kept in their employments. In his Journal, he says, "Do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Phillips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man." In another place he is particular in his relation of what he had done with regard to Congreve. "I went late to day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will Congreve attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said, he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's

goodness, &c. and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn every body out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord treasurer, I called on Congreve (knowing where he dined) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that's a good day's work."

But of all the men of parts in the opposition, Swift seems to be most concerned about his friend Addison, and on his account about Steele; of which he makes frequent mention in his Journal. In that of Oct. 19, 1710, soon after his first introduction to lord Oxford, then Mr. Harley, there is the following passage: "I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under secretary to lord Dartmouth, two hours, talking politicks, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamp paper. He has lost his place of gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave it to him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful, and Lewis was telling me the particulars; but I had a hint given me that I might save him in his other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said.

I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious, and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not."

In that of December following, he says, "Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this damned business of party. He cannot bear seeing me fall in so with the ministry; but I love him still as much as ever, though we seldom meet."

In the same Journal he gives the following account: "Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley, to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him; and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it: and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he

he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva, and I'll do it if I can; it is poor pastoral Phillips."

In another place he says, "I called at the coffee-house, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all. Is it not odd? but I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele."

In a few weeks after, he writes thus: "I went to Mr. Addison, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks. We are grown common acquaintance, yet what have I not done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him. And I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. Well, he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I had never the least obligation to him, and there's another end."

In the following year, May, 1711, he says, "Steele has had the assurance to write to me, that I would engage my lord treasurer to keep a friend of his in employment." And in his Journal of July following, he says, "Mr. Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to day at young Jacob Tonson's. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and

as

as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, although I wrote him a biting letter, in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord treasurer." In the year 1712, we find he had brought Addison so far about as to dine with lord Bolingbroke. In his Journal of that year, he says, "Addison and I, and some others, dined with lord Bolingbroke, and sate with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet, when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance."

From all these accounts, we may see what an amazing difference there was between the minds of Swift and Addison. What a grandeur in the one, what a littleness in the other! Swift, though deeply engaged with the successful party, using all his endeavours to prevent a difference in politicks, from creating a disunion among men of genius: Addison, from a narrowness of mind, growing cool to a man for whose talents he had professed the highest admiration, and for whose person the warmest regard, merely because they were of different parties! Swift, in the plenitude of power, when another would have been glad of so fair a pretence for breaking off all commerce with him, perseveres in his good offices toward him, as if their friendship were still mutual and inviolate; sets him on a good footing with the ministry, and preserves him and his friends, notwithstanding the ill behaviour of the latter, in their employments. Addison, notwithstanding he had forfeited all pretensions to Swift's friendship by his unmanly behaviour, and during the continuance of his coldness, is mean enough to solicit Swift's interest

in

in favour of some of his friends. Swift, though never under the least obligation to Addison when he was in power, exerts his interest as if he had been under the highest; and among others, procures for Harrison, one of Mr. Addison's recommending, an employment of no less than twelve hundred pounds a year. When indeed Steele had the assurance, as Swift jussly expresses it, of desiring the same favour, he shows what a difference he made between the men, by sending him, as he calls it, "a biting answer." Whether it was this which exasperated Steele, or from whatever other cause it were, he some time after wrote a virulent paper in the Guardian against Swift, which produced some severe expostulations on his part, to be seen in the letters that passed between them on that occasion. Where, on Steele's part, we find the highest insolence, added to the basest ingratitude; as will immediately appear on a view of those letters. Swift, in one to Addison upon this subject, had said, "Have I deserved this usage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well, that my lord treasurer has kept him in his employment, upon my entreaty and intercession?" This charge Steele answers in the most insulting manner, thus, "They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in office." To this Swift in his reply, says, "The case was thus: I did with the utmost application, and desiring to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. Harley (as he was then called) to show you mercy. He said he would, and wholly upon my account: that he would appoint you a day to see him; that he would not expect you should quit any friend or principle. Some days after, he told me he had appointed you a day,

and you had not kept it; upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer; and advised me to be more cautious another time. I told him, and desired my lord chancellor and lord Bolingbroke to be witnesses, that I never would speak for or against you, as long as I lived; only I would desire, and that it was still my opinion, you should have mercy, till you gave farther provocations. This is the history of what you think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, their laughing at me. And you may do it securely; for, by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a christian, to do you the least ill office."

After having read the several passages relative to Steele, before quoted in the Journal, no one can doubt but that Swift has here fairly stated the case, and that he might even have put it in a stronger light. It is hard to say whether Steele's weakness of head, or badness of heart, were most conspicuous in this transaction. Causelessly to attack and insult a man, to whom he lay under such obligations, argued great baseness; and his defence of himself, by denying an obligation so notoriously conferred, still more so. And to provoke a man to prove the reality of his charge, that it was he alone who had hitherto kept him in his employment, by getting him immediately discharged from it, which Swift could have done by speaking a word, was surely weak. But in that point he was secure, he knew his man too well: he knew Swift was incapable of a mean revenge. He might, as Swift nobly says to him, " do it securely;" " for, (as he adds) by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a christian, to do you the least ill office." Yet, though

though Swift was above a revenge of this sort, he thought himself called upon to answer his challenge, as a writer, and chastise his insolence in his own way. Which he afterward did so effectually, in his famous pamphlet, called "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," and in several subsequent pieces, that, from being an author of some eminence, Steele became for some time an object of ridicule and contempt. How weak, or how vain must the man have been, to have defied such a champion to so unequal a combat! I have been the longer in the detail of this transaction, because it is, perhaps, the only instance to be found of Swift's ever having broke entirely with any man with whom he had lived on terms of friendship; and to justify the extreme severity which appeared in his writings against Steele, after so great a provocation.

Having seen the care which Swift took of men of genius, so that even their opposition in party should be of no prejudice to them, we may suppose he was not less solicitous in promoting the interests of others, who were under no demerit of that sort. Accordingly we find, there were not any at that time, of the least pretensions in that way, who were not obliged to him for essential services.

The famous Dr. Berkeley, afterward bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, owed his fortune wholly to him, as he placed him in the road which led to his promotion. In his Journal of April 7, 1713, he says, "I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows of Dublin college, to lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man, and a great philosopher; and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given

given them some of his writings, and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit toward helping forward men of worth in the world." He afterwards got him appointed chaplain to lord Peterborow's embassy, who procured for him the rich deanery of Derry.

Pope, in his preface to the translation of Homer, expresses the highest obligations to him for his zeal in promoting the subscription to that work.

Gay, by his interest, was appointed secretary to the embassy to Hanover.

Harrison, a young man of promising genius recommended to him by Mr. Addison, was made by him queen's secretary at the Hague, a place of twelve hundred pounds a year, though he lived but a short time to enjoy it.

We have already seen in what manner he introduced, and recommended Parnell to the ministry.

Nor was he unmindful of such as had but a moderate share of merit in that way. He made Dr. King gazetteer; he made Trapp chaplain to lord Bolingbroke.

He discovered some marks of original genius in some Sea Eclogues, written by an obscure man, one Diaper, and immediately sought the author out, and brought him into light: of this he gives the following account in his Journal, December 1712: "This morning I presented one Diaper, a poet, to lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give a sum of money from my lord. I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and a small cure

cure in the country; but has a sword at his tail here in town. 'Tis a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make lord keeper give him a living."

Nor were his good offices confined to men of genius only, but merit of every kind was sure to find in him a warm advocate, and oppressed innocence, a protector. He says in a letter to lady Betty Germain, "When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation." And we find, in his Journal and letters, that he did numberless good offices for others. He says, in more places than one, that lord Oxford never once refused him any request of that sort. His character was so well known in this respect, that we see, in the collection of letters, several addresses to him from persons, either little known to him, or utterly unacquainted with him, requesting his assistance, in cases of compassion; or protection, in those of oppression. Nor did he ever fail to interfere, in either cases, when any such came to his knowledge by accident, though it were with regard to perfect strangers. There was one remarkable occasion, on which he interposed in favour of a man, though he held him in no degree of estimation, merely from a principle of justice; which was, in the case of the famous Dr. Sacheverell: who, though he had been of infinite use to the tory ministry, nay, was in reality the occasion of their getting into power, yet, when the work was done, was laid by, as the tools of statesmen too often are, when they can be of no farther use, and utterly neglected. That Swift was of this opinion, is clear from the following passage in his Journal: "So Sacheverell will be the next

next bishop! He would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has, and that is more than they will give him, for aught I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change, at least some of them will not: but my lord keeper owned it to me the other day." Swift therefore thought it but common justice in the ministry to do something for him; and, without any application from the doctor, or even any personal acquaintance with him, in the year 1711 he procured a place for his brother; who, by a failure in trade, had for some years, together with his whole family, been entirely supported by the doctor. This affair is thus related by Swift in his Journal. "Did I tell you that Sacheverell has desired mightily to come and see me; but I have put it off. He has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. T'other day, at the court of requests, Dr. Yalden saluted me by name; Sacheverell, who was just by, came up to me, and made many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired lord treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverell. He said he never knew he had a brother; but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his tablebook. I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his measures accordingly; but he shall be none of my acquaintance." A letter from the doctor to Swift, dated Jan. 31, 1711-12, begins thus: "Since you have been pleased to undertake the generous office of soliciting my good lord treasurer's favour in my

behalf, I should be very ungrateful, if I did not return you my most hearty thanks for it, and my humblest acknowledgments to his lordship for the success it has met with." And in the conclusion, he says, " But for yourself, good doctor, who were the first spring to move it, I can never sufficiently acknowledge the obligation." Afterward, in the year 1713, soon after the three years silence imposed upon the doctor by the house of lords, in consequence of his impeachment, had expired; Swift procured for him the rectory of St. Andrew's Holborn, in the following whimsical manner: Upon that living's becoming vacant, he applied for it in behalf of Sacheverell, to lord Bolingbroke; who seemed not at all disposed in his favour, calling him " a busy, meddling, factious fellow, one who had set the kingdom in a flame." To which Swift replied, It is all true, my lord; but let me tell you a story. In a sea-fight, in the reign of Charles II. there was a very bloody engagement between the English and Dutch fleets; in the heat of which, a Scotch seaman was very severely bit by a louse on his neck, which he caught, and stooping down to crack it, just as he had put himself in that posture, a chain-shot came and took off the heads of several sailors that were about him; on which he had compassion on the poor louse, returned him to his place, and bid him live there at discretion; for, said he, as thou hast been the means of saving my life, it is but just I should save your's." Lord Bolingbroke laughed heartily, and said, " Well then, the louse shall have the living for your story." And accordingly he was soon after presented to it. In all solicitations of this nature, conscious of the goodness of his motives, which were either those of merit,

merit, compassion, or justice, he was bold in his recommendations, and made them rather as demands than requests. Of this we have an instance in the following passage of his Journal, Jan. 1711-12. "This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to lord Rivers, to be stationer to the ordnance. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year to them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them the doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse." And in the next page, he says, "I was this morning again with lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment * to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal." His bookseller was Tooke, and his printer, Barber, afterward lord Mayor of London. As they were both very honest men, and ran great risks in publishing some of his bolder pieces, for which Barber was also taken into custody, he thought he could not reward their services and fidelity too highly; and we find, upon the whole, he procured employments for them, to the amount of nearly two thousand pounds a year. This was the foundation of Barber's fortune, which he always acknowledged, with the highest gratitude †, and to the last made every return in his power to his great patron ‡. The expression of lord Rivers, "that the doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse," was literally true; not only with regard to him, but to all the ministry, who seemed to look up to him as to one of a

* This *other employment* was a reversion of the patent of queen's printer after the expiration of the then grant to Mr. Baskett, to commence in January 1739. N.

† See under the Epistolary Correspondence, July 22, 1732. N.

‡ By his last will, he gave the dean a legacy of 200l. N.

superiour class of mortals; both on account of his amazing talents, and that noble quality of perfect disinterestedness, perhaps not to be paralleled in his time, and rarely to be found in the annals of history. This gave such a dignity to his character, and such a weight to his recommendations, that it does not appear he ever failed in any. And indeed it would have been strange, that the men in power should have refused any request of that sort, which tended highly to their own honour, by promoting men of talents and worth, to a man who was daily employed in doing them the most important services, without once hinting at any return for them to himself. In this state did this extraordinary man continue for near three years without the smallest reward, or the least addition to his fortune, which consisted only of a living of about two hundred and fifty pounds a year, and not quite five hundred pounds in cash; at the same time that he was in such a degree of power, that he was making the fortune of multitudes. Thus did he verify his early declaration to the archbishop of Dublin, before quoted. Nothing astonished the people of those times more, than that so distinguished a man, and apparently in such high favour, should have remained, for such a length of time, without any promotion: and that he should at last be rewarded only with a paltry deanery, in another kingdom, to which he went with the utmost reluctance, and which was looked upon by himself, as well as by the world, only as a species of banishment, has ever since been considered in so extraordinary a light, that various have been the conjectures of the world to account for it. Some, who knew Swift's real merits toward the ministry, have not been backward in charging them

with the basest ingratitude on the occasion. Others, not so well acquainted with the history of those times, thought it was impossible Swift could have been a man of such importance as he was represented, otherwise he must certainly have made his way to the highest station in the church; and considering him only as a writer of some political papers and pamphlets, were not surprised that his reward should be no greater. But, since the publication of the private memoirs of those times, in Swift's last volumes, there is no farther room for conjecture, as this whole affair may be set in its true light, upon undoubted proofs. I have already given many striking instances of the little solicitude Swift had about pushing his own fortune. I shall now remind the reader of the principle upon which he acted, mentioned in a passage before quoted, from a letter of his to the archbishop of Dublin, dated Oct. 1, 1711. "It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as they please; and if I cannot distinguish myself enough, by being useful in such a way, as becomes a man of conscience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will solicit for myself, although I often do for others." This resolution we find, by many other passages, he strictly adhered to; and when we consider the procrastinating disposition of lord Oxford, we shall not be surprised at his not being in any haste to provide for a man who never solicited him. Nothing is more common than the deferring of any thing, however strongly in our intention it be to do it some time or other, which we consider as always in our power to do, unless we are particularly called upon to carry it into execution at some certain time: and this was more likely to be the case in one of his turn.

turn. Besides, as he was daily gratifying Swift in his requests for others, he thought he might with reason expect that he should wait the most convenient season for his own promotion. And with regard to Swift himself, I have already assigned some very powerful motives, which made him in no haste with respect to preferment. But above all, there were many things, while he remained in that situation, which gratified his peculiar disposition and turn of mind to the height. His proud spirit was much fonder of conferring, than receiving obligations. In his Journal to Stella of March 1711-12, where he says, he can do nothing for himself, he adds, "I don't care, I shall have ministers, and other people obliged to me." And he did not wish to receive any return for his services, till they were swelled to such a height, as to make any reward, how great so ever, fall short of their value, and so free him from any debt on the score of obligation. He had all this time an opportunity of displaying the pride of independence, and of showing that by his own talents and intrinsick worth, without any of the usual aids in life, he could raise himself to a higher degree of consequence and power, than others could do by noble birth, high station, or enormous wealth. It must have been no small gratification to him, to think that it was to this little vicar of Laracor, that the ministry were indebted for remaining in their posts; that he was their protector and preserver in those posts, in spite of their enemies, and of themselves. That by degrees he grew into such confidence with them, that there was nothing done in publick affairs without consulting him; and that the world in general considered him as the *primum mobile* of all their conduct, insomuch, that there

there were many speeches made against him by name, on that account, both in the house of lords and commons. That he should have the greatest men, foreign ambassadors, &c. soliciting the ministry, through him, for favours. That his acquaintance should be courted by persons of the highest rank, and obtained only by a few, not on the score of their quality, or fortune, but merit. Was there not a secret pride in receiving these, in a lodging of eight shillings a week, and walking to the doors of all the greatest men of the age, which flew open at his approach? Never sure was a greater triumph of parts and virtue, over the usual idols of the world. To the immortal honour of Swift be it recorded, that he was the first man of letters and genius that we read of, who asserted the superiority of talents over titles, of virtue over wealth, in the face of the great and the rich; and not content with vain speculations, and idly declaiming on the subject, as all others had done, boldly demanded and received the homage due to such superiority both for himself and others. This he could never have done, had he not convinced the great that however they might stand in need of his assistance, he wanted not their's. That he could be perfectly content with his present fortune, small as it was, and return to his willows at a day's notice, on any ill treatment, without the least reluctance. That they could have no hold on him either on the score of avarice, or ambition. As to the former, the noble resentment which he showed to the first attempt of lord Oxford, to lay him under a pecuniary obligation; the indignation which he expressed on two or three occasions, on bribes being offered to him for his interest; and, above all, his scorning to make any advantage

advantage of his works *, so contrary to the established practice of all other authors, showed that he was unassailable in that way. And as to ambition, his whole conduct proved that he was determined to owe his rise wholly to his own merits, and not to any solicitation or interest on his behalf. In short, from his many declarations, to others, in his letters before quoted, as well as those made to his bosom friend in his Journal, and from the whole tenour of his actions, consonant to those declarations, we may see that Swift, upon joining with the new ministry, had laid down this rule for his conduct; that he would serve the publick interests, and the common cause, to the utmost of his powers; that he would exert all his influence in promoting men of talents and worth; and with regard to his own fortune, leave it wholly to chance, and court gratitude; of which, however, he had so mean an opinion from former experience, that he relied little on it, and was perfectly prepared against any disappointment. In his Journal of January 1710-11, he says, "My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them; and besides, my pretences are very young to them. However, we shall see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed, although perhaps poor M. D. † may, and

* As an instance of this, he says, in his Journal of November 1711, "I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small volume. It seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him." S.

† By M. D. is generally meant Stella, though sometimes it stands for Stella and Mrs. Dingley. S.

then

then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own." And in that of June following, he says, "Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it." And in that of October following, he says to Stella, "I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy."

But while Swift was thus letting occasions slip, and the ministers deferring the reward of his services, there was a cabal forming at court, which put a stop to his promotion for a while, and had nearly prevented a possibility of it during that reign. It is to be observed, that however high he was in favour with the ministry, it does not appear that he ever stood well with the queen, or that she once gave him the least mark of her countenance or favour. Swift had mentioned to Stella, early in his Journal, that Mr. Harley had said, he would present him to the queen; but in his subsequent one of January 1710-11, he says, "Mr. Harley, of late, has said nothing of presenting me to the queen.—I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropt it to you." Nor does it appear afterward, through the course of the Journal, that this was ever done, or that the queen took the least notice of him. On the contrary, it is to be seen in many places of Swift's works, that she had imbibed strong prejudices against him; first, from Dr. Sharpe, archbishop of York, who represented him as a freethinker, or infidel; a character which that religious queen must, above all others, detest in a clergyman; and next, from the duchess of Somerset,

Somerset, her favourite, who hated Swift mortally, and took every opportunity of representing him in the worst colours to her royal mistress. But, above all, the queen had a reason of her own for disliking Swift, as he was constantly employed in endeavouring to counteract her favourite plan. What that was, will sufficiently appear from the following extracts. In his Journal to Stella, so early as February 1710-11, he says, "I'll tell you one great state secret: the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into t'other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the other's hands." He hints the same in other passages of his Journal. But in some of his tracts, published since his death, he is quite explicit on this article, and has laid open a secret spring of government, which was constantly operating during the last four years of that queen; and which being concealed, except from a very few, rendered the proceedings of the first minister wholly unaccountable to his friends at that time, and to all since who have entered into an examination of his conduct; but which being now disclosed, at once solves a riddle, hitherto thought inexplicable. In his tract, entitled, "Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry in 1710," there is the following passage: "She (the queen) grew so jealous upon the change of her servants, that often, out of fear of being imposed on, by an overcaution, she would impose upon herself. She took a delight in refusing those who were thought to have greatest power with her, even in the most reasonable things, and such as were necessary for her service, nor would let them be done, until she fell into the humour of it herself."

In

In another tract, entitled, "An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry," there is a passage to the same effect. "But in dispensing her favours, she was extremely cautious and slow; and after the usual mistake of those who think they have been often imposed on, became so very suspicious, that she overshot the mark, and erred on the other extreme. When a person happened to be recommended as useful for her service, or proper to be obliged, perhaps, after a long delay, she would consent; but if the treasurer offered at the same time a warrant, or other instrument to her, already prepared, in order to be signed, because he presumed to reckon on her consent beforehand, she would not; and thus the affair would sometimes lie for several months together, although the thing were ever so reasonable, or that even the publick suffered by the delay. So that this minister had no other remedy, but to let her majesty take her own time, which never failed to be the very longest, that the nature of the thing could suffer her to defer it."

Hence it is evident, that the queen who had long been weary of the bondage in which she was held by the whig ministry, was determined upon a change that she would not bring herself into the same predicament again, but was resolved to show that she had a will of her own, and that she would exert it; and, in order to be able to do this effectually, her plan was, not to suffer the tory interest to grow too strong, but to keep such a number of whigs still in office, as should be a constant check upon her ministers, against any encroachments of that sort. In the abovementioned tract, there are several passages that prove this point. In one it is said, "It is most certain,

certain, when the queen first began to change her servants, it was not from a dislike of things, but of persons; and those persons were a very small number. And afterward, when, upon some events, things were pushed farther than she at first intended, it was with great regret she saw some of the principal great officers among the whigs resign their employments." For, says the author, "she had entertained the notion of forming a moderate or comprehensive scheme, which she maintained with great firmness, nor would ever depart from, until about half a year before her death." This conduct, no doubt, was good policy in the queen, in order to preserve a due share of authority to herself; but at the same time her minister suffered extremely by it, who bore the brunt of all this trimming and moderation, which were imputed to some secret designs of his own, and caused incurable jealousies and suspicions in his friends, as well as the whole tory party. Of this Swift gives the following account in the same tract. "I remember it was then commonly understood and expected, that when the session ended, a general removal would be made: but it happened otherwise: for not only few or none were turned out, but much deliberation was used in supplying common vacancies by death. This manner of proceeding, in a prime minister, I confess, appeared to me wholly unaccountable, and without example; and I was little satisfied with the solution I had heard, and partly knew, that he acted thus to keep men at his devotion, by letting expectation lie in common; for I found the effect did not answer; and that in the mean time he led so uneasy a life, by solicitations and pursuits, as no man would endure, who had a remedy at hand. About the beginning of his ministry, I did, at the request of several

several considerable persons, take the liberty of representing this matter to him. His answer was short and cold; that he hoped his friends would trust him; that he heartily wished that none, but those who loved the church and queen, were employed, but that all could not be done on a sudden. I have reason to believe, that his nearest acquaintance were then wholly at a loss what to think of his conduct. He was forced to preserve the opinion of power, without which he could not act; while, in reality, he had little or none; and besides, he thought it became him to take the burthen of reproach upon himself, rather than lay it upon the queen, his mistress, who was grown very positive, slow, and suspicious; and from the opinion of having been formerly too much directed, fell into the other extreme, and became difficult to be advised. So that few ministers had ever perhaps a harder game to play, between the jealousy and discontents of his friends on one side, and the management of the queen's temper on the other." In another part of the same tract, there is a passage to the same effect. "Upon Mr. Harley's recovery, which was soon followed by his promotion to an earldom, and the treasurer's staff, he was earnestly pressed to go on with the change of employments, for which his friends and the kingdom were very impatient; wherein I am confident he was not unwilling to comply, if a new incident had not put farther difficulties in his way. The queen, having thought fit to take the key from the duchess of Marlborough, it was, after some time, given to another great lady, (the duchess of Somerset) wholly in the interests of the opposite party; who, by a most obsequious behaviour, of which she is a perfect mistress, and the privilege

privilege of her place, which gave her continual access, quickly won so far upon the affections of her majesty, that she had more personal credit than all the queen's servants put together. Of this lady's character and story, having spoken so much in other papers, which may one day see the light, I shall only observe, that as soon as she was fixed in her station, the queen, following the course of her own nature, grew daily more difficult, and uncomplying. Some weak endeavours were indeed used to divert her majesty from this choice; but she continued steady, and pleaded, that if she might not have the liberty of choosing her own servants, she could not see what advantage she had gotten by the change of her ministry: and so little was her heart set upon what they call a high church, or tory administration, that several employments in court and country, and a great majority in all commissions, remained in the hands of those who most opposed the present proceedings." And, as a farther confirmation of the queen's disposition in this respect, he says, in the second part of the above tract, "Her only objection against several clergymen, recommended to her for promotions in the church, was their being too violent in party. And a lady * in high favour with her, has frequently assured me, that whenever she moved the queen to discard some persons, who upon all occasions, with great virulence, opposed the court, her majesty would constantly refuse, and at the same time condemn her for too much party-zeal."

Such being the queen's system of conduct, it is evident that Swift must have been more obnoxious to

* Lady Masham. S.

her

her than any man living, as he was the most unwearied in his endeavours to counteract her views, by rooting out the whigs entirely, and therefore she must constantly have looked upon him with an evil eye. But when at last he made a direct attempt to get her to discharge her favourite, the duchess of Somerset, in a copy of verses addressed to the queen, the most bitter, with regard to the duchess, perhaps, that ever was penned, called "The Windsor Prophecy;" the queen gave evident marks of her displeasure, and took afterward an opportunity of showing her resentment to the author, by proclaiming a reward of three hundred pounds for discovering the author of a pamphlet called "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," which she knew to have been written by Swift, in support of the ministry. This fact he has commemorated, in a copy of verses on himself, where, speaking of the duchess of Somerset, he says,

"From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incens'd, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot:
Now thro' the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head:
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight,
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight."

And in the Preface to his "History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne," he says, "I was so far from having any obligation to the crown, that, on the contrary, her majesty issued a proclamation, offering three hundred pounds to any person who would discover the author of a certain short treatise, which

which the queen well knew to have been written by me."

From all that has been offered upon this head, we may clearly deduce the reason why Swift remained such a length of time without any promotion, and may fairly exonerate lord Oxford from the charges made against him on that score. It is now evident, though before it was a secret to the world, that he had by no means that degree of power which he was supposed to enjoy, in any matter whatever, but in any point that did not fall in with her majesty's pleasure, he had none at all, much less therefore in such as she was set against. Among which number, that of the promotion of Dr. Swift, for the reasons above-mentioned, seems to have been one. If, as he has related, "her only objection against several clergymen, recommended to her for promotions in the church, was their being too violent in party;" how much more strongly must this have operated with regard to him, whose zeal in the cause he had espoused, transported him so beyond all bounds of moderation, as to keep no measures even with her, though he well knew her disposition. Of this he gave a strong proof in "the Windsor Prophecy;" the tendency of which was, to prevail on her majesty to remove the duchess of Somerset, the patroness of the whig cause, by the most bitter invectives on her character, from her post; and to receive Mrs. Masham, who was equally attached to the tory interest, in her place. He was so indiscreet as to give orders for the publication of that piece, which would have been done, had not Mrs. Masham prevented it. Of this he gives the following account, in his Journal of December

cember 1711. "I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I wrote to the printer, to stop them. They have been printed, and given about, but not sold." And a little lower, he says, "I entertained our society at the Thatch'd House tavern to day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought us a dozen apiece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it."

As this society consisted of sixteen, we here see there was a sufficient number got abroad, to have it generally spread; so that it was no difficult matter for the duchess to procure a copy, which she kept by her in *petto*, till she should find a convenient season for wreaking her revenge. This soon offered itself, when he was recommended to the queen for a vacant bishoprick, from which he was precluded by the duchess, in the manner before related. Whoever reads that Prophecy, is acquainted with the queen's disposition, and knows the ascendency which the duchess maintained over her to the last, will not wonder that Swift remained so long without promotion. That lord Oxford was solicitous for his friend's preferment, appears from his recommending him so early to a bishoprick, which was a fact of general notoriety at that time, and since confirmed to me by good authority. And the reasons are now equally obvious, why it was not in the lord treasurer's power to promote him afterward; though it is probable that he studiously concealed this from Swift, as he might

think the discovery of his inability to serve him might have sent him back to his willows, at a time when he most needed his assistance. But to make him amends, he showed him every personal kindness in his power, provided for all whom he recommended, and never, as Swift declares, refused him any thing that he asked.

In this situation Swift remained during the space of two years and a half, from his first acquaintance with the ministry; often declaring to Stella, that he was weary of the scene in which he was engaged, and of the part which he took in it; frequently expressing an earnest desire of returning to his former situation, and declaring as often, that nothing restrained him from doing it, but that he thought himself obliged, both in honour and duty, not to desert the cause in which he was engaged, and of which he was the great champion, till he had done every thing in his power toward the establishment and support of it; when therefore he had nearly finished his "History of the Peace of Utrecht," which was the last work he proposed on the subject, he determined to stay no longer, unless something honourable were done for him. At this juncture, there happened to be vacant three deaneries in Ireland, and a canonry of Windsor, with some other church preferments in England. Swift therefore silently resolved, if there were no notice taken of him on this occasion, to return to Laracor, and have done with courts for ever. The account we have of this in his Journal, written to the hour, will best represent to us his state of mind at that time. Journal, April 13, 1713. "This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant deaneries, but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and re-

received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell my lord treasurer, *that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me.* At noon, lord treasurer hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him, I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately, for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of Ormond's. He there told me he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop, and I have St. Patrick's, but I believe nothing will come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe you will see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine; and if it were not that impertinent people would condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I still avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and go see my willows, against the expectation of all the world.

" 14th. I dined in the city to day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me, against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord treasurer told Lewis that it should be determined to night; and so he will say a hundred nights; so he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily Journals shall be but

short, till I get into the city, and then I will send away this, and follow it myself; I design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days.

" 15th. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to day (I was as good company as ever) and told me the queen would determine something for me to night. *The dispute is* WINDSOR, or ST. PATRICK'S. I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Masham told me, that lady Masham is angry I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come to morrow.

" 16th. I was this noon at lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen and lord treasurer. *The poor lady fell a shedding of tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, &c.* I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor, *&c.* Mr. Lewis tells me, that the duke of Ormond has been to day with the queen, and she was content that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St. Patrick's; *but then out came lord treasurer, and said, that he would not be satisfied, but that I must be a prebendary of Windsor.* Thus he perplexes things. *I expect neither*; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Masham says, she will speak to the purpose to the queen to morrow.

" 17th. I

" 17th. I went to dine at lady Masham's to day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and is anguish. She spoke to the queen last night, but had not much time. The queen says, she will determine to morrow with lord treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I don't care whether there is or no. In the mean time, I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see lord treasurer any more, if I go. Lord treasurer told Mr. Lewis it should be done to night, so he said five nights ago.

" 18th. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word, that lord treasurer told him the queen would determine at noon. At three, lord treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me, the queen was at last resolved that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I, dean of St. Patrick's, and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. *You know the deanery is in the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord treasurer, and duke of Ormond; to make room for me.* I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; *and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they cannot help it.*

" 19th. I forgot to tell you, that lord treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday, as usual, with his Saturday company, which I did, after frequent refusals. To day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner Mr. Lewis sent me word, that the queen stayed still she knew whether the duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a bishop.

I went

I went this evening, and found the duke of Ormond at the Cockpit, and told him, and desired he would go to the queen, and approve of Sterne. *He made objections,* and desired I would name any other deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was influenced by the archbishop of Dublin, *&c.* so all is now broken again. I sent out for lord treasurer, and told him this. *He says, all will do well; but I value not what he says.* This suspense vexes me worse than any thing else.

" 20th. I went to day, by appointment, to the Cockpit, to talk with the duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery, *&c.* I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent; but would do it for no man else but me, *&c.* And so perhaps something will come of it. I can't tell.

" 21st. The duke of Ormond has told the queen, he is satisfied Sterne should be bishop, and she consents I shall be dean; and I suppose warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in a humour to go among the ministers, though lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to day, and lord treasurer was to be there. I said I would, if I were out of suspense.

" 22d. The queen says, the warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teased no more. This will delay it some time, and while it is delayed, *I am not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy.* I hate this suspense.

" 23d. I dined yesterday with general Hamilton: I forgot

I forgot to tell you. I write short Journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the queen has signed all the warrants, among which, Sterne is bishop of Dromore; and the duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now past. But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house, but the bishop of Clogher says eight hundred pounds; first fruits, about one hundred and fifty pounds Irish; and so with a patent, &c. a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope, in some time, they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book I am writing, before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with you. I received your's to night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to bishop Sterne. Never man had so many enemies in Ireland as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well, and gently, in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. *The archbishop of York, my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him or not?* I hope to be over in a month. I shall answer your rattle soon; but no more Journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from henceforward. I shall not part with Laracor; that is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year*. Is it? Pray

* This deanery was worth more than seven hundred. S.

write

write me a good humour'd letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here, it is much to my reputation, *that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, and to get the best deanery in Ireland**,

"26th. I was at court to day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with lord treasurer, and his Saturday people, as usual; and was so *be-dean'd, &c. The archbishop of York says he will never more speak against me.*"

From an examination of this extract, we shall clearly see, that the great obstacle to Swift's preferment, was the prejudice conceived against him by the queen, and not any neglect or want of friendship in the ministry. He seems to have been himself of this opinion, where he says, upon finding that none of the deaneries were given to him, "I bid Mr. Lewis tell my lord treasurer, *that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me.*"

And afterward, in the progress of this affair, he expresses his suspicion more strongly in that point, where he says, "This will delay it some time, and while it is delayed, *I am not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense.*" It is evident also, that the lord treasurer, upon hearing Swift's declaration to Mr. Lewis, was greatly alarmed, and begun to bestir himself with all his might. The warrants for the deans were immediately stopped, to prevent Swift's departing as he threatened he would.

* The most considerable in point of rank, but not income. S.

And

And though the affair was not carried on with that dispatch, which Swift's impatience required, yet it is evident, the treasurer was exerting his utmost endeavours to accomplish the point for him in his own way. He was by no means satisfied that his friend should be sent to Ireland, and was therefore using all his influence to get him a canonry of Windsor, which he knew also would be much more agreeable to him. The affair of the deanery was easily settled, as we see from the following passage in the Journal: "Mr. Lewis tells me, that the duke of Ormond has been to day with the queen, and she was content that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I, dean of St. Patrick's; but then out came lord treasurer, and said, he would not be satisfied, but that I must be a prebendary of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things," *&c.* In the whole progress of this affair, Swift speaks peevishly of the lord treasurer, and, with all the captiousness of a jealous lover, who will not come to an explanation. The treasurer was really exerting all his endeavours to serve his friend, in the way which he knew would be most agreeable to him; though, according to his usual reserve, he did not care to inform him of the difficulties in his way. And Swift, who was too proud to inquire into this, suspected him either of want of zeal, or indulging his usual procrastination, which is obvious, from all the expressions relative to him in the above quotations. But the truth of the whole matter appears to be this: The queen was willing enough that Swift should have a moderate provision made for him in Ireland, in order to send him into banishment, in a decent, though not very honourable manner. And the minister, on the other hand, wanted to keep him with him at all events,

events. We find, with regard to the Windsor promotion, the queen continued inflexible, not only against the solicitations of the treasurer, but of lady Masham, who was her nearest favourite, after the duchess of Somerset. How zealous that lady was in his cause, may be seen in a passage of the above quotation, where, speaking of her, he says, "She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen, and lord treasurer. *The poor lady fell a shedding of tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, &c.*

We find afterward, when the lord treasurer saw that the queen was obstinate with regard to this point, there was another bar thrown in the way of Swift's promotion in Ireland, probably contrived between him and the duke of Ormond; which was, that the duke should demur against Sterne's being made a bishop; nor can this change in the duke of Ormond, when he had before consented to Sterne's promotion, be rationally accounted for in any other way. This probably was the treasurer's last effort, to oblige the queen to do something for Swift in England; but when Swift himself continued resolute in the other point, probably on a suspicion, that the queen could not be wrought upon to prefer him in England, and urged the duke of Ormond to the accomplishment of it, and upon his demurring, expressed himself resentfully; the duke, who loved Swift sincerely, could stand it no longer, but as Swift mentions in the Journal, "with great kindness, he said he would consent, but would do it for no man else but me," *&c.*

But there is one circumstance in this transaction, that seems very unaccountable; which is, that Swift

was

was not immediately made bishop of Clogher, instead of dean of St. Patrick's. We do not find, that Dr. Sterne had one friend in the world to recommend him, but Swift himself. On the contrary, we see he was obnoxious to the ministry, but particularly so to the duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, who was chiefly to be consulted in the disposal of preferments there. When it comes to the push, the only objection the duke offers to Swift's getting St. Patrick's, is his dislike of Sterne, and the reluctance he shows at his being promoted to a bishoprick. Now, was not this difficulty easily smoothed away, by making Swift at once bishop of Clogher? And would not the ministry have been all much better pleased to place him in that see, than a man who was at best indifferent to them, but certainly obnoxious to some, and those the principal among them? It may therefore be surmised, that this was a point not attempted, because they were sure the queen would never consent to make him a bishop, while her displeasure continued so high against him, though she was willing to send him into exile, in so moderate a station, as that of dean, even at the expense of promoting a man of no weight or consideration, to a higher station, to make room for him. And the ministry certainly showed the greatest readiness to gratify him in any thing which he should desire, when they consented to the promotion of a man, whom they disliked, to make room for his preferment, in a way also which they did not approve of, merely because he made a point of it. So that, however small a recompense the deanery itself might have been considered for Swift's services, yet as there was a bishoprick bestowed at the same time, purely to make way

way for this, and to be charged wholly to his account, the ministry certainly cannot be taxed with a want of a due sense of his merits, and a suitable desire of rewarding them. And however out of humour he might be, where he says, "This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me:" yet he very justly adds, "But they say here, it is much to my reputation, that I have made a bishop in spite of all the world, and to get the best deanery in Ireland." He afterward shows how entirely this was his work, against all opposition, where he says, "I shall write next post to bishop Sterne. Never man had so many enemies in Ireland as he; I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well, and gently, in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind."

In his whole account of this transaction, which exhibits a lively picture of his state of mind to the moment, he seems to have been much under the influence of humour. Though he was conscious that the queen herself was the chief bar to his promotion, yet he speaks as peevishly of the treasurer, as if the sole blame lay with him. At one time he seems earnest about obtaining St. Patrick's, and is angry with the treasurer for putting any rub in the way, though in favour of another measure, which would certainly have pleased him more. When he mentions the queen's having consented to Swift's arrangement of the bishoprick and deanery, he adds, much out of humour, "but then out came lord treasurer, and said he would not be satisfied, but that I must be a prebendary of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this

this treatment, that if I had my choice I would rather have St. Patrick's." And yet in his Journal of the 18th, the day but one after this, when he learns from the treasurer, that the queen was at last resolved upon the arrangement proposed, he says, " Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland*, and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; *but perhaps they cannot help it.*" How contrary is this to his former declaration! But in the whole of this affair, Swift seems to have been deserted by his usual firmness of mind, and to have acted with the frowardness of an humoursome child, who either does not know his own mind, or will not tell it; and yet expects that others should find it out, and do what he wants.

Another reason for his not desiring to procure the bishoprick for himself, might perhaps arise from his supposing, that this might be considered as a full equivalent for his services, and the *ne plus ultra* of his preferment, to the exclusion of all future prospects in England, where all his wishes centered. But I am persuaded, that the chief motive to his extraordinary conduct on this occasion, and his so pertinaciously adhering to that particular mode, and no other, of providing for him in opposition to the desire of his best friends, and particularly of the duke of Ormond, was, that he had promised to make Sterne a bishop the first opportunity. As he was remarkably tena-

* When he went to take possession of the deanery he did not stay in Dublin more than a fortnight, where he did not return one visit of a hundred, which, as he said, were all to the dean, and none to the doctor. He retired to the parsonage of Laracor, preferring a field bed and an earthen floor to the large deanery-house which belonged to him in Dublin. N.

cious

cious of his word, he was determined to keep it on this occasion, though he seems, by some expressions, not to have looked upon Sterne as his friend, but rather to have resentment against him, on account of some ill treatment received at his hands*. In his Journal to Stella, October 28, 1712, he says, "I had a letter to-day from Dr. Coghill, desiring me to get Raphoe for dean Sterne, and the deanery for myself. I shall indeed, *I have such obligations to Sterne.* But, however, if I am asked who will make a good bishop, I shall name him before any body.

In the February following, he says, in the same Journal, "I did not write to Dr. Coghill, that I would have nothing in Ireland, but that I was soliciting nothing any where, and this is true. I have named Dr. Sterne to lord treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and the duke of Ormond, for a bishoprick,

* The cause of his resentment is thus set forth in a letter to Sterne, then bishop of Clogher, dated July 1733. "When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: you were afterwards chancellor of St. Patrick's, then was chosen dean; in which election, I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. Synge chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy *(a)* of St. Nicholas Without: you thought fit, in concert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church. Upon the queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you, very unwisely; because upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, 'That I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you.' S.

(a) Though this be called a curacy, yet it is in reality a living of considerable value. S.

and

and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great secret, that I have made the duke of Ormond promise me to recommend no body till he tells me, and this for some reasons, too long to mention."

While the matter was in agitation, he thus writes to Stella, on the 7th of the March following: "I write by this post to the dean, but it is not above two lines; and one enclosed to you is not above three lines; and in that one enclosed to the dean, which he must not have, but on condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I would not have liable to accidents. You shall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to serve him, in his pretensions on these vacancies, &c. but he must not know that you know so much."

It is evident, from some of the above quotations, that Swift was far from having any cordial regard for Sterne, and that he had thought himself on some occasions, to have been ill treated by him. Nothing therefore can, in my opinion, account for his obstinate perseverance in making him a bishop, in spite of all the world, as he himself expresses it, but the sacredness of an engagement.

Whatever ill opinion Swift had formed of Sterne before, thoroughly confirmed by his very ungrateful behaviour to him, immediately after he had made him a bishop. In his Journal of May 16, he writes thus, "Your new bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so bad of him as he deserves. I begged, by the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall

shall write this post to him, to let him know how ill I take it *."

SECTION IV.

AS the brightest and most important part of Swift's life passed during the four last years of queen Anne, when his faculties were all in full vigour, and occasions for displaying them arose adequate to their greatness; I shall omit no circumstance, which may serve to delineate the features and limbs of his mind (if I may be allowed the expression) before disease and age had impaired the bloom of the one, and the strength and agility of the other. To have a perfect portrait and just likeness of a friend, had we our choice of time, we should certainly prefer that period of his life, when he was in his prime, to that of his decay. There have been already given many instances of such a nobleness of mind, such a disinterested spirit in Swift, as are rarely to be found in the annals of history. Yet the part which he acted by his friend Oxford, about the time of the queen's death, exhibits those qualities in a higher point of view, than ever they had appeared in before. It has

* Swift had afterward cause to complain farther of his ingratitude, where he says to him in a letter, dated 1733: "But trying to forget all former treatments, I came, like others, to your house, and since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character; which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect." S.

been

been already mentioned, that, finding all his endeavours to reconcile his great friends useless, he had retired to Letcomb, in order to make one effort more to compel them to unite for their common interest, by the publication of his "Free Thoughts," &c. Lord Bolingbroke, to whom this piece was shown by Barber *, contrived to have the printing of it deferred, as he was then just upon the point of accomplishing his long-concerted plan, of turning out lord Oxford, and stepping into his place. This was effected just four days before the queen's death, on the 27th of July, 1714. One of lord Bolingbroke's first objects upon getting into power, was to secure Swift to his interest. He got lady Masham to write to him, in the most pressing terms, on the 29th, to return immediately to town. And on the 30th, he meant to dispatch Barber to him, with letters from himself and lady Masham for the same purpose. Which is thus related by Barber, in his letter of July 31, past six at night. "I am heartily sorry I should be the messenger of so ill news, as to tell you the queen is dead or dying: if alive, 'tis said she can't live till morning. You may easily imagine the confusion we are all in on this sad occasion. I had set out yesterday to wait on you, but for this sad accident; and should have brought letters from lord Bolingbroke and lady Masham, to have prevented your going.—He said twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the consequence."

* From whom it came into the possession of Mr. Faulkner. N.

It was chiefly through the influence of lady Masham, who was then at the height of favour with the queen, and had openly quarrelled with the treasurer, that he was turned out of his employment, and Bolingbroke appointed minister in his room. Nothing can show, in a stronger light, the great consequence of Swift in all state affairs at that time, than lady Masham's letter to him on this occasion; which, on that account, I shall here present entire to the reader.

" My good friend, July 29, 1714.

" I own it looks unkind in me, not to thank you all this time, for your sincere kind letter; but I was resolved to stay till I could tell you, the queen had so far got the better of the Dragon *, as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have so much time now to write all my mind, because my dear mistress is not well; and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the treasurer, who for three weeks together, was teasing and vexing her without intermission, and she could not get rid of him till Tuesday last. I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, *I pray God to send you wise and faithful friends to advise you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with.* That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through so much, and taken more pains than any body, and given wise advice (if that wretched man had had sense enough, and honesty to have taken it) I say will you

* A nickname for lord Oxford. S.

leave

leave us, and go into Ireland? No, it is impossible; your goodness is still the same, your charity and compassion for this poor lady *, who has been barbarously used, won't let you do it. I know you take delight to help the distressed; and there cannot be a greater object than this good lady, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here, and don't believe us all alike, to throw away good advice, and despise every body's understanding but their own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to her, for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it.

" My lord and brother are in the country. My sister and girls are your humble servants."

So warm and pressing a letter from one who made, and unmade ministers (for it was to her lord Oxford owed his advancement, as well as his disgrace) intreating, nay, in a manner imploring him to come and be their chief counsellor and director, in their new plan of administration; might have opened the most inviting prospects to Swift, of gratifying his utmost ambition with regard to his own interests; and at the same time, of accomplishing the plan which he invariably pursued, with respect to those of the publick. But to a man of his delicate sense of honour, there was an insuperable bar in the way to prevent his embracing so flattering an offer. He had two days before received the following letter from lord Oxford, upon his losing the staff.

" If I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeserved friendship, it will look like suspecting you

* The queen. S.

or myself. Though I have had no power since the twenty-fifth of July 1713, I believe now, as a private man, I may prevail to renew your licence of absence, conditionally you will be present with me; for to morrow morning I shall be a private person. When I have settled my domestick affairs here, I go to Wimple; thence, *alone*, to Herefordshire. If I have not tired you *tête à tête*, fling away so much time upon one, who loves you. And I believe, in the mass of souls, ours were placed near each other. I send you an imitation of Dryden, as I went to Kensington:

" To serve with love,
And shed your blood,
Approved is above:
But here below,
Th' examples show,
'Tis fatal to be good."

In these two letters, there were two roads opened to Swift. One, leading to preferment, power, and all that his most ambitious hopes could aspire after. The other to the melancholy cell of a disgraced minister, abandoned by an ungrateful world; where he might have the satisfaction of affording him in his distress, that sovereign balm of consolation, which can only be administered by a sincere friend. Swift hesitated not a moment in his choice of the alternative, as may be seen by his letter to miss Vanhomrigh, written soon after his receipt of the other two.

" Who told you I was going to Bath? No such thing. But poor lord Oxford desires I will go with him to Herefordshire; and I only expect his answer, whether I shall go therefore, or meet him hereabouts,

or

or go to Wimple (his son's house) and so with him down: and I expect to leave this place in two or three days, one way or other. I will stay with him till the parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am written to earnestly by somebody, to come to town, and join with those people now in power; but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out; and now he begs it of me, I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great, and his letter to me, the other day, was the most moving imaginable," &c.*

There is one expression in lord Oxford's letter which is indeed very affecting, where he says, " I go to Wimple, thence *alone* to Herefordshire." What! this great minister, who had conferred so many obligations, and made the fortunes of such numbers, not to find one companion to attend him in his reverse of fortune! Methinks I see Swift reading this passage, and exclaiming, " What, alone! No, while I exist, my friend shall not go *alone* into Herefordshire."

* This resolution of Swift's is fully confirmed in a letter to archdeacon Wall, dated August 8, 1714. " Upon the earl of Oxford's removal, he desired I would go with him into Herefordshire, which I consented to, *and wrote you word of it*, desiring you would renew my licence of absence at the end of this month, for I think it then expires. I had earnest invitations from those in power to go to town, and assist them in their new ministry, which I resolved to excuse; but before I could write, news came of the queen's death, and all our schemes broke to shatters." S.

This

This conduct was the more noble in Swift, as during the whole course of their intimacy he never received one personal favour from the *minister*, though treated with the most unreserved kindness by the *man*. Nay, whether it were owing to his procrastinating temper, or as Swift calls it in another place, his unmeasureable publick thrift, he had neglected to procure for him an order for a thousand pound on the treasury, to pay the debt contracted by him upon his introduction to the deanery, which was all the reward Swift ever asked for his services*. And there is reason to believe, from a passage in a letter of Dr. Arbuthnot to him, dated July 14, that Swift was distressed for money at that time, on account of that neglect. The passage is this: "Do not think I make you a bare compliment in what I am going to say, for I can assure you I am in earnest. I am in hopes to have two hundred pounds before I go out of town, and you may command all, or any part of it you please, as long as you have occasion for it." And in the same letter it appears, that the doctor had been desired by Swift to apply to lord Bolingbroke for fifty pounds due to him from that

* Nothing can show more the strong desire which lord Bolingbroke had to attach Swift to his interest upon his getting into power, than his taking care, during his short ministry of three days only, to have an order signed by the queen on the treasury, to pay that sum to Swift, though by her sudden death he reaped no advantage from it. It appears that Swift had this order in his possession when he visited London in the year 1726; for he says, in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, "Tell the archdeacon that I never asked for my thousand pounds, which he hears I have got, though I mentioned it to the princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell Walpole, I scorned to ask him for it." S.

lord,

lord, where he says, " As to the fifty pounds, he (lord Bolingbroke) was ready to pay it, and if he had had it about him, would have given it to me." But it is highly probable, from the great delicacy of Swift's sentiments, that this very circumstance of his lying under no obligation to lord Oxford, was what rendered his attachment to him the stronger, as it must proceed wholly from pure disinterested friendship. That this was his way of thinking, may be seen from several of his letters. In that of July 1, 1714, on his retiring to Letcombe, he thus expresses himself to the Lord Treasurer:

" My Lord,

" When I was with you, I have said more than once, that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I loved you so much the less for your station: for, in your publick capacity, you have often angered me to the heart; but as a private man, never once *. So that, if

* In the several accounts given of lord Oxford by Swift in different parts of his writings, there seems to be something contradictory; as in some places he extols him to the skies, and in others, imputes great weakness and faults to him. But this arises from the view he gives of him in two different characters. As a publick minister, he represents him to have been one of the wisest, the ablest, and the most disinterested that ever lived; and he

if I only look toward myself, I could wish you a private man to morrow: for I have nothing to ask; at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing; and then you would see, *whether I should not with much more willingness attend you in a retirement* whenever you please to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windsor *. From these sentiments, I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwise than as to a private man, or allow myself to have been obliged by you in any other capacity, &c."

And in one, many years after, dated Oct. 11, 1722, expostulating with him in a friendly manner on his long silence, he says, " I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible, that next to your receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters; but since I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes,

he confirms this character by enumerating the many great services he had done to the state, without reaping the least advantage to himself, but rather injuring his private fortune. At the same time he shows that he was utterly unqualified to be the leader of a party, or to manage the private intrigues of a court; in which respects, partly from his natural disposition, and partly through want of true policy, he committed numberless errours; to which Swift alludes here, where he says, " In your publick capacity you have often angered me to the heart; but as a private man, never once." S.

* Lord Oxford had too soon reason to put this declaration of Swift's to the test, and found it nobly answered. S.

without

without taking them into your friendship, as you did me; whom you always countenanced in too publick and particular a manner, to be forgotten either by the world or myself." The merit of Swift, in thus adhering to his friend at this juncture, was the more extraordinary, because he not only sacrificed to it all regard to his own interest, but that of the publick also. It appears, that the queen in the last six months of her life, had changed her whole system with regard to parties, and came entirely round to that which had been the great object of all Swift's politicks, by making a general sweep of the whigs from all their employments both civil and military: and the only obstacles thrown in the way were by lord Oxford; who from private motives of his own, set forth by Swift at large in his "Inquiry," &c. * refused to fall into the measure; and notwithstanding every effort used by Swift, continued inflexible in his resolution. He might therefore have had the strongest plea, from motives of a superiour nature, his duty to the publick, for deserting him on this occasion, and joining all his other friends in promoting his favourite plan, so essentially necessary to the support of the common cause. Nor could he have been liable to the least censure or reproach for such conduct. But his high notions of friendship, and delicate sense of honour outweighed all other considerations, and would not let him hesitate a moment what part he should take.

It appears, in the course of the Journal, that there grew up between the lord treasurer and Swift, a mu-

* See "Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last ministry." S.

tual

tual friendship of the most cordial and purest kind. He mentions dining with him sometimes four, sometimes five and six days together; and if he chanced to absent himself two successive days, he was sure of a friendly chiding for it. He seems to have been adopted into the Harley family, and considered on the footing of a near relation. As an instance of this, he says, in his Journal of March 1713, "I have now dined six days successively with lord treasurer. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myself." He was of all his private parties, and constantly accompanied him in his visits to Windsor. In short, lord Oxford never seemed to have any enjoyment in which he was not a partaker. When we consider, that he had found in one and the same man, the clearest and ablest head to give advice; and most open and candid heart in communicating his sentiments upon all occasions, without the smallest selfish view; joined to the most uncommon talents to support his interests, and the most ardent zeal to promote them; we need not wonder that the minister should use his best endeavours, to attach such a man closely to him. But when in the same person he found the most delightful companion, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of the most original vein of wit and humour, for which he had a perfect relish; and who could at times descend to the *bagatelle*, and all the sportive plays of fancy, in the unrestrained hour of social mirth and good humour, of which it appears lord Oxford was equally fond; we need not wonder that an old courtier, hackneyed in the ways of men, who perhaps had never found any of these qualities, in an equal degree, in any other mortal, should

should take him to his bosom, and at once bestow his whole stock of friendship upon a subject so worthy of it. And indeed it does not appear, that out of his own family, there was any other person to whom he showed much attachment, or whose friendship he cultivated to any great degree. This circumstance Swift has touched upon in drawing his character, and considers it as a blameless part of it, where he says, "It may be likewise said of him, that he certainly did not value, or did not understand, the art of acquiring friends; having made very few during the time of his power, and contracted a great number of enemies."

On the other hand, lord Oxford, in his private capacity, seems to have possessed a great number of qualities, which were the most likely to endear him to Swift, and secure him the first place in his friendship. By whom he is represented as a person of great virtue, abounding in good nature and good humour; as a great favourer of men of wit and learning, particularly the former, whom he caressed, without distinction of party, and could not endure to think that any of them should be his enemies. He says farther of him, "He had the greatest variety of knowledge that I have any where met; was a perfect master of the learned languages, and well skilled in divinity. He had a prodigious memory, and a most exact judgment. He was utterly a stranger to fear, and consequently had a presence of mind upon all emergencies. His liberality, and contempt of money, were such that he almost ruined his estate while he was in employment; yet his avarice for the publick was so great, that it neither consisted with the present corruptions of the age, nor the circumstances

stances of the time. He was affable and courteous, extremely easy and agreeable in conversation, and altogether disengaged; regular in his life, with great appearance of piety; nor ever guilty of any expressions, which could possibly tend to what was indecent or profane. Such a character, even in private life, could not fail of attracting Swift's regard; but when these qualities, so congenial with his own, were found united in a man of the highest station in this country, and one of the most considerable personages of his time in the eyes of all Europe; when such a man, contrary to the usual bent of his nature, eagerly embraced every opportunity of ingratiating himself with Swift, and soliciting his friendship upon his own terms, that of a perfect equality; it is no wonder if these rare qualities were much enhanced in their value by such circumstances; or that Swift, after repeated proofs of his sincerity, should make him a suitable return, and give him the first place in his friendship*. But though he justly stood the foremost in this rank, yet were there many others who shared it with him in different proportions. The large heart of Swift had an inexhaustible fund of benevolence, to be apportioned out to the several claimants, according to their several degrees of merit. Among those who vied with lord Oxford for the possession of his friendship,

* That this was the case, may be seen by a passage in a letter of Swift's to lord Oxford, the son, many years after the treasurer's death, dated June 1737, where he says, "I loved my lord, your father, better than any other man in the world; although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment, having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me, in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it." S.

no

no one seems to have been more assiduous than the second man in the state, though perhaps, in point of abilities, the first in Europe, lord Bolingbroke. But though Swift held his talents in the highest admiration, and made suitable returns for all his personal kindness and attention to him, yet he never seems to have had that cordial regard for him that he showed for lord Oxford. The excellence of whose moral character, established that confidence in him, which is so necessary to a firm friendship; while a notorious deficiency in the other, with regard to some points, created a doubt of his principles with respect to all. And symptoms of this doubt have broken out from Swift on more than one occasion, with regard to his sincerity, though there are good reasons to believe his suspicions were unjust, as his attachment to him continued equally strong to the very last, and his friendship for him glows with uncommon ardour throughout his whole epistolary correspondence, in the decline of life, when there could have been no use for dissimulation. The zeal which he showed for Swift's service, may be estimated by the following note which he sent him, at the time that the affair of his promotion was depending. "Though I have not seen, I did not fail to write to lord treasurer. *Non tua res agitur*, dear Jonathan; it is the treasurer's cause; it is my cause; 'tis every man's cause, who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I will never neglect any opportunity of showing that true esteem, that sincere affection, and honest friendship for you, which fills the breast of your faithful servant, BOLINGBROKE."

But the light in which he considered lord Bolingbroke, will best appear from his own account of him, in

in a piece written in the year 1715, entitled, "An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry, &c." "It happens to very few men, in any age or country, to come into the world with so many advantages of nature and fortune, as the late secretary Bolingbroke: descended from the best families in England, heir to a great patrimonial estate, of a sound constitution, and a most graceful, amiable person. But all these, had they been of equal value, were infinitely inferiour in degree to the accomplishments of his mind, which was adorned with the choicest gifts that God had yet thought fit to bestow on the children of men: a strong memory, a clear judgment, a vast range of wit and fancy, a thorough comprehension, an invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elocution. He had well cultivated all these talents by travel and study; the latter of which he seldom omitted, even in the midst of his pleasures, of which he had indeed been too great and criminal a pursuer. For, although he was persuaded to leave off intemperance in wine, which he did for some time to such a degree, that he seemed rather abstemious: yet he was said to allow himself other liberties, which can by no means be reconciled to religion or morals, whereof, I have reason to believe, he began to be sensible. But he was fond of mixing pleasure and business, and of being esteemed excellent at both: upon which account he had a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would be gladly thought to resemble*."

But

* The same character is given of him, in a more compendious way, in his Journal, Nov. 3, 1711. "I think Mr. secretary St. John

But an Alcibiades, or a Petronius, was not likely to be the bosom friend of a Swift, however he might admire his talents, or delight in his society, as a companion. In his political character indeed Swift was very closely connected with him, as lord Bolingbroke adopted all his ideas, and strenuously supported the measures he proposed: and that they were not pursued, Swift lays the whole blame, in many places, on his friend Oxford, entirely acquitting lord Bolingbroke of being in the wrong, in any of the differences subsisting between them on that score. In his first letter to lord Bolingbroke, after the queen's death, dated August 7, 1714, he says, "I will swear for no man's sincerity, much less that of a minister of state: but thus much I have said, wherever it was proper, that your lordship's proposals were always the fairest in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: and although I am no very skilful man at intrigue, yet I durst forfeit my head, that if the case were mine, I could either have agreed with you, or put you *dans vôtre tort*."

We have already seen in his pamphlet of "*Free Thoughts, &c*," intended to be published before the death of the queen, that he throws the whole blame of the desperate state to which affairs were brought at that time, on the lord treasurer.

John the greatest young man I ever knew: wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is, talking to his friends in a way of complaint of too great load of business, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and the man of pleasure, with the man of business. *What truth and sincerity he may have, I know not.*" S.

After

After lord Oxford, the persons among the great, who seemed to have had the principal share of his affection, were lord Peterborow, and the duke of Ormond, to which he had the amplest returns from both. Of the great degree of mutual friendship which subsisted between the former and him, among many other proofs, the following short abstract from his Journal affords a striking instance.

Jan. 10, 1712-13, "At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at lord treasurer's, a servant said, lord Peterborow was at the door. Lord treasurer and lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he had been above a year. As soon as he saw me, he left the duke of Ormond, and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. I do love the hangdog dearly."

The circumstance of lord Peterborow's breaking from the duke of Ormond, and the other lords, to embrace Swift first, shows the warmth of his affection, which could make him forget all rules of decorum on the occasion; and Swift's homely expression of "*loving the hangdog dearly*," shows more clearly, than the choicest phrases could, that fondness in friendship, which nothing but the most intimate familiarity can excite*.

As to the duke of Ormond, he always speaks of

* Swift, in a former part of his Journal, Oct. 18, 1711, had said of lord Peterborow, "He has abundant of excellent qualities; and we love one another mightily." S.

him with that tenderness, which only the warmest affection can inspire; and it appears, that he was equally beloved by the duke, and had more influence with him than any man living. Besides these, he lived in the greatest intimacy with almost all the distinguished men of rank at that time; among which number were, the duke of Hamilton, lord keeper Harcourt, lord Pembroke, lord Rivers, lord Bathurst, lord Carteret, lord Lansdown, sir Thomas Hanmer (speaker), sir William Wyndham, and many others. Nor were his friendships confined only to the great: all men of genius he looked upon, and treated as his brethren. Of this number were Addison, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Gay, Parnell, Garth, Berkeley, and others of inferiour note. To promote whose interests, he chiefly used the influence he had with the great, to the utter neglect of his own, and to raise whose character and reputation in the world, he used all the means which his own high credit gave him. And he had still a sufficient stock of amity for several in the more private walks of life, whom he selected as the companions of his disengaged hours, on account of their good sense, integrity, and complaisance of behaviour. Among the foremost of these, were, Lewis, Ford, sir Andrew Fountaine, Dr. Freind, colonel Disney, captain Charlton, Domville, and many others: all men of excellent characters. Added to these, there was a considerable number in an humbler sphere, whose sole patron he was, and for whom he made ample provision, merely on account of their merit or distress, without being influenced by ties of consanguinity, or partial recommendations.

His behaviour to these different classes, showed an

uncommon greatness of soul. He studiously cultivated the acquaintance of all men of genius, whom he treated with a brotherly affection; and never let them feel the superiority which his right of eldership gave him over them, but, on the contrary, either endeavoured to raise them to his own height, or placed himself on a level with them.

With his friends in private life, he was easy, familiar, indulgent, and kind.

Such as were under his protection, never felt the weight of dependence. There was no occasion for dancing attendance, or frequent importunities, he always had them in mind, and served them the instant it was in his power: nor did he expect any returns for his favours, though he was pleased when he saw marks of a grateful mind.

But to all men of rank and station, he asserted that noble independence of spirit which becomes the free-born mind. He made no allowance for the casual superiority, which birth, or fortune, or human institutions had given them, but valued them in proportion only to that higher nobility of soul derived from God and nature. He had long beheld with indignation the mean condescensions and homage paid by men of genius, to scoundrels in power, and titled fools, and was determined to afford a striking example in himself of a contrary conduct, by reclaiming the rights due to the superiority of talents over those of birth or fortune. In one of his Tatlers, he says, "If those who possess great endowments of the mind, would set a just value on themselves, they would think no man's acquaintance whatsoever a condescension, nor accept it from the greatest, upon unworthy or ignominious terms." But Swift was not content with this

negative virtue, of not seeking their acquaintance upon improper terms, but resolved to dispute their right to that superiority over his brethren, which they had so long possessed, and put in his claim to receive that homage from them, which had always been paid them by others. Accordingly he laid it down as a rule, that he never would solicit the acquaintance of any man, let his quality or station be what it would; but that all who were desirous of the honour of being ranked among the number of his friends, should make the first advances to him. Of this we have a remarkable instance in his Journal, May 19, 1711. "Mr. secretary told me, the duke of Buckingham had been talking much to him about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered it could not be, for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke of Shrewsbury said he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than any other man. The duke replied, that he did not mean any thing of his quality, which was handsomely said enough, for he meant his pride." In another place, July 29, 1711, he says, "I was at court and church to day, as I was this day se'nnight; I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am so proud I make all the lords come up to me."

Nor was this rule confined to the men only; he demanded and received the same homage from the vainer sex also, in order to render the empire of genius and talents universal. In his Journal, Oct. 7, 1711, he has this passage. "I saw lord Halifax at court, and we joined and talked, and the duchess of

Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her: I said, that was not so soon done, for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses: she promised to comply with any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with her to morrow, &c. Lady Oglethorp brought me and the duchess of Hamilton together to day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much." In a letter to the duchess of Queensberry, many years after, he says, " I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made me by all ladies, who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances." Nor was it for himself only that he demanded this privilege, but as far as lay in his power, would have it extended to all his brethren. When lord Oxford had desired Swift to introduce Dr. Parnell to him, he refused to do it, upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character superiour to that of a lord in high station, and therefore obliged my lord to introduce himself: which he did in the most courteous manner. On which occasion Swift in his Journal boastingly says, " I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry." His contemporary authors all received the benefit of this, and by following his example, in placing a proper value on themselves, were treated with more respect than ever fell to the share of their predecessors, or those who have since succeeded them. Pope acknowledges his obligation to him on this score, where he says, " The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain, and how to use

use the freedom of friendship with men much my superiours."

Nothing but the extraordinary talents of Swift, and uncommon degree of merit in a variety of ways, could possibly have made the great ones of the world descend so far from their pride, as to admit this new claim, and pay him that homage which they had always considered as due only to themselves. And indeed he seems to have been looked up to by all the world, as one of a superiour race of beings, or like the phenix, as one who formed a class in the individual, standing alone, without a rival or competitor *. And though encompassed by a cluster of the brightest geniuses that this island ever produced at any given era, yet he stood distinguished in a circle, and as the acknowledged monarch of wit, received the voluntary homage of his peers. And indeed among all that class of eminent writers, generally not the most humble of the human race, there was not one found vain enough to dispute his title, and all on different occasions have born testimony to the superiority of his genius. Of which many instances may be pro-

* A letter from Thomas Harley, esq. to Swift, begins thus: "Your letter gave me a great deal of pleasure: I do not mean only the satisfaction one must always find in hearing from so good a friend, who has distinguished himself in the world, *and formed a new character, which nobody is vain enough to pretend to imitate; but, &c.*—"

And the earl of Stafford, one of the proudest men of the age, addresses him in this manner:

"Sir, To honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends; of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned." S.

duced,

duced, both in their works, and in the course of letters which passed between them.

Having raised himself to this high rank among men, merely by his personal merit, he took care to guard it with the same jealous attention, that a monarch shows to the preservation of his prerogative. The least slight shown him, or any unbecoming treatment of him, was not to be pardoned without a due submission from the person so offending. We have already seen that he refused to be reconciled to his friend lord Oxford, upon a quarrel of that nature, in which he considered as an insult, what was intended by the other as a favour, and threatened to cast him off, if he did not make a proper apology.

He broke off with lady Giffard, one of his oldest acquaintances in life, on a similar account, and declared he would never see her again, unless she asked his pardon. In his Journal of March 27, 1711, he gives the following account of his resentment to lord Lansdown: "Society day, you know. We were never merrier nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summon lord Lansdown: he and I are fallen out. There was something in an Examiner a fortnight ago, that he thought reflected on the abuses in his office; (he is secretary at war) and he writ to the secretary, that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me, before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by a note, as I did the rest; *nor ever will have any thing to say to him, till he begs my pardon.*" Nay even with regard to his dear friend Addison, merely on account of his showing some suspicion of him, in a con-

a conversation relative to Steele, his conduct was the same; as may be seen in the following passage of his Journal: "I went to the coffee-house, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to morrow and next day, by invitation; but I shall not alter my behaviour to him, *till he begs my pardon*, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance."

I find an unwillingness to part with Swift at this period of his life, without showing him in all the various lights in which he then appeared. It is from his meridian height that we are to judge of the splendour and powerful influence of the sun; not from his feeble setting ray, obscured by mists, or intercepted by clouds. Yet it is in this last state only, he has hitherto been represented to the world, in the several memoirs published of him, by those who never saw him but in his decline, and therefore have given a very unfair representation of the man. To judge of his real character, we must have recourse to the testimony of such of his contemporaries, as knew him in his most perfect state. From the accounts given by the former, the world in general have been taught to consider him in the light of a severe, morose, intractable man, abounding in spleen and ill nature. And in this opinion they were confirmed by the severity of his satire in many of his writings. But how will they be surprised to find, that by those who best knew him at the era I have been speaking of, he was as much celebrated for his good nature as his wit. Of which, among a number of others, I shall produce a few instances.

Mr. Addison, in one of his letters, has the following passage: "I know you have so much zeal and

pleasure,

pleasure, in doing kind offices for those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case, in the strongest colours that it can possibly bear. However, *as I always honoured you for your good nature*, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man, who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad if I could any way concur with you, in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation." And in another place, "I am sure a zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much, as your many more shining talents, and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you,"

Lady Betty Germain, daughter of lord Berkeley, who knew him thoroughly from her earliest days, says to him, in a very frank letter, wherein she attacks him with a good deal of spirit on lady Suffolk's account: "It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her without show of justice; and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her as I did, when the news of your friend's death* came; for though you are a proud person, yet give you devil your due, you are a sincere, *good natured* honest one." But this quality of his was discoverable only on a nearer acquaintance; for on this, as on all other occasions, he was at more pains to conceal his virtues, than others are to display them; and to effect this, often put on the appearance of qualities directly contrary to those he possessed.

* Mr. Gay; on whose account Swift had accused lady Suffolk.

One

One of his intimates*, writes thus to him: "You have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to the forwardness of those that love you, *I mean good nature.* From which, *though I did not always suspect you guilty of it, I now promise myself an easy pardon.*"

Nor was his good nature merely of the common kind; he had a tenderness of heart which made him feel with unusual sensibility the sufferings, misfortunes, or loss of friends, and sympathize with them in their afflictions. Nor were these feelings afterward diminished or blunted by years, till the faculties of his mind were impaired, and in a great degree they outlived even those; as may be seen in many instances during his latter correspondence, upon the death of any of his old friends.

In what agonies of mind does he give to Stella a distracted account of the stabbing Mr. Harley by Guiscard! March 1, 1711. "O dear MD. my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you; I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of Dublin. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact, for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. 'Tis of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley. Pray pardon my distraction. I now think of all his kindness to me. The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed, by a desperate French popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me. I want it."

* Chiverton Charlton, captain of the yeoman of the guards. S.

His

His behaviour to the duchess of Hamilton, on the unfortunate death of the duke, killed in a duel by lord Mohun, affords a striking instance of a warm feeling heart. He flew to her the instant the news reached him, to administer every assistance and consolation in his power. Of which take the following account in his Journal, Nov. 15, 1712. "They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene. She has moved my very soul. 16th. I thought to have finished this yesterday, but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor duchess. She has promised me to get the queen to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion; and to morrow I will beg lord treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse. Her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. Lady Orkney, her sister in law, is come to town on the occasion, and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together; and the poor duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, *affliction*." Here we see that not content with what friendly offices he could do in his own person, he immediately applies to higher powers, even to Royalty itself, to administer richer cordials to raise her sinking soul, and pour a more sovereign balm on her afflicted spirit. And at the same time forms a

plan

plan for her future ease and comfort, by endeavouring to make up a family breach.

The accounts he gives of the illness and death of poor Harrison, for whom he had made so noble a provision*, are manifestly the effusions of a tender heart. Feb. 12, 1712. "I found a letter on my table last night, to tell me that poor little Harrison, the queen's secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Barrier treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to day. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from lord Bolingbroke, and an order for one hundred pounds from the treasury to be paid to him to morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for air.

"13th. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing.

"14th. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. *I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door*; *my mind misgave me.* I did knock, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I could not dine with lord treasurer, nor any where else, but got a bit of meat toward the evening. No loss ever grieved me so much; poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless you. Adieu. I send this away to night, and I am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief†."

Indeed,

* That of queen's secretary at the Hague, a post which lord Bolingbroke afterward bestowed on his own brother. S.

† Lord Bolingbroke bears strong testimony to this quality in Swift,

Indeed, during that whole period, his breast seems to have contained a perpetual spring of the purest benevolence, always flowing, and always full: and the chief delight of his life arose from doing acts of humanity, charity, generosity, and friendship. Nor content with what he could perform in that way himself, his utmost endeavours were used to diffuse the same spirit of benevolence into all with whom he was connected. He was the life and soul of that famous society of sixteen, consisting of some of the first men of the age, in point of talents, rank, and virtue. To tie them closer to each other, he made them adopt the endearing name of *brothers*; and to spread the circle still wider, the ladies of the several members, called *sisters*, and even their children were *nephews* and *nieces*. Happy were the envied few who stood in this adopted relationship to Swift, and they never failed afterward boastingly to use that title; as may be seen in several of their letters. Great was the canvassing to be admitted into that number; and the duke of Ormond looked upon it as a high honour that he was elected a member without any application on his part. "The end of our club," says Swift, "is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none

Swift, in his letter of March 17, 1719: "I have not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 16th of January and 16th of February gave me; and I know enough of the *tenderness of your heart*, to be assured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel yours. The truest reflection, and at the same time the bitterest satire, which can be made on the present age, is this, that to think, as you think, will make a man pass for romantick. Sincerity, constancy, *tenderness*, are rarely to be found." S.

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but men of wit, or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club of the town will be worth talking of." To keep them steady to these points, and to prevent their degenerating into political meetings, Swift early opposed the admission of lord treasurer and lord keeper, who had been proposed, and they were accordingly excluded; but their sons were received in their room. There are several instances mentioned of contributions raised by them to relieve indigent merit, which were distributed by Swift *.

He had so far endeavoured to diffuse this spirit of benevolence among all his connexions, that lord Peterborow rallies him upon it thus in one of his letters. "You were returning me to ages past for some expressions in my letter. I find matter in yours to send you as far back as the golden age. How came

* Of this, among many others, take the following instances, Journal, Feb. 12, 1712. "I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow. And lord treasurer has promised me one hundred pounds to reward some others."—13th. "I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authours.—In that of March 30, "I was naming some time ago, to a certain person, another certain person, that was very deserving, and poor, and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me one hundred pounds to give the other. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprize; for I think it a handsome present enough. I paid the 100l. this evening, and it was a great surprize to the receiver." S.

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you to frame a system, in the times we live in, to govern the world by love?"

He did not show at that time any of that acrimony, which he contracted afterward from disappointment, illness, and a thousand vexations multiplying on him, and increasing with his years. On the contrary, he seems by his Journal and letters to have had an uncommon flow of spirits, and a cheerfulness of temper not easily affected. Accordingly his company was eagerly sought after by all who could get access to him; and his conversation was the delight not only of those who had a relish for wit and humour, but of those who took pleasure in the unrestrained social hour of good humour and mirth. So that he seems to have had every requisite that could excite at once the admiration and love of his friends. And indeed no man ever possessed both in a more eminent degree, and that from a large group of characters, distinguished for their rank, talents, and worth; such as are hardly to be paralleled, as co-existent at the same period, either in the history of our own country, or perhaps in that of any other. It must be allowed, that Swift was very fortunate to have lived at such a juncture, and that he was judicious in his choice; but surely it is a proof of his extraordinary merit, that they were all united in the same sentiments toward him, however they differed among each other; and that their attachment to him continued invariably the same ever after, not seeming to have suffered any diminution either from absence, length of time, or loss of power. It is from the accounts of those who knew him intimately at that period, that we are to form

form an idea of his real character, not from the reports or surmises of others, or such as only saw him in his decline, when little of his former self remained; there have already been many quotations given for that purpose. To close his character, I shall only add two more, from two of his most intimate friends; one from Dr. Arbuthnot, a man as remarkable for the goodness of his heart, as his fine talents; the other from Pope. The first is part of a letter written soon after the queen's death. "Dear friend, the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you till I meet with (what is impossible) another, whose conversation I can delight so much in, as Dr. Swift's, and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I can never find in another man. I shall want often a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes."

The other is in a letter from Pope to lord Orrery, where, speaking of Swift, he says, "My sincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live; which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour are equal to his wit, and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued."

But Pope wrote this to a man who had no such

true

true taste. To one, who in all his remarks on Swift's life, has endeavoured to depreciate the memory of that great man, and place all his actions in the worst light. Not content with attacking his private character, and often with the malice of an Iago (so much worse indeed as being utterly unprovoked) *turning his very virtue into pity*, he has endeavoured to reduce his political one to the lowest line; as may be seen in the following passage. "He was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence. He enjoyed the shadow, the substance was kept from him. He was employed, not trusted; and at the same time that he imagined himself a subtle diver, who dexterously shot down into the profoundest regions of politicks, he was suffered only to sound the shallows nearest the shore, and was scarce admitted to descend below the froth at the top. Perhaps the deeper bottoms were too muddy for his inspection *." I dare say his lordship, when he had finished this paragraph, looked it over with great self-complacency, and admired it as a beautiful and well turned period. But unfortunately there was not one syllable of truth in it, of which there have been already sufficient proofs given. Yet as this opinion, even upon so weak an authority, has, from the general spirit of envy, been adopted by numbers; and as some of the noblest points of Swift's character, depend upon the consideration of the high rank which he then held in the political state, I shall here adduce farther proofs of his great importance, and show, that though

* Lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift. S.

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he was without office or rank, he was the man the most trusted, and the most employed in all political and state affairs, of any of that time.

We have already seen with what rapidity and eagerness, contrary to his usual procrastinating and reserved disposition, Harley rushed into his acquaintance, and besought his friendship. That soon after their first conversing together, he told St. John he could keep nothing from him, Swift had so much the way of getting into him *. That after a closer intimacy, though the most reserved man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed, that uttering his mind to Swift, gave him ease †. And that he continued ever after to repose this trust in him, may be seen in a letter from Lewis in the year 1713, supposed by the world to be the most confidential man with lord Oxford, where he says, "His mind has been communicated more freely to you than to any other." In two months after their first acquaintance, he was admitted of the Saturday's private party, or minister's cabinet council, consisting of the lord keeper Harcourt, the earl Rivers, the earl of Peterborow, and Mr. secretary St. John; where, after dinner, they used to discourse, and settle matters of great importance, and Swift was always one of the number ‡. It has been shown that he stood in an equal degree of confidence with lord Bolingbroke: and no man living, no not of the ministry, stood so high in the opinion of lady Masham, the second greatest favourite of the queen, and latterly the first; of which the most unequivocal proofs have

* See Journal, Nov. 11, 1710. S.

† Journal, March 4, 1710-11. S.

‡ Memoirs relating to the Change, &c. and Journal, *passim*. S.

been produced, in her shedding tears openly, upon the talk of sending him to Ireland, and her last earnest letter to him before the queen's death. All the great officers of state connected with the ministry, followed their example in paying him homage. Lord keeper Harcourt told a placeman of inferiour rank, who had treated Swift with some incivility, "to take care of what he did, for the doctor was not only the favourite of all the ministry, but their governor also." We have seen that lord Rivers told the printers, for whom Swift had demanded several places in his department, of considerable value, "that the doctor commanded, and he must obey." We find too, that when any of the ministry themselves had a favour to ask of lord Oxford, it was through him they made their application *. It was the same too with regard to the foreign ministers †. In what light he stood with the Spanish ambassador, may be seen from the following extract from his Journal, Dec. 21, 1712: "This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court with sir William Wyndham, the Spanish ambassador came to him, and said he heard that was doctor Swift, and desired him to tell me, that his master, and the king of France, and queen, were obliged to me more than to any man in

* Journal, Jan. 8, 1712-13. "I tell you a good thing; there is not one of the ministry, but what will employ me as gravely to speak for them to lord treasurer, as if I were their brother, or his, and I do it as gravely, though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they." S.

† March 5, 1712-13. "I was at court to-day, and the foreign ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to lord treasurer, and lord Bolingbroke, which I do when the case is reasonable." S.

Europe.' So we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him."

All state writings, the queen's speeches, addresses upon them, &c. were either entirely drawn up by him, or submitted to his correction. He had a considerable share in the famous representation of the speaker's, sir Thomas Hanmer, which made such a noise at that time, and was considered as the finest that ever was penned. In short, there was not a move made of any kind with relation either to publick affairs, or party matters, in which he was not consulted, and the greatest share of labour in the executive part was thrown upon his shoulders. In all this plenitude of power, he was so far from *being elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence*, that he used his best endeavours to conceal it from the world in general, though it could not be a secret to those of his own party. With this view he absented himself from lord treasurer's levees, having never appeared there but twice during their whole acquaintance. And at court he always avoided him whenever he made toward him, nor would ever be seen speaking to him there *. But it was impossible long to conceal that superiour degree of favour in which he stood with the minister. His writings in the cause he espoused, had rendered him too conspicuous, and

* Jan. 15, 1712-13. "I was at court to day, and as lord treasurer came toward me I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him so, and to-night at lord Masham's he gave an account of it to the company; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him, causes a great deal of teasing." S.

the adverse party were too much galled by them not to make them watchful of all his motions. He was accordingly considered by the leaders of the opposite party, as the first mover in all the ministerial measures; and many virulent speeches were made against him by name, both in the house of lords and commons, *as one who was in the secret of all affairs, and without whose advice and privity nothing was done, or employment disposed of* *. O lord Orrery! how little did you know of the true state of affairs at that time, when you wrote that false envious paragraph! and how utterly unacquainted must you have been with the real character of the man, whose memoirs you undertook to write, when you could suppose him so mean spirited as to be the mere tool of a ministry; and so blinded by vanity (a fault of which he had not one particle in his composition, for, as he himself has often observed, he was too *proud* to be *vain*) as not to discover whether he was *only employed, not trusted!*

Nor was his influence confined to England only, he was the chief person consulted in the affairs of Ireland, particularly during the duke of Ormond's administration, and few preferments passed, especially in the church, without his approbation. Of this there are many proofs to be found in his correspondence with the archbishop of Dublin, primate Lindsay, lord chancellor Phipps, and his own Journal †.

Having

* See Swift's Memoirs relating to the Change, &c. S.

† See his letter to the archbishop, September 31, 1713. His Journal, Feb. 1, 1712-13.

Lord primate Lindsay writes thus to him, in his letter of Jan. 5, 1713-14.

Having now, past all controversy, established the high degree of power and influence which he then enjoyed, beyond any that perhaps ever fell to the lot of a private person, must not the disinterested spirit of Swift strike us with astonishment, when we reflect that he made no other use of these great advantages, but to promote the publick cause in which he was engaged, or to make ample provision for persons of merit, while he was utterly negligent with regard to his own fortune? It must be obvious to every one, who considers the light in which he stood, that had he been a man of intrigue, or could he have made his principles bend to the reigning policy of the court; had he not incurred the queen's displeasure by endeavouring to counteract her adopted system of government, and treating her bosom favourite with a severity never to be forgiven; nay had he only followed the lead of the minister, by acquiescing in measures which he found it vain to oppose; it must be applied, I say, considering the immensity of his talents, the close connexion he stood in with all the leading men, the great importance he was of to their cause, and the almost sisterly affection shown him by lady Masham, that he

5, 1713-14. "There is a gentleman, whom I believe you may have heard of, Dr. Andrew Hamilton, archdeacon of Raphoe, a man of good learning and abilities, and one of great interest in that country, whom I could wish you would move for to succeed me in Raphoe, as one that is most likely to do good in that part of the country, of any man I know.

"And now be pleased to accept my thanks for the great services you have done me, *and as you have contributed much to my advancement*, so I must desire you, upon occasion, to give me your farther assistance for the service of the church." S.

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might have aspired to the highest dignities in the church, or even, if his bent lay that way, in the state. For in those days the gown was not considered as a disqualification to ministerial offices, as we find the bishop of Bristol was made lord privy seal, and ambassador plenipotentiary. But as it was a maxim with Swift, that while the queen pursued her trimming plan, the interests of the church and state were on a sandy foundation, and that there could be no solid establishment for them, till the whigs were all turned out of their employments, and a total end put to their power; he determined not only never to fall in with the queen's measures, but on the contrary openly to oppose them. Though at the same time he must have been conscious that this was the most certain way to bar his own preferment.

The only employment that Swift ever asked for during all that time, was that of historiographer; and his reasons for desiring it are thus set forth, in his memorial to the queen, April 1, 1714.

"The change of ministry about four years ago, the fall of the duke of Marlborough, and the proceedings since, in relation to the peace and treaties, are all capable of being very maliciously represented to posterity, if they should fall under the pen of some writer of the opposite party, as they probably may.

"Upon these reasons it is necessary, for the honour of the queen, and in justice to her servants, that some able hand should be immediately employed, to write the history of her majesty's reign, that the truth of things may be transmitted to future ages, and bear down the falsehood of malicious pens.

"The

" The dean of St. Patrick's is ready to undertake this work, humbly desiring her majesty will please to appoint him her historiographer; not from any view of the profit, (which is so inconsiderable, that it will hardly serve to pay the expense of searching offices) but from an earnest desire to serve his queen and country: for which that employment will qualify him, by an opportunity of access to those places, where papers and records are kept, which will be necessary to any who undertake such a history."

We see upon what disinterested principles Swift desired this office; and he seems to have been highly provoked at his not obtaining it, laying the blame very unjustly on lord Bolingbroke, as may be seen in his letter to miss Vanhomrigh, August 1, 1714. " I am not of your opinion about lord Bolingbroke, perhaps he may get the staff, but I cannot rely on his love to me. He knew I had a mind to be historiographer, though I valued it not but for the publick service; yet it is gone to a worthless rogue, that nobody knows." But it appears from a letter of Dr. Arbuthnot's, July 17, 1714, that lord Bolingbroke was most hearty in his cause; where he says, " I gave your letter, with the enclosed memorial, *cavalièrement* to lord Bolingbroke. He read it, and seemed concerned at some part of it, expressing himself thus: " That it would be among the eternal scandals of the government, to suffer a man of your character, that had so well deserved of them, to have the least uneasy thoughts about those matters." But the truth is, that it was out of my lord's power to have served him in this point, as the memorial was not put

put into his hands till a fortnight after the place had been disposed of*. So that it is probable it never was presented to the queen. And his friend Ford, to whom he had also communicated his suspicions of Bolingbroke, vindicates him from the charge in a letter written five days after the queen's death, where he says, "I really believe lord Bolingbroke was very sincere in the professions he made of you, and he could have done any thing. No minister was ever in that height of favour, and lady Masham was at least in as much credit, as she had been at any time of her life. But these are melancholy reflections."

There is a passage in a letter from Swift to Pope, Jan. 10, 1721, relative to this office, which at first view seems to contradict what he himself had said about it, as related above. "I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the queen's reign, with some other informations which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed for me; but, as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, *I disdained to accept it.*" But this apparent contradiction may easily be thus solved. Swift scorned to accept the employment as a favour, from the officer in whose department it was, for the reasons he assigns, and would receive it only from her majesty's own appoint-

* In a letter from Charles Ford, esq. to Dr. Swift, July 20, 1714, is the following passage: "I thought you had heard the historiographer's place had been disposed of this fortnight. I know no more of him who has it, than that his name is Maddocks." S.

ment,

ment, to whom he therefore personally applied by memorial *.

I shall take leave of this period of Swift's life, by observing that he was thrown into the world at a most fortunate era to gratify the ruling passions of his heart. The chief pleasures of his life seem to have arisen from friendship contracted with men of worth and talents, and the society of persons of wit and genius; and never was there an era in which he could be so amply indulged with regard to both. I know there are numbers who laugh at those who speak with admiration of past times, and lament the degeneracy of the present, as idle declaimers, *laudatores temporis acti*; with which the world has constantly been furnished in all nations, from age to age; but that in reality all times have been much alike. In order that a fair comparison may be made between the period I have been speaking of, and that which followed to the present time, I shall here set down a list of the extraordinary men who then flourished together.

* The circumstance of the disposal of this post from Swift, has afforded lord Orrery an opportunity of exposing his ignorance, and invidious disposition to lower Swift's consequence to the utmost. He says, "He (Swift) knew how useful he was to administration in general; and in one of his letters he mentions, that the place of historiographer was intended for him, but I am apt to suspect that he flattered himself too highly." Surely his lordship must have been either so ill informed, as to suppose this post to be a very considerable one, or that Swift was without any degree of credit. *He flattered himself too highly.* Good Heaven! that such a man as Swift, should be accused of flattering himself too highly, in expecting an employment, attended with much trouble, and without any degree either of honour or profit! S.

LIST OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Temple,	Prior,	Wycherly,
Dryden,	Congreve,	Vanbrugh,
Swift,	Gay,	Southern,
Addison,	Garth,	Young,
Pope,	Steele,	Parnell,
Arbuthnot,	Newton,	Berkeley,
Otway,	Locke,	Atterbury,
Rowe,	Boyle,	Tillotson, &c.

OF MEN IN HIGH RANK.

Duke of Marlborough,	Lord Anglesea,
Lord Peterborow,	Earl of Dorset,
Lord Oxford,	Lord Roscommon,
Lord Bolingbroke,	Lord Halifax,
Lord Bathurst,	Sir William Wyndham,
Lord Carteret,	Sir Thomas Hanmer.
Duke of Argyll,	

Beside many others that might be mentioned, of no small note. When they who are advocates for the above opinion, shall attempt to draw out a list of names in the present times, to be put in competition with these, they will soon be obliged to confess and retract their errour.

SECTION V.

FROM HIS RETURN TO IRELAND TO HIS DEATH.

IMMEDIATELY after the decease of the queen, Swift returned to Ireland, where he found things in the highest ferment: the whigs all in triumph, threatening

threatening vengeance on the whole body of the desponding tories, as soon as power should come into their hands. However violent the proceedings of the whigs in England might afterward be, their animosity against the opposite party was moderate, in comparison with the hatred which their brethren of Ireland bore to the tories. All the stories fabricated in England by the whigs, of an intention to bring in the pretender by the late ministry, and which were only calculated for the more violent of their party, and the vulgar, were universally and implicitly believed in Ireland. The dreadful and detested days of James II. of which there were still so many living witnesses in that kingdom, and in which the whole body of protestants suffered so much, came fresh into their minds, and raised the utmost abhorrence of all who were supposed to be abettors of such a measure. They were taught to consider the words Tory and Jacobite, as synonymous terms; and as Swift was known to have been highly in the confidence of the late ministry, he was of course supposed to have been deeply concerned with them in the plot of bringing in the pretender. Being the only one then in Ireland, against whom a charge could be made of having an immediate hand in such a design, he became the chief object upon which the madness of party vented its rage. He was constantly insulted with opprobrious language as he walked the streets, and some of the more violent, used to take up dirt from the kennel to throw at him as he passed along; insomuch that he was obliged never to go abroad without servants armed to protect his person. Nor

was

was it from the lower class of people only, that he met with such insults; but those of a higher rank, in proportion as they were actuated by the virulence of party, or wished to make a merit to themselves with the governing powers, took all opportunities of treating him with the utmost indignity. Of this I have a strong instance now before me, in a paper drawn up by Swift himself.

The title of it is, "The Dean of St. Patrick's Petition to the House of Lords against Lord Blaney:" and on the inside: To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled."

"The humble PETITION of JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D. and Dean of the Cathedral of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

"Most humbly showeth,

"THAT your petitioner is advised by his physicians, on account of his health, to go often on horseback; and there being no place, in winter, so convenient for riding, as the strand toward Howth, your petitioner takes all opportunities that his business or the weather will permit, to take that road. That in the last session of parliament, in the midst of winter, as your petitioner was returning from Howth with his two servants, one before, and the other behind him, he was pursued by two gentlemen in a chaise, drawn by two high mettled horses, in so violent a manner, that his servant, who rode behind him, was forced to give way, with the utmost peril of his life: whereupon your petitioner made what speed he could, riding to the

the right and left above fifty yards to the full extent of the said road; but the two gentlemen driving a light chaise, drawn by fleet horses, and intent upon mischief, turned faster than your petitioner, endeavouring to overthrow him. That by great accident your petitioner got safe to the side of a ditch, where the chaise could not safely pursue; and the two gentlemen stopping their career, your petitioner mildly expostulated with them; whereupon one of the gentlemen said, Damn you, is not the road as free for us as for you? and calling to his servant who rode behind him, said, Tom (or some such name) is the pistol loaden with ball? To which the servant answered, yes, my lord, and gave him the pistol. Your petitioner often said to the gentleman, pray, sir, do not shoot, for my horse is apt to start, by which my life may be endangered. The chaise went forward, and your petitioner took the opportunity to stay behind. Your petitioner is informed, that the person who spoke the words above-mentioned, is of your lordships house, under the style and title of lord Blaney; whom your petitioner remembers to have introduced to Mr. secretary Addison, in the earl of Wharton's government, and to have done him other good offices at that time, because he was represented as a young man of some hopes, and a broken fortune. That the said lord Blaney, as your petitioner is informed, is now in Dublin, and sometimes attends your lordships house. And your petitioner's health still requiring that he should ride, and being confined in winter to go on the same strand, he is forced to inquire from every one he meets, whether the said lord be on the same strand; and to order his servants to carry arms to defend him against the like, or a worse insult,

from

from the said lord, for the consequences of which your petitioner cannot answer.

"Your petitioner is informed by his learned council, that there is no law now in being, which can justify the said lord, under colour of his peerage, to assault any of his majesty's subjects on the king's highway, and put them in fear of their lives, without provocation, which he humbly conceives, that by only happening to ride before the said lord, he could not possibly give.

"Your petitioner, therefore, doth humbly implore your lordships in your great prudence and justice, to provide that he may be permitted to ride with safety on the said strand, or any other of the king's highways, for the recovery of his health, so long as he shall demean himself in a peaceable manner, without being put into continual fears of his life by the force and arms of the said lord Blaney."

But nothing hurt Swift so much, as the many instances of ingratitude he experienced in those who were highly indebted to him, while he was in power. It has been already shown, that he made it a point with the ministry in England, that no man of genius or merit, should be turned out of employment on account of party; the same maxim he extended to Ireland, where he preserved several in their places, who, but for his interposition, would infallibly have lost them. Of this many instances occur in the course of his letters. In one to the archbishop of Dublin, written in 1713, when his influence was at the highest, he says, "I have suffered very much for my tenderness to some persons of that party, which I still preserve; it would be endless to recount to your

your grace the reproaches that have been made me, on account of your neighbour." And in another, "Neither did I ever fail to interpose in any case of merit or compassion, by which means several persons in England, and some in this kingdom, kept their employments; for I cannot remember my lord Oxford ever refused me a request of that kind." He therefore thought it extremely hard, that after such instances of favour shown to numbers of that party, he should be particularly marked out as the chief object of their resentment: or, as he himself expresses it in the same letter, "If my friendship and conversation were equally shown among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among the herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment." But Swift, by his great abilities exerted in the cause of the late ministry, had rendered himself so obnoxious to the new men in power, that even to be of his acquaintance, would, in those days, have been a sure bar to promotion. Of this, there is a singular instance communicated to me among other anecdotes taken down at that time by a friend of the dean's. Swift, in the height of party ferment, having some occasion to apply to sir Thomas Southwell, who was one of the commissioners of the revenue, and with whom he had lived on the footing of the greatest intimacy, was much shocked by an answer he made him: "I'll lay you a groat" (a usual cant expression of sir Thomas's) "Mr. dean, I don't know you." Some years after, when the spirit of party

party was a good deal abated, sir Thomas, who was then lord Southwell, riding on the strand, and observing the dean on horseback a little before him, lamented to one of his company the ill effects of party; among which he reckoned the loss of that worthy man's acquaintance, meaning the dean: but I'll try, said he, to recover it. When he overtook the dean, he asked him how he did. "I'll lay you a groat, my lord," says Swift, "I don't know you."

In such a situation of affairs, Swift chose the most prudent part, that of retiring wholly from the world, and employing himself chiefly in the care of his deanery, in the discharge of his duty as a clergyman, and arranging his domestick affairs, without once casting his eye toward the publick. In a letter to Pope, dated Jan. 10, 1721, he gives this account of himself: "In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here, where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the family which now reigneth, farther than the prayer book informeth me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal*." But though in this Swift acted

* The following anecdote taken down at the time by the same gentleman who communicated the former to me, will show how cautious Swift was in his behaviour at that juncture, for fear of provoking party zeal, and at the same time afford an instance of his peculiar vein of humour. Among other tyrannical acts of the Whigs,

acted the part of a philosopher, yet no one could feel more for the distresses of his former friends, and the uncomfortableness of his own situation. In a letter to Pope, June 28, 1715, he says, "You know how well I loved both lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the duke of Ormond is to me: and do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, & versus tecum meditare canoros.* Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think on the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many

Whigs, in the first parliament of George I, such members of the house of commons as had voted for an address in favour of sir Constantine Phipps, were ordered to beg pardon of the House. This order was generally complied with. Three who refused were taken into custody of the serjeant at arms: sir Pierce Butler, Mr. Matthew Ford, and Mr. Robert Cope. Swift, visiting Cope one day, found Povey the serjeant at arms, who was a perfect stranger to Swift's person, sitting with him. After some conversation, Swift asked Cope "whether he did not intend to go out that morning, as it was a fine day?" Cope said, "he could not stir out; he was confined." Swift asked, "had he taken physick? Cope said, "No, but that he was confined by the Parliament, and was then in custody of the serjeant at arms." Swift, with an air of perfect ignorance, and simplicity, inquired the meaning of that, as if he had never heard of a serjeant at arms, or of any such power in the Parliament; and soon after took his leave. When he was gone, Povey said, "it would be well for the church and the kingdom, if the clergy minded state affairs as little as that honest gentleman, who he durst say, was a good parish minister, residing at his living, and minding his own affairs, without troubling his head about those of the publick. Pray what is his name?" "Swift." "Is he any relation of the Dean of St. Patrick's?" "The very man," says Cope. "The very man!" replied Povey; "damn him, he has bit me!" and left the room in some confusion. S.

hundred thousand good subjects?" And in one to Mr. Gay, he says, "I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune hath condemned me, and stupidity was that I had recourse to." In another to the same, he gives this account of himself: "I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence, and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find, and when I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish, which I put off to twenty years hence." In this manner did he pass seven years of his life from his arrival in Ireland, little known there as an author, except on account of his political writings, which, in that change of times rendered him an object of general detestation. There had been then no collection made of his works, and his detractors in England had robbed him of the merit of his principal work, "The Tale of a Tub," by denying him to be the author. Many calumnies were industriously propagated against him, taken from the writings of the hirelings on the whig side, whereof the number was so great, that Swift in one place says, that there were upward of a thousand papers and pamphlets published against him in the space of a few years. But wrapped in the consciousness of his integrity, he had the fortitude to treat all this with silent contempt. To counterbalance the ill treatment he met with from the publick, he, by degrees, contracted an intimacy with a select few

who

who had taste to relish the author, and virtue to admire the man*. He had also the supreme satisfaction of

* In a passage above quoted from his letter to Gay, where he says, "I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance," we are to understand only such humble friends as were always at his devotion, to be let in, or sent away without ceremony, according as he was in the humour. It was probably, this passage, which furnished lord Orrery with an occasion of exercising his usual disposition to depreciate the Dean as much as possible, in the following paragraphs: "After the great names, which I have just now mentioned, it is matter of astonishment to find the same person, who had enjoyed the highest and the best conversation, equally delighted with the lowest and the worst; and yet it is certain, from Swift's settlement in Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's, his choice of companions in general, showed him of a very depraved taste.

"From the year 1714, till he appeared in the year 1720, a champion for Ireland against Wood's halfpence, his spirit of politicks and of patriotism was kept almost closely confined within his own breast. Idleness and trifles engrossed too many of his hours: fools and sycophants too much of his conversation."

His answerer, Dr. Delany, fired with indignation at this false charge, replies to him in the following manner: "My lord, you have been so grossly abused, in the accounts which dictated those two paragraphs to you, that I am almost ashamed to set you right. The meanest man I ever heard of his conversing with during that period, was Mr. Worrall, a clergyman, a master of arts, a reader and vicar of his cathedral, and a master of the song. He was nearly of his own standing in the college; a good walker, a man of sense, and a great deal of humour. Mr. Worrall's situation in the church, naturally engaged his attendance upon the Dean, every time he went thither: and their walks naturally ended either in the Dean's dining with him, or he with the Dean. But as the Dean was a single man, the former happened more frequently: and this intercourse at last ended with the Dean's dining with him, as often as he pleased, at a certain rate, and inviting as many friends as he pleased upon the same terms." The Dean when he first settled at Dublin was in debt to his predecessor Bp. Sterne in the sum of 800*l.* being two-thirds of the sum expended in building

of constantly enjoying the society of the amiable and accomplished Stella, whose conversation, by his own account,

the Deanery-house. This determined him to a very severe œconomy, which this agreement with Worrall well suited.

Dr. Delany then proceeds to relate his intimacy with the Grattans, a numerous race of brothers, all in affluent or easy circumstances, a set of men as generally acquainted, and as much beloved, as any one family in the nation. After a particular description of each of these, he proceeds thus: "These, my lord, were men of open hearts, and free spirits: who as little deserved, and as much disdained the character and office of sycophants, as any nobleman of yours, or any nation. And yet these, with their allies, the Jacksons, &c. genteel, agreeable, and well bred men and women, were the companions of many of Swift's easiest and happiest hours: such companions, as no wise man ever wanted, or at least would want, if he could help it; any more than he would his night gown, his couch, or his easy chair.

"Whether the Grattans led Swift, or he them, into the acquaintance of their friends, George Rochfort, and Peter Ludlow, I cannot say. But this I know, that he lived much with those gentlemen, and cultivated their friendship with a very distinguished affection and esteem; and it is certain, that they well deserved the highest regard and distinction he could pay them.

Quales animæ neque candidiores terra tulit,
Nec queis te magis optasses amicum.
Such souls! more candid never earth produced,
Nor whom you could more wisely wish your friends.

"They were men of fortune, scholars, men of parts, men of humour, men of wit, and men of virtue. Greater companions Swift might have conversed with, but better he neither did, nor could.—Let me add to these another gentleman, for whom the dean had a particular esteem, Matthew Ford, a man of family and fortune; a fine gentleman, and the best lay scholar of his time and nation. These, with the fellows of the college, Dr. Walmsley, Dr. Helsham, Dr. Delany, Mr. Stopford (now bishop of Cloyne) and Dr. Sheridan, among the men; and lady Eustace, Mrs. Moore, lady Betty Rochfort, and Mrs. Ludlow, ladies sufficiently distinguished, of the other sex, were, with Stella and her friends,

account, was the most engaging of any he had ever met with, either in man or woman. And he found in Dr. Sheridan, that best cordial of life, a bosom friend, to whom he could open himself without restraint, in all humours, and who was peculiarly calculated for the *bagatelle*, of which Swift at that time professed himself so fond, as the only means of keeping up his spirits in the gloom that surrounded him. He had the pleasure of hearing often from his former friends, whose letters breathed the same cordial affection, and high esteem which they always professed for him. Among this number were lord Bolingbroke, lord Harley, Mr. Addison, Dr. Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Lewis, &c. the duchess of Ormond, and lady Bolingbroke.

In the year 1715, when lord Oxford was committed to the Tower, Swift wrote pressingly to him that he might be permitted to attend him there. His letter begins thus: "My lord, it may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances: yet I could never forgive myself, if, after having been treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction, by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor service and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you in my own behalf; and

friends, Swift's principal acquaintance and companions, during the period you mention, and treat as the era of his infamy.

"I might mention some others of very distinguished characters, who made up, I will not say, that admired, but I can say with truth, that envied society, in which Swift passed his life at that period. But I hope I have already said sufficient to set you right." S.

if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me." But lord Oxford, however desirous he might be of the presence of such a friend, whose conversation might contribute more than any thing in the world to soften the rigour of confinement, was too generous to put him to such an inconvenience on that account. Yet immediately on his release from the Tower, he expressed his desire of seeing him in England, if it might be consistent with his affairs; in a letter full of the warmest expressions of friendship and affection*.

Lord Bolingbroke's letters during his exile, are not inferiour to lord Oxford's in expressions of the highest regard and friendship. In that of Oct. 23, 1716, are the following passages. "It is a very great truth, that among all the losses which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly, than that of your company and correspondence; and yet, even now, I should not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. Your letter breathes the same spirit, as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindest influence of Heaven be shed upon you. Whether me may ever meet again, that Heaven only knows: if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the mean while, believe that nothing sits so near my heart, as my country, and my friends, and that among these, you ever had, and ever shall have, a principal place."

In another letter he says, "I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure

* See this letter, under the date of Aug. 6, 1717. N.

I am,

I am, that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception; or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas."

In the year 1717, Swift received a letter from Lewis, giving him an account of the distressed situation of Prior's affairs, and of a design set on foot by his friends to publish his works by subscription, in order to his relief. This gave him an opportunity of exerting that zeal, for which he was so remarkable, whenever the cause of his friend, or distressed merit, called upon him. Upon this occasion he made use of all his influence to so good purpose, that in a few months he sent him such a large list of subscribers, that Prior was astonished at it. His earnestness to serve him, and to give him accounts of his success in his solicitations, appears from the quick succession of letters sent by him on the occasion. Prior, in answer to these, begins his letter of July 30, 1717, thus: "I have the favour of four letters from you, of the 9th, 13th, 16th, and 20th instant," and he concludes his letter thus: "Pray give my service to all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of Ireland list themselves under that number. I do not know how you can recompense them, but by coming over to help me correct the book which I promised them."

What an instance is here of the vicissitudes in human affairs, when a man who had been ambassador plenipotentiary to the court of France, should, in the space of a few years, be reduced to such a sorry expedient (as Swift terms it) to keep him above want!

During

During this period, Swift's pen seems to have been thrown aside, or employed only in trifles, except two tracts drawn up by him soon after his settlement in Ireland: the one, entitled, "Memoirs relating to that Change which happened in the Queen's Ministry in the Year 1710." Written in October 1714. The other, "An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry, with relation to their Quarrels among themselves, and the Design charged upon them of altering the Succession of the Crown. His view in these was, to lay open all the springs which moved the political machine during that period; and to exonerate the ministry, from that heavy charge, so loudly and generally made against them, of a design to bring in the pretender. As he was a man more in the confidence of that ministry, than any other in the world; of a sagacity not easily to be duped; a sincerity incapable of being biassed, and of most undoubted veracity; there was no one living so capable of executing such a task. And when we examine the strength of argument with which he has supported his positions; when we reflect that these tracts were drawn up without any view of their being published till after his death, and therefore could answer no private end, the impartial world will necessarily be of his side. Confident assertions, and loud clamours of a party, unsupported by any proofs, though sought for with all the diligence of persevering malice and revenge; however they may spread for a time through the spirit of faction, will never prevail with an unprejudiced posterity, against conclusive arguments, supported by established facts. To enlighten posterity with regard to those points, for he had no hopes of the present age, was Swift's motive for

for leaving those pieces behind him, and no doubt his end will be answered.

During almost six years after his return to Ireland, Swift kept his resolution of not meddling at all with publick affairs. He saw with indignation the cruel oppression under which his country laboured, and with the deepest concern, the miserable state to which it was reduced. But as he knew that all efforts to stem the torrent, during the violence of party, would be fruitless, he prudently waited till it had spent its force. In the year 1720, when the ferment seemed to have subsided, he published his first political tract relative to Ireland, entitled *A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures.* In which he cautiously avoids touching upon party matters, and points out to the people of Ireland, that a great part of their poverty and distress was owing to their own folly, and that the remedy was in their own hands. Of this pamphlet, and the consequences produced from it, he has given the following account in a letter to Pope. "I have written in this kingdom, a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England: this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here, immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. The chief justice has so quick an understanding, that

that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were effectually practised with, to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published, for several weeks, in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours; until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a *special verdict.* During the trial, the chief justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise; and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publickly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until upon the duke of Grafton's, the lord lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi.*"

From this experiment Swift learned that the embers of party, however concealed under ashes, might be revived with the least breath, and blown into a blaze. He therefore withdrew into his former retirement, after having taking ample vengeance on the chief justice, by exposing him in the most odious colours, and rendering him an object of general detestation. But whatever efforts he used to subdue his indignation

nation at the cruel acts of oppression and injustice under which his country laboured, by confining it within his own breast, yet his heart was constantly corroded with the scenes of misery which surrounded him; and his patriotick spirit, thus confined, proved only as an evil one to torment him. Of the effect which this had on his temper, we have many instances in his letters. Dr. Delany mentions a remarkable one, who calling on him one day, when upon some occasion he seemed in an uncommon state of irritation, being asked by Swift, "Whether the corruptions and villanies of men in power, did not eat his flesh, and exhaust his spirits?" answered, "that in truth they did not;" he then asked in a fury "why—why—how can you help it? how can you avoid it?" Delany calmly replied, "Because I am commanded to the contrary.—"*Fret not thyself because of the ungodly.*"

As no work of his has appeared written during the space of near four years after his publishing the abovementioned pamphlet, it is highly probable that his leisure hours where wholly employed in writing "Gulliver's Travels;" in which general satire on the vices, follies, and absurdities of mankind, he gave vent to that spleen, which was in a continual state of irritation from the objects that surrounded him.

In the year 1724, an opportunity offered, which he eagerly embraced, of dispersing those clouds, behind which he had so long been concealed, and of blazing forth in higher lustre than ever*. At that time a project was set on foot by one William Wood, an obscure man, which, had it succeeded, would have

* "The great acquisition of esteem and influence," says Dr. Johnson, "was made by the Drapier's Letters." N.

ended in the total, and perhaps irretrievable ruin of Ireland. A patent was granted to this man, in a most extraordinary manner *, for coining halfpence for the use of Ireland, without consulting any mortal of that kingdom, or even giving any previous notice of it to the lord lieutenant. Justly alarmed at the consequences to be apprehended from this, and fired with resentment at the indignity with which they were treated, the parliament, privy council, grand juries, and numerous bodies of the inhabitants throughout the kingdom, sent over strong remonstrances against this proceeding, but all to no purpose. The British minister, who had his own views in promoting this favourite project, determined to support the patent; and being then possessed of the same plenitude of power, with all the insolence of a Turkish vizier, was deaf to the remonstrances of the nation, and resolved to cram the halfpence down their throats. Though to be master of the subject,

* "One Wood, of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, a man enterprising and rapacious, had, as is said, by a present to the duchess of Munster, obtained a patent, empowering him to coin one hundred and eighty thousand pounds of halfpence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland, in which there was a very inconvenient and embarrassing scarcity of copper coin; so that it was possible to run in debt upon the credit of a piece of money; for the cook or keeper of an alehouse could not refuse to supply a man that had silver in his hand, and the buyer would not leave his money without change. The project was therefore plausible. The scarcity, which was already great, Wood took care to make greater, by agents who gathered up the old halfpence, and was about to turn his brass into gold, by pouring the treasures of his new mint upon Ireland; when Swift, finding that the metal was debased to an enormous degree, wrote Letters, under the name of M. B. Drapier, to shew the folly of receiving, and the mischief that must ensue by giving, gold and silver for coin worth perhaps not a third part of its nominal value." Dr. JOHNSON.

it will be necessary to read all that Swift has written upon it, yet it may not be amiss here to give a general idea of the case, in an extract from a most masterly address to both houses of parliament drawn up by him on the occasion.

" There is one particular, which although I have mentioned more than once in some of my former papers, yet I cannot forbear to repeat, and a little enlarge upon it; because I do not remember to have read or heard of the like, in the history of any age or country; neither do I ever reflect upon it without the utmost astonishment.

" After the unanimous addresses to his sacred majesty against this patent of Wood from both houses of parliament; and likewise an address from the privy council, to whom, under the chief governors the whole administration is entrusted, the matter is referred to a committee of council in London. Wood and his adherents are heard on one side, and a few volunteers, without any trust or direction from hence. The question, as I remember, chiefly turned upon the want of halfpence in Ireland; witnesses are called on behalf of Wood of what credit I have formerly shown; upon the issue the patent is good and legal; all his majesty's officers here, not excepting the *military*, commanded to be aiding and assisting to make it effectual: the address of both houses of parliament, of the privy council, and of the city of Dublin, the declarations of most counties and corporations through the kingdom, are all together laid aside, as of no weight, consequence, or consideration whatsoever, and the whole kingdom of Ireland nonsuited in default of appearance; as if it

were

were a private cause between *John Doe*, plaintiff, and *Richard Roe*, defendant.

" With great respect to those honourable persons, the committee of council in London, I have not understood them to be our governors, counsellors, or judges. Neither did our case turn at all upon the question, whether Ireland wanted halfpence: for there is no doubt but we do want both halfpence, gold, and silver; and we have numberless other wants, and some that we are not so much as allowed to name, although they are peculiar to this nation; to which, no other is subject, whom God hath blessed with religion and laws, or any degree of soil and sunshine; but for what demerits on our side, I am altogether in the dark.

" But I do not remember that our want of halfpence, was either affirmed or denied, in any of our addresses or declarations against those of Wood. We alleged the fraudulent obtaining and executing of his patent; the baseness of his metal; and the prodigious sum to be coined, which might be increased by stealth, from foreign importation, and his own counterfeits, as well as those at home; whereby we must infallibly lose all our little gold and silver, and all our poor remainder of a very limited and discouraged trade. We urged that the patent was passed without the least reference hither; and without mention of any security given by Wood to receive his own halfpence upon demand, both which are contrary to all former proceedings in the like cases.

" But in the name of God, and of all justice and piety, when the king's majesty was pleased that this patent

patent should pass, is it not to be understood that he conceived, believed, and intended it as a gracious act, for the good and benefit of his subjects, for the advantage of a great and fruitful kingdom; of the most loyal kingdom upon earth, where no hand or voice was ever lifted up against him; a kingdom where the passage is not three hours from Britain, and a kingdom where the papists have less power and less land than in England? Can it be denied or doubted, that his majesty's ministers understood, and proposed the same end: the good of this nation, when they advised the passing of this patent? Can the person of Wood be otherwise regarded, than as the instrument, the mechanick, the head workman, to prepare his furnace, his fuel, his metal, and his stamps? If I employ a shoeboy, is it in view to his advantage, or to my own convenience? I mention the person of William Wood alone, because no other appears, and we are not to reason upon surmises, neither would it avail, if they had a real foundation.

"Allowing, therefore, for we cannot do less, that this patent for the coining of halfpence, was wholly intended by a gracious king, and a *wise publick-spirited ministry*, for the advantage of Ireland; yet, when the whole kingdom to a man, for whose good the patent was designed, do, upon the maturest consideration, universally join in openly declaring, protesting, addressing, petitioning against these halfpence, as the most ruinous project that ever was set on foot, to complete the slavery and destruction of a poor innocent country; is it, was it, can it, or will it ever be a question, not whether such a kingdom,

or

or William Wood should be a gainer, but whether such a kingdom should be wholly undone, destroyed, sunk, depopulated, made a scene of misery and desolation, for the sake of William Wood? God of his infinite mercy avert this dreadful judgment; and it is our universal wish, that God would put it into your hearts, to be his instrument for so good a work.

"For my own part, who am but *one* man, of obscure condition, I do solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death, rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced upon me by a *law of my own country*; and if that shall ever happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people.

"The great ignominy of a whole kingdom's lying so long at mercy under so vile an adversary, is such a deplorable aggravation that the utmost expressions of shame and rage are too low to set it forth, and therefore I shall leave it to receive such a resentment as is worthy of a *parliament*."

Upon the first tidings of the patent's being passed in so extraordinary a manner, Swift took up the pen, and under the feigned character of *M. B. Drapier*, represented all the fatal consequences that would necessarily attend the carrying of it into execution, in so plain and clear a light, as spread a general alarm through all ranks and orders of men throughout the nation.

But as the parliament, the privy council, grand juries,

juries, and so many bodies corporate of the kingdom addressed, remonstrated, and petitioned against it, their fears were at an end, as supposing it impossible that these should not prevail. Yet what was their astonishment to find that all these, and the cry of the whole nation, were treated with the utmost contempt, and a sham inquiry set on foot by a committee of the privy council in England, which ended in sending over orders to all officers under the crown in Ireland, to be aiding and assisting to the utmost of their power in supporting Wood's patent, and giving circulation to his accursed coin! As all persons in office at that time were in the most slavish dependance on the British ministry, there were *no hopes* but that they would pay implicit obedience to the commands of their masters, especially as they could do it under colour of loyalty, as opposing the patent was called, in the language of those days, *flying in the king's face.* And if this coin was once received into the publick offices, and issued out to pay the king's troops, the affair was over. To prevent this there was but one way, which was to raise such a spirit in the whole body of the people, as to determine them never to receive one piece of this coin in payment. This he so effectually performed in a series of letters, under the same signature of *M. B. Drapier*, which were universally read over the whole kingdom, that there was scarce an individual to be found, even down to the lowest peasant, except a few placemen, who did not form this resolution. And in order to bind them to it more effectually, in his second letter he drew up the following advertisement. "Whereas one William Wood, hardwareman, now or lately sojourning in the city of London,

hath by many misrepresentations, procured a patent for coining a hundred and eight thousand pounds, in copper halfpence, for this kingdom, which is a sum five times greater than our occasions require: and whereas it is notorious that the said Wood hath coined his halfpence of such base metal, and false weight, that they are at best six parts in seven below the real value: and whereas we have reason to apprehend, that the said Wood may at any time hereafter clandestinely coin as many more halfpence as he pleases: and whereas the said patent neither doth, nor can oblige his majesty's subjects to receive the said halfpence in any payment, but leaves it to their voluntary choice, because by law the subject cannot be obliged to take any money, except gold or silver: and whereas, contrary to the letter and meaning of the said patent, the said Wood hath declared, that every person shall be obliged to take fivepence halfpenny of his coin in every payment; and whereas the house of commons, and privy council have severally addressed his most sacred majesty, representing the ill consequences which the said coinage may have upon this kingdom: and lastly, whereas it is universally agreed that the whole nation to a man, except Mr. Wood and his confederates, are in the utmost apprehensions of the ruinous consequences that must follow from the said coinage; therefore we, whose names are underwritten, being persons of considerable estates in this kingdom, and residers therein, do unanimously resolve and declare, that we will never receive one farthing or halfpenny of the said Wood's coining; and that we will direct all our tenants to refuse the said coin from any person whatsoever, of which, that they may not be ignorant, we have

have sent them a copy of this advertisement, to be read to them by our stewards, receivers, &c."

Numbers of these advertisements, signed by a multitude of names, together with the "Drapier's Letters," were soon dispersed over the kingdom, and produced such a universal outcry in all ranks of people against this odious project, that the poor tools of power did not dare to attempt any thing in support of it. But the English minister, not at all intimidated by this violent opposition, seemed resolutely bent on carrying the point. With this view he sent over the lord Carteret, lately appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, long before the usual time of the chief governor's going to that kingdom, with directions to assemble the parliament, which had been prorogued to a distant day, soon after the arrival, revoking that prorogation, a thing very unusual. Here he was to try the common methods of securing a majority, in order to get the sanction of the Irish parliament to the measure. On his arrival, a proclamation was published by his excellency and council, offering a reward of three hundred pounds, for discovering the author of the "fourth Drapier's Letter." Harding the printer of that letter, was imprisoned, and a bill of indictment was ordered to be prepared against him. Upon this occasion Swift wrote a short paper, called "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury, &c." copies of which were distributed to every person of the grand jury the evening before the bill was to be presented *, and had such an effect, that the bill was

* "The nation was alarmed; the new coin was universally refused; but the governors of Ireland considered resistance to the king's patent as highly criminal; and one Whitshed, then

was unanimously thrown out. Upon which the same lord chief justice, who had before acted with such violence in a former prosecution of the Dean's printer, in a most arbitrary and illegal manner, discharged the jury in a rage. But this proceeding, far from serving the cause which he espoused, only rendered it the more desperate, by exasperating men's minds, already sufficiently provoked. For the next grand jury that was summoned, not content with screening the friends to their country, made a violent attack upon the enemy, by a strong presentment, drawn up by Swift, at the request of some of the jury *.

Upon this presentment, followed by several others in the different counties, the affair was looked upon as desperate, and being represented in that light to the ministry by lord Carteret, the patent was withdrawn and the halfpence suppressed.

Never was greater exultation shown upon any occasion than appeared in the whole nation, upon the defeat of this infamous project; the Drapier was hailed by the universal voice as the saviour of his country. His name resounded from shore to shore; his effigies were set up in every street; and innumerable bumpers were daily swallowed to his health.

Whoever examines the "Drapier's Letters" with

chief justice, who had tried the printer of the former pamphlet, and sent out the jury nine times, till by clamour and menaces they were frightened into a special verdict, now presented the Drapier, but could not prevail on the Grand Jury to find the bill." Dr. JOHNSON.

* See this presentment in the eighth volume of the present edition. N.

attention

attention will find, that the great talents of Swift never appeared in a more conspicuous light than on this occasion. He saw that a plan was formed by the British minister to bring his country into the utmost distress. Notwithstanding the apparent opposition given to it by the Irish parliament and privy council, he knew too well the servile disposition of all men in office at that time, and their abject dependence on the minister, to suppose they would continue firm in their opposition at the certain loss of their places, if he was determined to carry the point. He saw therefore no possible means of preventing the evil, but raising such a spirit in the whole body of the people, as would make them resolve on no account whatsoever to receive this coin. His writings in the character of a Drapier were in such plain language, as rendered them perfectly intelligible to the meanest capacities. His arguments were so naturally deduced, and in such an easy series, from simple and evident principles, as carried the fullest conviction to every mind. But as it was necessary to his purpose to rouse the feelings, as well as convince the understandings of mankind; without ever appearing to apply at all to the passions, he raises them to the highest pitch, by seemingly casual strokes here and there interspersed. So that the whole, on a transient view, appeared what it professed to be, the work of an honest shopkeeper, or plain common sense, who started out of his sphere to commence writer, upon a view of the imminent danger with which his country was threatened; and who could not now and then, in the course of his argument, suppress the honest indignation which rose in his breast, at the unparalleled insolence of power,

power, in treating a great and loyal kingdom with such indignity as would have been thought intolerable, even by the inhabitants of the isle of Man. Yet plain and simple as these writings seem to be at first view, and such as every common reader would imagine he could produce himself, upon a closer inspection they would be found to be works of the most consummate skill and art; and whoever should attempt to perform the like, would be obliged to say with Horace:

Sudet multum, frustraque laboret
Quivis speret idem *.

I remember to have heard the late Hawkins Browne say, that the "Drapier's Letters" were the most perfect pieces of oratory ever composed since the days of Demosthenes. And indeed, upon a comparison, there will appear a great similitude between the two writers. They both made use of the plainest words, and such as were in most general use, which they adorned only by a proper and beautiful arrangement of them. They both made choice of the most obvious topicks, which, by the force of genius they placed in a new light. They were equally skilful in the arrangement and closeness of their arguments; equally happy in the choice and brevity of their allusions: each so entirely master of his art, as entirely to conceal the appearance of art, so that they seized on the passions by surprise. Nor were the effects produced by orations of Demosthenes on the Athenians, though set off with all the advantage

* "Who while they strive the same success to gain,
Should find their labour, and their hopes are vain."
FRANCIS.

of a most powerful elocution, greater than what followed from the silent pen of Swift. For in a nation made up of the most discordant materials, who never before agreed in any one point, he produced such a unanimity, that English and Irish, protestant, presbyterian, and papist, spoke the same language, and had but one voice. There is one advantage indeed which Swift had over Demosthenes, in that admirable vein of wit and humour, peculiar to himself, at which the other often made unsuccessful attempts; and of which, though sparingly, we find some shining instances scattered through those letters. One of which is so excellent, that I am tempted to present the passage to the reader; where speaking in the assumed character of the Drapier, he says, "I am very sensible that such a work as I have undertaken, might have worthily employed a much better pen: but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens that the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All my assistance, were some informations from an eminent person; whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few, by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions; and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to attack this uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone. And I may say for Wood's honour, as well as my own, that he resembles Goliah in many circumstances, very applicable to the present purpose: for, *Goliah had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of* brass, *and he had greaves of* brass *upon his legs, and a target*

target of brass *between his shoulders.*—In short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over *brass, and he defied the armies of the living God.*—Goliah's conditions of combat, were likewise the same with those of Wood: if he prevail against us, *then shall we be his servants.* But if it happen that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition; he shall never be a servant of mine; for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop."

Nothing showed the generalship of Swift in a higher point of view, during this contest, than his choice of ground both for attack and defence. He well knew of what importance it was to steer clear of party; and that if he had attacked the British minister as the real author, promoter, and abettor of this project, he would immediately have been stigmatized with the name of Jacobite, and his writings of course disregarded. He therefore treated the matter all along as if there were no parties concerned but *William Wood hardwareman,* on the one side, and the whole kingdom of Ireland on the other. Or, as he himself expresses it, it was *bellum atque virum,* a kingdom on one side, and William Wood on the other. Nay he went farther, and finding that Wood in his several publications had often made use of Mr. Walpole's name, he takes upon him the defence of the latter, in several passages of his fourth letter, which he concludes thus: "But I will now demonstrate, beyond all contradiction, that Mr. Walpole is against this project of Mr. Wood, and is an entire friend to Ireland, only by this one invincible argument; that he has the universal opinion of being a wise man, an able minister,

nister, and in all his proceedings pursuing the *true interest* of the king his master: and that as his integrity is above all *corruption*, so is his *fortune* above all *temptation*." By the use of this irony, a double edged weapon, which he knew how to manage with peculiar dexterity, his argument cut both ways. To the bulk of readers it might pass for a real acquittal of Mr. Walpole of the charge brought against him, which would answer one end; and to those of more discernment, it obliquely pointed out the true object of their resentment; but this so guardedly, that it was impossible to make any serious charge against the author of his having such a design.

In the course of these writings, Swift took an opportunity of laying open his political principles, declaring the most zealous attachment to the protestant succession in the house of Hanover, and utter abhorrence of the pretender; by which means he removed the chief prejudice conceived against him, on account of the ill-founded charge of his being a Jacobite, and opened the way for that tide of popular favour which afterwards flowed in upon him from all sides *.

During

* " Swift was known from this time by the appellation of *The Dean*. He was honoured by the populace as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland; and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station. He was from this important year the oracle of the traders, and the idol of the rabble, and by consequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of the traders or the populace was necessary. The Drapier was a sign; the Drapier was a health; and

During the publication of the "Drapier's Letters," Swift took great pains to conceal himself from being known as the author. The only persons in the secret were Robert Blakely his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. As Robert was not the most accurate transcriber, the copies were always delivered by him to the doctor, in order to their being corrected, and fitted for the press; by whom they were conveyed to the printer in such a way, as to prevent a possibility of discovery. It happened that Robert Blakely, the very evening of the day on which the proclamation was issued offering a reward of 300 pounds for discovering the author of the Drapier's Fourth Letter, had staid out later than usual without his master's leave. The Dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour, and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition; when Swift would listen to none of his excuses, but abusing him outrageously, bade him strip off his livery, and quit his house that moment. "What—you villain," said he, "is it because I am in your power, you dare take these liberties? Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery."

and which way soever the eye or the ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the Drapier. The benefit was indeed great. He had rescued Ireland from a very oppressive and predatory invasion; and the popularity which he had gained he was diligent to keep, by appearing forward and zealous on every occasion where the publick interest was supposed to be involved. Nor did he much scruple to boast his influence; for when upon some attempt to regulate the coin, Archbishop Boulter, then one of the justices, accused him of exasperating the people, he exculpated himself by saying, "If I had lifted up my finger, they would have torn you to pieces." Dr. JOHNSON.

Mrs.

Mrs. Johnson, who was at the deanery, and greatly alarmed at this scene, immediately dispatched a messenger to Dr. Sheridan, to come and try to make up matters. Upon his arrival he found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation, and shedding abundance of tears; inquiring into the cause of this, he was told that his master had just discharged him. The doctor bade him be of good cheer, for he would undertake to pacify the dean, and that he should still be continued in his place. "That is not what vexes me," replied the honest creature; "to be sure I should be very sorry to lose so good a master, but what grieves me to the soul is, that my master should have so bad an opinion of me, as to suppose me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever." When this was told to the Dean, struck with the generosity of such a sentiment in one of his low sphere, he immediately pardoned him, and restored him to favour*. He also took the first opportunity in his power of rewarding this man for his fidelity. The place of verger to the cathedral soon after becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him, and asked him if he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery; to which the other replying in the affirmative, he desired him immediately to strip off his livery, and put on those clothes. The poor fellow quite astonished, begged to know what crime he had committed that he should be discharged—"Well—do as I or-

* "This story is told in a different manner by Mr. Deane Swift, with several improbable circumstances, which have not the least foundation in truth, as I had the account exactly as I have related it immediately from my father." S.—The narrative of this story by Dr. Johnson is also somewhat different from Mr. Sheridan's; but the statement here given is the most likely to be correct. N.

dered

dered you," said Swift. When he returned in his new dress, the Dean called the other servants into the room, and told them they were no longer to consider him as their fellow-servant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, which place he had bestowed on him, as a reward for his faithful services. The grateful creature poured forth a thousand blessings on him, and only begged as the greatest favour he could confer on him, that he might still be continued in the same station without fee or reward, as he was sure no one could give such satisfaction to his master in the discharge of it, as himself. As he was an excellent servant, and was accustomed to all Swift's peculiarities, the proposal could not but be very acceptable to the Dean; and Mr. Blakely accordingly continued to officiate in that capacity for some time, as a volunteer, without any of the badges of servitude. But the master was too liberal to accept of the generous proposal made by the servant; for, though he paid him no wages, he took care by handsome presents, to make him a full equivalent.

Another anecdote, relative to these halfpence, was communicated to me by Mr. Hoffsleger, a native of Germany, then a resident merchant of some eminence in Dublin; who was a spectator of the following scene which he described to me. The day after the proclamation was issued out against the Drapier, there was a full levee at the castle. The lord lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the crowd, never stopped till he got within the circle; where with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the lord lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room,

"So,

"So, my lord lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for, from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood." He then went on for a long time inveighing in the bitterest terms against the patent, and displaying in the strongest colours all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck mute with wonder at this unprecedented scene. The titled slaves, and vassals of power, felt, and shrunk into their own littleness, in the presence of this man of virtue. He stood supereminent among them, like his own Gulliver amid a circle of Lilliputians.

For some time a profound silence ensued. When lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, made this fine reply, in a line of Virgil's:

> *Res duræ, & regni novitas me talia cogunt*
> *Moliri* *.

The whole assembly was struck with the beauty of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour. Some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the lord lieutenant's answer.

When the patent was withdrawn, and of course

* ——————— "My cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me," &c. DRYDEN.

all

all apprehensions about the coin were over, Swift retired to Quilca, a house of Dr. Sheridan's, in a desolate part of the country, where he passed some months in finishing and preparing his "Gulliver's Travels" for the press. Early in the next year 1726, he set out for England after an absence from that country of near twelve years. He was received with all demonstrations of joy by his old friends, whose attachment to this incomparable man, seemed rather increased than diminished by absence. They all expressed the warmest wishes that he would quit Ireland and settle among them, and several plans were proposed to accomplish the point. Nor was Swift less desirous of returning to his own country, for he always considered it as such, being the country of his fore-fathers, though he happened, as he himself expresses it, to be dropped in Ireland; nor is it suprising that his heart yearned to pass the remainder of his days among a set of his old friends, who gave such proofs of their unalterable attachment to him, and were, at the same time, in point of talents and genius, the foremost men of the age. But, however ardent their wishes might be, there were little hopes of their being fulfilled, as both he and his friends were obnoxious to those in power. Some expectations were however formed from the favourable reception he met with at Leicester House. The princess of Wales, afterward queen Caroline, set up for a patroness of men of genius, and affected to converse much with all men distinguished for literature and talents. Upon hearing of Swift's arrival in London, she immediately sent to desire to see him. Of this he gives the following account in a letter to lady Betty Germain, 1732-3. "It is six years last spring since I first went to visit

my

my friends in England, after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance, before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess; and among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously." As Swift was no respecter of persons, and would speak his mind with the same freedom in the face of royalty, as in the most private company, the princess, struck with the novelty of such a character, and highly entertained with his peculiar vein of humour, was never weary of sending for him both in London and Richmond; and Swift, to keep up his consequence, never once attended her but by command. Mrs. Howard, first lady of the bedchamber to the princess, and her chief favourite, was the person who usually sent for him. As she was a lady of fine taste, and uncommon understanding, she soon contracted a high esteem for Swift, which was matured into a friendship, by the frequent opportunities she had of conversing with him in company with Pope and Gay, who were her great favourites. The peculiar marks of distinction shown him both by the princess and her favourite, together with the general discourse of the family at Leicester House, made his friends imagine that the first opportunity would be taken of making a suitable provision for him in England, from that quarter; and he himself, both then, and for some time after, seems to have formed some expectations of that kind, though naturally, and from his frequent disappointments in life, he was far from being of a sanguine disposition.

During his stay in England, his time was passed chiefly

chiefly between Twickenham and Dawley, with his friends, Pope and Bolingbroke, where he was visited by all the old fraternity. It was then Pope published his volumes of miscellanies, consisting of some of his own works, and Arbuthnot's, but chiefly of select pieces of Swift's. As this was the first time that any of his works were printed collectively, the sale was immense, and produced a considerable sum to Pope, who had the whole profit, as Swift was at all times above making any pecuniary advantage of his writings. During these transactions, he received several successive accounts of the desperate state of health, to which his dear friend Mrs. Johnson was reduced, and the little hopes there were of her recovery*. The distress of mind which he suffered on this occasion, together with a long fit of his old complaint, giddiness and deafness, had so totally disqualified him for society, that he stole away from his host at Twickenham, and retired into private lodgings, with an old relation for his nurse. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of a journey, he set out for Ireland, with the gloomy prospect of receiving the last breath of the person dearest to him in the world. However, before his departure, he took leave of the princess, who was very gracious to him, made

* "The pleasure of popularity was soon interrupted by domestick misery. Mrs. Johnson, whose conversation was to him the great softener of the ills of life, began in the year of the Drapier's triumph to decline; and, two years afterwards, was so wasted with sickness, that her recovery was considered as hopeless. Swift was then in England, and had been invited by lord Bolingbroke to pass the winter with him in France; but this call of calamity hastened him to Ireland, where perhaps his presence contributed to restore her to imperfect and tottering health." Dr. JOHNSON.

apologies

apologies for not having some medals ready which she had promised him, and said she would send them to him before Christmas. On his arrival in Dublin, he had the satisfaction to find Mrs. Johnson on the mending hand, and her recovery, though slow, afforded the pleasing prospect of a long continuance to a life so dear to him.

During this visit to London, it was not only at Leicester House, but at St. James's also, that he met with a favourable reception; of which he makes mention in a letter to lady Betty Germain, Jan. 8, 1732-3. "Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me, and some of my friends, to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner I took an occasion to say, what I had observed of princes and great ministers, that if they heard any ill thing of a private person who expected some favour, although they were afterward convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay*. But he gave it another turn; for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a near relation of your's, "that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself."

He afterward had an interview with sir Robert Wal-

* To make this intelligible, it will be necessary to quote a former passage in that letter; where, speaking of Gay, he says, "He had written a very ingenious book of Fables for the use of her (the princess's) younger son, and she often promised to provide for him. But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princess." S.

pole, through the intervention of lord Peterborow; of which he gives the following account, in a letter to the said earl.

* "My Lord, April 28, 1726.

"Your lordship having at my request, obtained for me an hour from sir Robert Walpole; I accordingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me, to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

"I had no other design in desiring to see sir Robert Walpole, than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, *not only without any view to myself*, but to any party whatsoever: and because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received, were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, and of his own administration.

"I failed very much in my design; for I saw he conceived opinions, from the examples and practices of the present, and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty; a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

* Lord Peterborough, in a note to Swift, a little previous to the date of this letter, says, "Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tuesday and Thursday which are his publick days, about nine in the morning, will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a farther account." S.

"Sir

" Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be the rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much, as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain."

In the remainder of the letter he enumerates the many intolerable burdens and grievances, under which that country laboured, and concludes it thus:

" I most humbly intreat your lordship to give this paper to sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, &c."

I thought it necessary to lay this matter at large before the publick, because, in consequence of this interview, all the Walpolians, and the whole party of the whigs, gave out, that Swift at that time made a tender of his pen to sir Robert, by whom the offer was rejected; and even to this day I am well informed that some of that family, and their connexions, assert it as a fact*. But I would have those gentlemen consider, in the first place, what little credit they do to sir Robert's understanding, in declining the assistance of the first writer of the age, at a time when he was throwing away immense sums upon authors of mean talents. In the next place, it is to be hoped that candour will oblige them to retract what they have said, as so convincing a proof is here produced of the falsehood of the charge. For, it is impossible to

* On this subject, Mr. Coxe, who on other occasions, in his " Memoirs of sir Robert Walpole," is sufficiently severe against the Dean, is wholly silent. N.

suppose that Swift would have made such a representation of the interview, utterly *disclaiming all views to himself,* and desiring that it might be shown to Walpole, if the other had had it in his power to contradict it, and by so doing render him contemptible in the eyes of his noble friend, as well as of all his adherents. I have a letter before me written at that time to the Rev. Mr. Stopford, then abroad at Paris, (afterward through his means bishop of Cloyne) in which he gives the same account. "I was lately twice with the chief minister; the first time by invitation, and the second, at my desire, for an hour, wherein we differed in every point: but all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland. From whence, upon the late death of the bishop of Cloyne, it was said I was offered to succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth in it; for I was neither offered, nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the chief minister, and have never seen him since. And I lately complained of him to the princess, because I knew she would tell him." I think it is hardly probable that Swift would have complained of him to the princess, if he had such a story to tell of him. His complaint certainly related to Walpole's unjust and impolitick maxims with regard to Ireland, which was the sole subject of their discourse. And it appears that he had often in his conversations with the princess, represented the cruel hardships under which that country groaned, insomuch that in a letter to lady Suffolk, July 24, 1731, he says, "Her majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was queen, to write to her on

on behalf of Ireland: for the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be concerned."

Sir Robert himself never dropped any hint of this to Swift's friends, but in appearance seemed to wish him well. In a letter from Pope to him soon after his departure for Ireland, he tells him "I had a conference with sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us: he said, he observed a willingness in you to live among us, which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming, which was merely to see a few of those that you loved; but that indeed all those who wished it, and particularly lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more."

Whoever examines all Swift's letters at that time, will find, that he was far from having any ambitious views. His wish was to have a settlement among his friends; and he aimed no higher than to change his preferments in Ireland for any church living near them, that should not be much inferiour in point of income, whether accompanied with any dignity or not. And this method of commuting benefices he chose, to avoid laying himself under any obligations to a party, of whose measures he so utterly disapproved. Of this we have a striking instance in the above-mentioned letter, to an intimate friend then abroad, to whom a false representation of his sentiments could have answered no end; where he declares that he would not accept even of a bishoprick, though offered him, except upon conditions, which he was sure would never be granted. In a letter about that time to Mr. Worrall, he expresses himself to the same effect.

effect. "As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to Maule, as I am told, and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power, hath been directly contrary since I came here."

Is it possible to conceive that in this disposition of mind, a man of Swift's character, should wantonly put it in the power of a person whom he knew to be his enemy, to destroy his reputation, and ruin him for ever with his friends? In short, the matter is brought to this issue. It is evident from what has been shown above, that Swift had but two interviews with Walpole, the one in publick, the other in private. To what passed in the former, there were several witnesses; to the latter, no one but themselves. Of what then passed between them, Swift has given a distinct account in a letter to lord Peterborow, which he desires might be shown to Walpole. If Walpole afterward represented any thing in a different light, whose testimony is to be credited? That of a man of long-tried integrity, and undoubted veracity, giving an account of a transaction, wherein he sustained a part exactly suitable to his whole character and conduct in life: or that of a wily statesman, who stuck at nothing to answer his ends, charging Swift with a fact, utterly incompatible with his well known wisdom and grandeur of mind, and which must have shown him in the light of a perfect changeling. But it does not appear that Walpole himself ever made any such charge. Nor was it necessary; his end might be better, and more securely answered without it. Hints and inuendoes were sufficient materials for his tools to work upon, and fabricate what stories they pleased, which were industriously

dustriously propagated with the strongest asseverations of their truth, by all their partisans, and this was one favourite method then in use, of undermining those characters, which they could not openly assault*. I have been the longer on this article, because it is the heaviest charge brought against Swift, and such as would at once destroy the integrity of his character: and because there never was any calumny more industriously propagated by the whole body of the whigs, or more generally believed. And this too not among the middling class of mankind, but by persons of high rank and character. Of which I have a remarkable instance now before me, in an anecdote communicated to me by Dr. Clarke, formerly my tutor in the college, among several others collected by him relative to Swift, which is as follows: "When lord Chesterfield was lord lieutenant of Ireland, I was present at his giving an account of Swift, which from a less creditable author, would be utterly disbelieved. He said, that to his knowledge Swift made an offer of his pen to sir Robert Walpole:

* Of this there was a strong instance given in regard to William Shippen; the honestest man and truest patriot that then sate in the house. When Walpole found, after repeated trials, that his virtue was proof against all the offers he could make, it was given out by his emissaries, that he privately received a pension from him; and that he was permitted to act the part of a patriot, in order to keep his influence with his party, on certain occasions, that he might be of more effectual service in matters of greater concern. And this report was so industriously spread, and with such confidence, that many gave credit to it during his life. Nor were they undeceived till it was found that, after his death, this worthy man, who had lived with the utmost frugality, left no more behind him than his paternal estate, which was barely sufficient to entitle him to a seat in parliament, and fifty pounds in cash, peculiarly appropriated to the charges of his funeral. S.

that

that the terms were, his getting a preferment in England equal to what he had in Ireland; and that sir Robert rejected the offer; which lord Chesterfield said he would not have done, had he been in sir Robert's place. The whole of this transaction seems extremely improbable, particularly what he added, that the person who introduced him *was the famous Chartres.*" Good Heaven's! Swift brought by the notorious Chartres to prostitute himself to Walpole, and this asserted as a fact by lord Chesterfield! But his lordship kept very bad company in those days: I have not the least doubt but this story was told him by Chartres, and he considered his brother gambler as a man of honour.

Swift had set out for Ireland in the month of August, and early in the November following appeared "Gulliver's Travels." As he had kept a profound silence with regard to this work, nor ever once mentioned it to any of his nearest friends during his stay in England, they were at first in some doubt whether it was his or not: and yet they concluded, as was done on a similar occasion, that it must be *aut Erasmi aut Diaboli.* They all wrote to him about it, considering it as his, and yet at the same time kept a reserve, as having some reasons to be dubious about it.

Gay, in a letter, Nov. 17, 1726, writes to him thus: "about ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one *Gulliver*, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author, but I am told the

the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet council to the nursery. You may see by this you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it have not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you."

In like manner Pope says, "Motté received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so for my part I suspend my judgment."

This proceeding of Swift's might at first view be considered as one of his whims, but that it was his constant practice in all his former works of consequence, which he sent secretly into the world to make their own way as well as they could, according to their intrinsick merit, without any advantage which they might derive from the author's reputation. Nor was he ever known to put his name to any of his publications, except his letter to lord Oxford about the English language. It is probable he took great pleasure in hearing the various opinions of the world upon his writings, freely delivered before him while he remained unknown; and the doubts of Pope and Gay, occasioned by his profound secrecy on that head, must have given him no small entertainment. However

ever this extraordinary work, bearing the stamp of such an original and uncommon genius, revived his fame in England, after so long an absence, and added new lustre to his reputation.

In his return to Dublin, upon notice that the ship in which he sailed was in the bay, several heads of the different corporations, and principal citizens of Dublin, went out to meet him in a great number of wherries engaged for that purpose, in order to welcome him back. He had the pleasure to find his friend Dr. Sheridan, in company with a number of his intimates, at the side of his ship, ready to receive him into their boat, with the agreeable tidings, that Mrs. Johnson was past all danger. The boats adorned with streamers, and colours, in which were many emblematical devices, made a fine appearance; and thus was the Drapier brought to his landing-place in a kind of triumph, where he was received and welcomed on shore by a multitude of his grateful countrymen, by whom he was conducted to his house amid repeated acclamations, of *Long live the Drapier.* The bells were all set a ringing, and bonfires kindled in every street. As there never was an instance of such honours being paid to any mortal in that country, of whatever rank or station, Swift must have been a stoick indeed, not to have been highly gratified with these unexpected, unsolicited marks of favour, from his grateful fellow-citizens.

But whatever satisfaction he might have in his newly acquired popularity, and the consequential power it gave him of being of some use to his country; yet the long disgust he had entertained at the management of all publick affairs; the deplorable state of slavery to which the kingdom was reduced; the wretched

wretched poverty, and numberless miseries, painted by him so often in strong colours, entailed by this means on the bulk of the natives, and their posterity; had long made him resolve, when opportunity should offer, to change the scene, and breathe a freer air in a land of liberty. His last short visit to his friends served to whet his resolution, and revived the desire which he had of returning to a country, where, as he expresses himself in a letter to Gay, he had passed the best and greatest part of his life, where he had made his friendships, and where he had left his desires. He was at a time of life too, being then in his sixtieth year, which called for retirement, and afflicted with disorders which impaired the vigour of his mind, and gave him frightful apprehensions that the loss of his mental faculties would precede the dissolution of his frame. He had no ambition left, of which we find, even in his prime, he had very little, except that of the noblest kind, arising from a desire of serving the publick, and his friends, without any mixture of self. As his view was to make any exchange of his preferments in Ireland, for something like an equivalent in England, though not fully equal to them in point either of dignity or income, he thought the matter might be easily accomplished with but little interest; and this he had reason to hope would not be wanting, from the many hints he had received, that the princess was very desirous of bringing it to bear. With this view he kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Howard, in which several civilities, in his singular way, passed to the princess. He sent to the former a piece of Irish silk, of a fabrick peculiar to that country, which the princess, as soon as she saw it, seized on for her own use, and desired that

that more of the same kind might be sent over for the princesses: this commission went to him from Mrs. Howard, telling him at the same time, that she would remit the cost, in what way he should judge safest: but Swift, as he expresses himself in a letter to lady Betty Germain, was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. He had received several accounts from his friends, that the princess often spoke of him with great regard. Among others, Dr. Arbuthnot says, "I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her royal highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking the truth, when others were afraid of speaking it."

As he had nothing to detain him in Dublin, Mrs. Johnson being to all appearance in a tolerable state of health, he set out for London early in March. But first gave notice to Mrs. Howard of his intended journey. From the following paragraph in this letter, we may judge on what free terms he lived with the princess, and may form some idea of the familiar manner of his conversing with her. "I desire you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there." Accordingly, on his arrival in London, he never saw the princess till she removed to Richmond; of which he gives this account in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, May 13: "I have at last seen the princess twice this week by her own command: she retains her old civility, and I, my old freedom." But Walpole and his party kept no farther

measures

measures with him, of which he makes the following mention in the same letter. "I am in high displeasure with Walpole, and his partisans. A great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there has not been one of them to see me." Perhaps the consciousness of the base means they used to wound his character, might have occasioned this change in their behaviour. For had the charge laid against him been founded, it would have been a most unaccountable cause of quarrel to Swift on the side of Walpole's partisans, that he had offered his service to that party, though its being rejected, might be a just foundation of resentment on his side.

Swift had for some time formed a design of passing some months in France for the recovery of his health, and was just upon the point of carrying it into execution, when the unexpected news of the king's death made him postpone it. As a total change of measures was expected to follow from this event, more flattering prospects were opened to him, than any he could have in view during the late reign. As the tories, upon the breach between the late king and prince, were well received at Leicester House, it was supposed they would no longer be proscribed as formerly.

Swift, in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, June 24, 1727, gives the following view of the state of affairs at that time. "The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used worse or better, for being called whig and tory; and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several, who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's

and

and queen's hands*. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend, it is not our faults; we have made our offers; if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous if he forgives the treatment of some people†."

In

* Swift says, in a letter to lady Betty Germain, that on this occasion he was particularly distinguished by the queen. S.

† It was generally supposed, on the accession of the late king, that sir Robert Walpole would have been turned out of his employment with disgrace, as it was well known that both the prince and princess had retained strong resentments against him, on account of some parts of his behaviour toward them, during the rupture between the two courts. Accordingly on the death of the old king, some immediate proofs were given that such was the intention. Sir Robert was himself the bearer of the tidings, and arriving in the night when the prince was a-bed, sent to desire an audience, upon business of the utmost consequence, which would admit of no delay. The prince refused to see him, and ordered him to send in his business. Upon which he gave an account of the death of the late king, and said he waited there to receive his majesty's commands. The king still persisted in refusing to see him, and bade him send sir Spencer Compton to him immediately. Sir Robert now plainly saw his downfall had been predetermined, and hastened to sir Spencer with humblest tenders of his service, begging his protection, and earnestly intreating that he would skreen him from farther persecution. When this story had got abroad, the habitation of the last minister became desolate, and the whole tribe of courtiers, as usual, crowded to the levee of the new favourite. Yet, in no long space of time afterward, to the astonishment of the whole world, sir Robert was reinstated in his posts, and appeared in as high favour as ever. Various were the conjectures of the people upon the means employed by him to supplant his competitor, and reinstate himself in full possession of his power; while the true cause of this surprising change remained a secret, and was known only to a very few: nor has it yet been publickly divulged to the world.

Soon

In the midst of this bustle, after viewing the state of things, Swift seems to have had by no means

Soon after the accession of George the First, it is well known, the whigs divided among themselves, and split into two parties in violent opposition to each other. Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan, were the leaders of one side; Townshend, Walpole, Devonshire, and the chancellor, of the other. It happened at that time that the former were victorious; and the discarded party, in resentment, paid their court at Leicester House. Walpole had thought of a particular measure to distress their opponents, which he communicated to the heads of his party; it was approved of, and some of them thought that the prince should be let into it; but Walpole would by no means agree to this, and in his usual coarse way, said, "That the prince would communicate it to his wife, and that fat a—d bitch would divulge the secret." By some means or other the princess was informed of this; and it is to be supposed that the impression which so gross an affront had made on the mind of a woman, and a woman of her rank too, was not easily to be erased—*Manet altâ mente repostum*, &c. After the necessary business upon the new accession had been finished, the affair of the queen's settlement, in case she should outlive the king, came on the carpet. Her majesty expected that it should be at the rate of 100,000l. a year; but sir Spencer Compton would not agree to this, and thought 60,000l. an ample provision, and as much as could be proposed with any prospect of success. While this dispute subsisted, sir Robert Walpole found means to acquaint the queen privately by one of his confidents, that if he were minister, he would undertake to secure to her the settlement she demanded. Upon which the queen sent him back this remarkable answer: "Go tell sir Robert that the fat a—d bitch has forgiven him."—He was accordingly, soon after, by the well known ascendancy which the queen had over the king, declared first minister; and sir Spencer Compton removed to the upper house, with the title of earl of Wilmington. This anecdote was communicated to me by the late Dr. Campbell, who was well known to have pried more into the secret springs of action, and to have had better opportunities of being informed of them, than most men of his time. S.

the same sanguine expectations that others of his party entertained; for he says in in a letter to Dr. Sheridan, July 1, 1727. "Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I like none of them." And having some return of his disorder, he once more resolved for France. But, as he says himself, he was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom he could not disobey. These were lord Bolingbroke, and Mrs. Howard. The former writes thus to him, in a letter June 24, 1727: "There would not be common sense in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity of quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you." Of what passed between him and Mrs. Howard, he gives the following account in a letter to lady Betty Germain: "In a few weeks after the king's death, I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a trip to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs. Howard, because as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice, which she did, both in a letter, and to some friends.

friends. It was, 'By all means not to go; it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected; and my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of the court toward me'."

Upon this Swift gave up his intended journey, and resolved to wait the issue of the present conjuncture; though from his long acquaintance with courts, and frequent disappointments, he put no great confidence in the assurances given him. But he was soon obliged to alter his measures; for being attacked with a long and violent fit of his old complaint, and at the same time receiving alarming accounts from Ireland, that Mrs. Johnson had relapsed, with little hopes of her recovery, he set out for that kingdom, on the first abatement of his illness. Before his departure he took leave of the queen in a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, apologizing for not doing it in person in the following passage: "I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me so far as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours," &c.

On his arrival in Dublin he found Mrs. Johnson in the last stage of a decay, without the smallest hope of her recovery. He had the misery of attending her in this state, and of daily seeing the gradual advances of death during four or five months; and in the month of January he was deprived, as he himself expresses it, of the truest,

most virtuous, and valuable friend, that he, or perhaps any other person was ever blessed with. Such a loss at his time of life was irreparable. She had been trained by him from her childhood, and had been his constant companion for five and thirty years, with every merit toward him that it was possible for one human creature to have toward another. His whole plan of life was now changed, and with it all his domestick comforts vanished. The only chance he could have had of enjoying the remainder of his days with any satisfaction, would have been the carrying into execution his proposed removal to England, to live among his old friends; but he soon found that all expectations from that quarter were at an end. In this forlorn state he found himself doomed to pass the remnant of his life in exile, in a country which was one of the last he would have chosen for his abode. But his spirit was too great to give way to despondence; and deprived as he was of the chief comforts which might alleviate the evils attendant on increasing years; disappointed in the only view which could make him look forward with hopes of any satisfaction or enjoyment to himself; he turned his thoughts wholly to the good and happiness of others. With this view he entered more earnestly into a twofold scene of action; one with regard to the publick at large; the other, with respect to private individuals. In the former, out of compassion to the blindness and infatuation of the people, he laid open, in a variety of publications, the chief sources of the distresses and miseries under which that unhappy country laboured; at the same time pointing out the means by which they might be alleviated, or removed.

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In the latter, he increased his attention to some of the best planned, and best conducted charities, that ever were supported from a private purse. In this respect, there probably was no man in the British dominions, who either gave so much in proportion to his fortune, or disposed of it to such advantage. From the time he was out of debt, after his settlement at the deanery, he divided his income into three equal shares. One of these he appropriated to his own immediate support, and his domestick expenses; which, in those cheap times, with the aid of strict economy, enabled him to live in a manner perfectly agreeable to his own ideas, and not unsuitable to his rank. The second he laid up as a provision against the accidents of life, and ultimately with a view to a charitable foundation at his death. And the third, he constantly disposed of in charities to the poor, and liberalities to the distressed. As he sought out proper objects for this, with great caution and attention, trusting little to the representation of others, but seeing every thing with his own eyes, perhaps no equal sum disposed of in that way was ever productive of so much good. There was one species of charity first struck out by him, which was attended with the greatest benefit to numbers of the lowest class of tradesmen. Soon after he was out of debt, the first five hundred pounds which he could call his own, he lent out to poor industrious tradesmen in small sums of five, and ten pounds, to be repaid weekly, at two or four shillings, without interest. As the sums thus weekly paid in, were lent out again to others at a particular day in each month, this quick circulation doubled the benefit arising from the original sum. In order to

ensure this fund from diminution, he laid it down as a rule that none should be partakers of it, who could not give good security for the regular repayment of it in the manner proposed: for it was a maxim with him, that any one known by his neighbours to be an honest, sober, and industrious man, would readily find such security; while the idle and dissolute would by this means be excluded. Nor did they who entered into such securities run any great risk; for if the borrower was not punctual in his weekly payments, immediate notice of it was sent to them, who obliged him to be more punctual for the future. Thus did this fund continue undiminished to the last; and small as the spring was, yet, by continual flowing, it watered and enriched the humble vale through which it ran, still extending and widening its course. I have been well assured from different quarters, that many families in Dublin, now living in great credit, owed the foundation of their fortunes to the sums first borrowed from this fund.

His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great, that he was consulted by the several corporations in all matters relative to trade, and chosen umpire of any differences among them, nor was there ever any appeal from his sentence. In a city where the police was perhaps on a worse footing than that of any in Europe, he in a great measure supplied the deficiency, by his own personal authority, taking notice of all publick nuisances, and seeing them removed. He assumed the office of censor-general, which he rendered as formidable as that of ancient Rome. In short, what by the acknowledged superiority of his talents, his inflexible integrity,

integrity, and his unwearied endeavours in serving the publick, he obtained such an ascendancy over his countrymen, as perhaps no private citizen ever attained in any age or country. He was known over the whole kingdom by the title of THE DEAN, given to him by way of pre-eminence, as it were by common consent; and when THE DEAN was mentioned, it always carried with it the idea of the first and greatest man in the kingdom. THE DEAN said this; THE DEAN did that; whatever he said or did was received as infallibly right; with the same degree of implicit credit given to it, as was paid to the Stagyrite of old, or to the modern popes. We may judge of the greatness of his influence, from a passage in a letter of lord Carteret to him, March 24, 1732, who was at that time chief governor of Ireland, "I know by experience how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection; and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's." And in the postscript to another of March 24, 1736, he says, "When people ask me how I governed Ireland? I say, that I pleased Dr. Swift."

But great as his popularity was, it was chiefly confined to the middling, and lower class of mankind. To the former of these his chief applications were made, upon a maxim of his own, "That the little virtue left in the world, is chiefly to be found among the middle rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition, nor driven by poverty."

All of this class he had secured almost to a man. And by the lower ranks and rabble in general, he

was

was reverenced almost to adoration. They were possessed with an enthusiastick love to his person, to protect which they would readily hazard their lives; yet on his appearance among them, they felt something like a religious awe, as if in the presence of one of a superiour order of beings. At the very sight of him, when engaged in any riotous proceedings, they would instantly fly different ways, like school-boys at the approach of their master; and he has been often known, with a word, and lifting up his arm, to disperse mobs, that would have stood the brunt of the civil and military power united.

As to the upper class of mankind, he looked upon them as incorrigible, and therefore had scarce any intercourse with them. He says himself, that he had little personal acquaintance with any lord spiritual or temporal in the kingdom; and he considered the members of the house of commons in general, as a set of venal prostitutes, who sacrificed their principles, and betrayed the interests of their country, to gratify their ambition or avarice. With these he lived in a continued state of warfare, making them feel severely the sharp stings of his satire; while they, on the other hand, dreading, and therefore hating him more than any man in the world, endeavoured to retaliate on him by every species of obloquy.

During this period, his faculties do not seem to have been at all impaired by the near approaches of old age, and his poetical fountain, though not so exuberant as formerly, still flowed in as clear and pure a stream. One of his last pieces, "Verses on his own Death," is perhaps one of the most excellent of his compositions in that way. Nor are two of his other productions, written about the same

time, intitled, "An Epistle to a Lady;" and "A Rhapsody on Poetry," inferiour to any of his former pieces. The two last were written chiefly with a view to gratify his resentment to the court, on account of some unworthy treatment he met with from that quarter. We have already seen, by what extraordinary advances on her part, he was allured to pay his attendance on the princess, during his two last visits to England; and the seemingly well founded expectations of his friends, that some marks of royal favour would be shown him, both from the uncommonly good reception he had always met with, and the many assurances given to that effect. But from the time that the princess mounted the throne, all this was forgot. Nor was this productive of any disappointment to Swift, who had been too conversant with courts, not to look upon the most favourable appearances there, with distrust. Accordingly on his last return to Ireland, finding himself so utterly neglected by the queen, as not even to receive some medals which she had promised him, he gave up all hopes of that kind, and remained in a state of perfect indifference with regard to it. But, when he found that his enemies had been busy, instilling into the royal ear many prejudices against him, he entered upon his defence with his usual spirit. Among other artifices employed to lessen him in her majesty's esteem, there were three forged letters delivered to the queen signed with his name, written upon a very absurd subject, and in a very unbecoming style, which she either did, or affected to believe to be genuine. Swift had notice of this from his friend Pope, who procured one of the original letters from the countess

of

of Suffolk, formerly Mrs. Howard, and sent it to him. In his indignant answer to Pope on this occasion, he has the following passages. "As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name; I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman, as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen draper's wife declining in the world, because she has a knack of versifying; was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand, and why I should disguise my hand, and yet sign my name, is unaccountable. If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb," &c.

In his letter to Mrs. Howard, then countess of Suffolk, he says, "I find from several instances that I am under the queen's displeasure; and as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told, there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems.

poems. It seems, the queen thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense: especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. I am sensible I owe a great deal of this usage to sir Robert Walpole," &c.

In this, as well as many other passages of his letters at that time, we see he attributes the ill offices done him with the queen, chiefly to Walpole; and accordingly he was determined to keep no farther measures with him, but gave full scope to his resentment, in those poems, as well as several other pieces published afterward. Upon the first appearance of the two poems, entitled "An Epistle to a Lady," and "A Rhapsody on Poetry," Walpole was exasperated to the highest degree. The editor, printer, and publishers, were all taken up, and prosecutions commenced against them. As he had full proof that Swift was the author, in his first transport of passion, he determined to get him into his clutches, and wreak his chief vengeance on him*. With this view he had ordered a warrant to

* These poems were sent to Mrs. Barber, then in London, by one Pilkington, in order that she might make what advantage she could by the sale of them, being a woman of merit, rather in distressed circumstances. This Pilkington, at the same time carried letters of recommendation from Swift to alderman Barber, lord mayor elect, by whom, in consequence of

to be made out by the secretary of state, for apprehending Swift, and bringing him over to be tried in London. The messenger was in waiting ready to be dispatched on this errand, when luckily a friend of Walpole's, who was better acquainted with the state of Ireland, and the high veneration in which the Dean was held there, accidentally entered, and upon inquiry, being informed of his purpose, coolly asked him what army was to accompany the messenger, and whether he had at that time ten thousand men to spare, for he could assure him no less a number would be able to bring the Drapier out of the kingdom by force. Upon this Walpole recovered his senses, and luckily for the messenger, as well as himself, dropped the design. For had the poor fellow arrived in Dublin, and attempted to execute his commission, he would most assuredly have been immediately hanged by the mob: and this might have involved the two countries in a contest, which it was by no means the interest of a minister to engage in.

But, whatever gratification it might have been to his ambitious spirit, to see himself raised by the voluntary suffrages of his countrymen, to a rank beyond the power of monarchs to bestow; to find himself considered by all as the first man in the realm;

of such recommendation, he was appointed city chaplain. Yet this man had the baseness to turn informer against his patron and benefactor, as the author, and Mrs. Barber, as the editor: who thereupon was confined for some time in the house of a king's messenger. But, as, upon examination, the gentlemen of the long robe could discover nothing in the poems that could come under the denomination of a libel, or incur any legal punishment, she and the publishers were released, and the prosecution dropped. S.

the

the general object of veneration to all who wished well to their country, and of dread to those who betrayed its interests; yet he was far from being at all satisfied with his situation. The load of oppression under which Ireland groaned, from the tyrannick system of government over that country, established by the false politicks of England; the base corruption of some of the principal natives, who sacrificed the publick interests to their private views; the supineness of others arising from despondency; the general infatuation of the richer sort, in adopting certain modes and customs to the last degree ruinous to their country; together with the miseries of the poor, and the universal face of penury and distress that overspread a kingdom, on which nature had scattered her bounties with a lavish hand, and which properly used, might have rendered it one of the happiest regions in the world: all these acted as perpetual corrosives to the free and generous spirit of Swift, and kept him from possessing his soul in peace. We have many instances in his letters, written at that time, of the violent irritation of his mind on these accounts. In one of them he says, "I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live." And in the same letter to lord Bolingbroke, he says, "But you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." In one to Pope, speaking of his letters, he says, "None of them have any thing

thing to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men, by your religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruptions in both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my weakness." And in one to Dr. Sheridan, when he seemed under the dominion of a more than ordinary fit of his spleen, he tells him that he had just finished his will, in which he had requested that the doctor would attend his body to Holyhead, to see it interred there, for, says he, "I will not lie in a country of slaves."

This habit of mind grew upon him immediately after the loss of the amiable Stella, whose lenient hand used to pour the balm of friendship on his wounded spirit. With her vanished all his domestick enjoyment, and of course he turned his thoughts more to publick affairs; in the contemplation of which, he could see nothing but what served to increase the malady. The advances of old age, with all its attendant infirmities; the death of almost all his old friends; the frequent returns of his most dispiriting maladies, deafness and giddiness; and above all, the dreadful apprehensions that he should outlive his understanding *, made life such a burden to him, that he had no hope left but in a speedy dissolution, which was the object of his daily prayer to the Almighty.

* Dr. Young has recorded an instance of this, where he relates that, walking out with Swift and some others about a mile from Dublin, he suddenly missed the Dean, who had staid behind the rest of the company. He turned back, in order to know the occasion of it; and found Swift at some distance, gazing intently at the top of a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted. Upon Young's approach he pointed to it, saying, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die first at the top." S.

About

About the year 1736, his memory was greatly impaired, and his other faculties of imagination and intellect decayed, in proportion as the stores from which they were supplied diminished. When the understanding was shaken from its seat, and reason had given up the reins, the irascible passions which at all times he had found difficult to be kept within due bounds, now raged without controul, and made him a torment to himself, and to all who were about him. An unusually long fit of deafness, attended with giddiness, which lasted almost a year, had disqualified him wholly for conversation, and made him lose all relish for society. Conscious of his situation, he was little desirous of seeing any of his old friends and companions, and they were as little solicitous to visit him in that deplorable state. He could now no longer amuse himself with writing; and a resolution he had formed of never wearing spectacles, to which he obstinately adhered, prevented him from reading. Without employment, without amusements of any kind, thus did his time pass heavily along; not one white day in the calendar, not one hour of comfort, nor did even a ray of hope pierce through the gloom. The state of his mind is strongly pictured in a letter to Mrs. Whiteway.

"I have been very miserable all night, and to day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write.

write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

I am, for those few days,

Your's entirely,

J. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,

July 26, 1740."

Not long after the date of this letter, his understanding failed to such a degree, that it was found necessary to have guardians legally appointed to take care of his person and estate. This was followed by a fit of lunacy, which continued some months, and then he sunk into a state of idiocy, which lasted to his death. He died October 19, 1745.

The behaviour of the citizens on this occasion, gave the strongest proof of the deep impression he had made on their minds. Though he had been, for so many years, to all intents and purposes dead to the world, and his departure from that state seemed a thing rather to be wished than deplored, yet no sooner was his death announced, than the citizens gathered from all quarters, and forced their way in crowds into the house, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor. Nothing but lamentations were heard all around the quarter where he lived, as if he had been cut off in the vigour of his years. Happy were they who first got into the chamber where he lay, to procure, by bribes to the servants, locks of his hair to be handed down as sacred relicks to their posterity*. And so eager were numbers to obtain at any price this precious

cious memorial, that in less than an hour, his venerable head was entirely stripped of all its silver ornaments, so that not a hair remained.

He was buried in the most private manner, according to directions in his will, in the great aile of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin epitaph, written by himself:

" HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ CATHEDRALIS
DECANI:
UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO
ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.
ABI, VIATOR,
ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.
OBIIT ANNO (1745);
MENSIS (OCTOBRIS) DIE (19);
ÆTATIS ANNO (78)."

* Yea beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

SHAKSPEARE.

SECTION

SECTION VI.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF SWIFT.

HAVING now conducted Swift from his cradle to his grave, and presented to view, in a regular series, the most remarkable scenes of his publick life; I have purposely reserved to this place the greater part of such private memoirs, as were not meant to meet the publick eye, in order that I might arrange them also in an uninterrupted train. Nothing has more excited the curiosity of mankind at all times, than that desire which prevails of prying into the secret actions of great and illustrious characters; arising in some, from a too general spirit of envy, which hopes to find something in their private conduct that may sully the lustre of their publick fame, and so bring them down more to a level with themselves: and in others, of a more candid disposition, that they might form right judgments of their real characters; as too many, like actors in a theatre, only assume one when they appear on the stage of the world, which they put off, together with their robes and plumes, when retired to the dressing room. But as the readers of the former sort, are infinitely more numerous, in order to gratify their taste, as well, perhaps, as their own congenial disposition, the writers of such memoirs are too apt to lean to the malevolent side, and deal rather in the more saleable commodity of obloquy and scandal, high-seasoned to the taste of vitiated palates, than in the milder and more insipid food of truth and panegyrick. Many have been the misrepresentations made of Swift, from this uncharitable spirit; and

and though most of them have been proved to be such by his defenders, yet there are several still left in a state of doubt and uncertainty, through the want of proper information. Among these there is no article about which the world is still left so much in the dark, as his amours. A subject, which, in one of his singular character, is more like to excite curiosity than any other. We know there were two ladies, represented by him as the most accomplished of their sex, adorned with all the charms and graces, both of person and mind, that might penetrate the most obdurate breast, whose hearts were wholly devoted to him. We know too that he had a just sense of their value, that he lived on terms of the closest friendship with both, but it does not appear that he ever made a suitable return of love to either.

As his conduct toward these two celebrated ladies, Stella and Vanessa, seems to be wrapped up in the darkest shades of any part of his history, and has given rise to various conjectures, which yet have produced no satisfactory solution of the doubts which it has occasioned; I shall endeavour, by collecting some scattered rays from different parts of his Works, and adding other lights which have come to my knowledge, to disperse the mysterious gloom with which this subject seems to have been enveloped, and put the whole in a clear point of view. In order to this, it will be necessary, in the first place, to form a judgment how Swift stood affected toward the female sex, either from constitution, or reflection. With regard to the former, he seems to have been of a very cold habit, and little spurred on by any impulse of desire; and as to the latter, he appears in the early part of his life to have had little inclination to enter into the

married state, and afterward to have had a fixed dislike to it.

His sentiments on this head are fully displayed in a letter to a kinsman of his, the Rev. John Kendall, vicar of Thornton in Leicestershire, dated Feb. 11, 1691-2*, written in the 24th year of his age.

This letter was an answer to one from Mr. Kendall, in which he informs him of the reports spread at Leicester that he had paid serious addresses there to an unworthy object, and which Swift therefore thought required this explicit answer†. Here we see that he had no other idea of gallantry with the sex, than what served for mere amusement; that he had rather a dread of matrimony, and that he had never engaged in illicit amours, from which he claims no merit, but imputes it to his being *naturally* of a *temperate constitution.* This ingenuous letter, written at the most vigorous time of life, will serve as a clue to his conduct toward women ever after.

The only instance that appears of his having any serious thoughts of matrimony, was with regard to a miss Waryng, a lady of the North of Ireland, possessed of a moderate fortune. The circumstances

* Dr. Swift was at this time with sir William Temple, at Sheen. S.

† Swift makes the following mention of this affair in a letter to Mr. Worrall, written on a particular occasion in 1728-9. "When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family, where there was a daughter, with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to London, she married an innkeeper in Loughborough, in that county. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, Anne by name," &c. What follows is immaterial to the present subject. S.

of

of that affair are laid open in a letter to that lady, written by Swift May 4, 1700, when he was in his 33d year.

From the contents of this letter, it is apparent, that whatever inclination he might formerly have had to a union with this lady, it was now much changed; and his view in writing it, seems evidently to have been to put an end to the connexion, but in such a way, as that the refusal might come from the lady. For it was impossible to suppose that a woman of any spirit (and from some hints in the letter she seemed to have rather more than came to her share) should not highly resent such an unlover-like epistle, written in so dictatorial a style. And it is highly probable that the little stomach which he at all times had to matrimony, was a stronger motive to breaking off the match, than any of the newly discovered faults laid to her charge. His attachment to this lady was in consequence of a juvenile passion commenced when he was in the college. She was sister to his chamber-fellow Mr. Waryng, and a familiar intercourse naturally followed. It is certain a correspondence had been carried on between them for some time in the style of courtship; but a few years absence cooled the ardour of his flame, which together with some circumstances alluded to in the above letter, made him wish to put an end to the connexion.

I have in my possession a letter of his, which was never yet printed, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Winder, dated from Moor-park, Jan. 13, 1698-9. Wherein some slight mention is made of this affair, and which manifestly shows his indifference at that time, in the following passage: " I remember these letters to

Eliza; they were writ in my youth. Pray burn them. You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover; but I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me*."

After these we have no memorial remaining of his being attached to any of the fair sex, except Mrs. Johnson and miss Vanhomrigh, known to the world by the celebrated names of Stella, and Vanessa. We have already seen how his acquaintance with Stella commenced at an early period of her life, and the share that he had in training her up to that degree of perfection which she afterward reached. It is no wonder that his admiration of his lovely pupil should increase with her growing perfections, and that it should produce the strongest attachment to one of the finest pieces of nature's workmanship, finished and polished to the height by his own hand. But though his affection for her daily increased, during a long habitude of intercourse with one of the most charming companions in the world, perfectly suited in all points to his taste and humour, yet had it no mixture in it of the passion of love, but was rather the tenderness of a parent to a favourite child:

> " His conduct might have made him styl'd,
> A father, and the nymph his child.
> That innocent delight he took
> To see the virgin mind her book,
> Was but the master's secret joy
> In school to hear the finest boy."

For the truth of this he appeals to Stella herself in one of his poems addressed to her:

> " Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
> When first for thee my harp I strung;

* See the Letter alluded to by Mr. Sheridan, in the tenth volume of this collection, p. 22. N.

Without

Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted love a guest."

Nor was there any thing uncommon in this. We find that even among young people bred up together from childhood, the passion of love seldom appears; and much less likely is it to take place where there is such a disparity of years. It has been already shown what punctilious caution he took to prevent any appearance of that sort, by never conversing with her but in the presence of a third person, which was usually her companion Mrs. Dingley. But not long after her settlement in Ireland, he gave the most unequivocal proof of what his sentiments were with regard to her on that point. It was impossible that so charming an object should long remain without inspiring some of her beholders with love. Accordingly an intimate friend of Swift's, of the name of Tisdall, not undistinguished for learning and wit, was so captivated with the beauties both of her person and mind, that he paid his addresses to her, and made proposals of marriage. The account of this transaction, and the part that Swift bore in it, is set forth at large in the following letter written by him to Tisdall on that subject;

" London, April 20, 1704.

" YESTERDAY coming from the country I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjust: you say it was unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable. The two first, I suppose,

I suppose, may pass but for one, saying (as capt. *Fluellin* says the phrase is) a little *variation*. I shall therefore answer those two as I can; and for the last, I return it to you again by these presents, assuring you, that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger, than in mine's whole body. And one strain I observe in it, which is frequent enough; you talk in a mystical sort of a way, as if you would have me believe I had some great design, and that you had found it out: your phrases are, that my letter had the effect you judge I designed; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cause of it; and wish it may be in your power to love and value me while you live, *&c.* In answer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk starchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours. In answer to all which, I will upon my conscience and honour tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but her's; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely, that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you; but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present; and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you indeed,

indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother, without the daughter's giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve. But the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune, in losing so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself, whether I was your friend or not in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequence that might ensue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay I went so far both to her mother, herself, and, I think, to you, as to say it could not be decently broken; since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add, that though it hath come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank, and of that sex, more than is usual to men of my level, and of our function; yet I have no where met with a humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in England; for as to the ladies of Ireland, I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think

think you know it already; and, if you resume your designs, and would have farther intelligence, I shall send you a particular account.

"I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and settlement, the reverse of which hath been the great uneasiness of my life, and is likely to continue so. And what is the result? *En queis consevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wishes of a decayed ministry, whose lives and mine will probably wear out before they can serve either my little hopes, or their own ambition. Therefore I am resolved suddenly to retire, like a discontented courtier, and vent myself in study and speculation, till my own humour, or the scene here, shall change."

I have here inserted the whole of this letter, both as it contains a candid display of Swift's sentiments on this occasion, and is a strong confutation of the account given of it by his relation Deane Swift, in his Essay, *&c.* part of which I shall here transcribe, where speaking of Mr. Tisdall he says—"This gentleman declared his passion, and made her proposals of marriage. Now whether it was artifice in Mrs. Johnson to rouse affections in the adamantine heart of her admired object; or whether it was a reach of policy in Dr. Swift, to acquaint Mrs. Johnson by such indirect means that he had no intention of engaging himself in a married life; or whether in truth there was any kind of artifice used on either side, I protest I am wholly a stranger, *&c.*—Mrs. Johnson discovered no repugnancy to the match, but still she would be advised by Doctor Swift. The doctor, perhaps, loth to be separated from so delightful a companion,

panion, threw an obstacle in the way that was not to be surmounted. The gentleman had a benefice in the church of a considerable value, about a hundred miles from Dublin, which required his attendance. Dr. Swift, in order to bring matters to a final issue, made him an overture that he should settle upon his wife a hundred pounds a year for pinmoney. The lover indeed, although extremely captivated with the charms of his mistress, was by no means delighted with this proposal; he desired however that he might have a night's time to consider of it; and the next morning, contrary to expectation, he agreed to the terms. Swift, never at a loss for some uncommon flight of imagination, insisted farther that he should live in Dublin, and keep a coach for his wife. The gentleman had more honour than to promise what he could not perform; the match was accordingly broken off: in a short time after, the doctor's friend married a woman of family, and there was an end of the affair."

In what a mean selfish light does this fabricated account place Swift! how different from the genuine one delivered by himself! and that too drawn up by a kinsman, who writ professedly to vindicate his character. But the match was not broken off by any artifice of Swift's, to which he was at all times superiour. The refusal came from Mrs. Johnson herself, who, though she might at first have shown no repugnance to it, probably with a view to sound Swift's sentiments, and bring him to some explanation with regard to her; yet when it came to the point, she could not give up the hope long nourished in her bosom, of being one day united to the object of her virgin heart, and whom she considered as the first of mankind.

mankind*. From that time we do not find that she ever encouraged any other addresses, and her life seemed wholly devoted to him. She passed her days from the year 1703 to 1710, in the most perfect retirement†, without any other enjoyment in life but what she found in the pleasure of his society, or in reading. Their mode of living was this: when the doctor was absent on his visits to England, she and her companion took up their residence at his parsonage house at Laracor, in the neighbourhood of Trim, a small town about 20 miles distant from Dublin. When he returned, they either retired to a lodging at Trim, or were hospitably received in the house of Dr. Raymond, vicar of that parish. Swift grew so enamoured of this course of life, that he seemed to wish for nothing more than a continuance of it. The charming society and delightful conversation of the amiable and accomplished Stella, had, by long habitude, become essential to his happiness, and made him lose all relish for every other enjoyment of life, when absent from her. All the more vigorous springs of his mind were relaxed, and lost their tone; and even the powerful passions of ambition, and desire of wealth, where wholly absorbed

* Mr. Thomas Swift, the Dean's "Parson Cousin," in a letter from Puttenham, Feb. 5, 1706, asks whether Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both these gentlewomen that marched quite from Moor Park to Dublin (as they would have marched to the North or any where else) with full resolution to engage him?" D. S.

† In 1705 she returned to England, where she spent five or six months, and then went back to Ireland, as to the place of her residence; but never crossed the channel after to the end of her days. D. S.

in

in this truly voluptuous state, wherein was constantly mixed

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

A state of true epicurean happiness, and a source of pleasures beyond the conception of the sensualist, which, far from cloying, still increased by enjoyment, and which can only be the portion of the more exalted minds, and refined spirits of this world. It is certain that Swift's soul was so entangled by these charms, of a different kind indeed, but not less powerful than those of Circe, that it was with the utmost reluctance he disengaged himself from them, though but for a short time; nor could any thing but a sense of duty, and a desire of serving the church, make him accept of a commission for that purpose, which occasioned his journey to London in September, 1710. In his first letter to Mrs. Johnson, on his arrival at Chester, he says, "I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or not. I never went to England with so little desire in my life." In the January following he says, "Farewell, dearest beloved MD, and love poor poor Presto*, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved. It is the last sally I shall ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I would make MD and me easy, and I never desired more." And in some months after, he expresses his impatience of this long absence in the strongest terms; where addressing himself to Stella, he says—"You say you are not splenetick; but if you be, faith you will break poor Presto's ——, I wont say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would,

* MD stands for Stella, and Presto for Swift. S.

and

and leave all schemes of politicks and ambition for ever."

In the whole course of his letters it appears that not all the homage paid him by the great, the society of the choicest spirits of the age, and the friendship of some of the worthiest characters of both sexes; not the daily increase and spreading of his fame, and the most flattering prospects before him of fortune and preferment, could compensate for the want of that companion, who was the supreme delight of his heart. In the midst of all these he tells her, that his best days here are trash to those which he passed with her. In order to soften in some measure the rigour of absence, he had settled a plan at parting, that they should keep a regular journal, in which they should set down the transactions of the day, and once a fortnight transmit it to each other. The writing and receiving of these constituted the chief pleasure of his life during his residence in England. It was his first employment, when he awoke in the morning; the last, before he closed his eyes at night. He makes frequent mention of the great satisfaction he finds in this kind of intercourse. In his Journal, Jan. 16, 1711, he says, "Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bedtime, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present, as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too: it is just, methinks, as if you were here, and I prating to you, and

and telling you where I have been," &c. And in another place, " When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning,". &c.

This mode of intercourse, during their separation, was adopted by him upon the same cautious principle, by which he regulated his conduct toward her, when he lived in the same place with her. As he had never trusted himself alone with her then, but always conversed with her, as was before observed, in the presence of some third person, so his Journals were constantly addressed to both ladies, and were answered by both in the same letter. Had he entered into a separate correspondence with Mrs. Johnson, it would be hardly possible to avoid coming to some explanation, that must either have ended in an absolute engagement, or put a period to all expectation of that sort: both which, from some maxims laid down by him, it was his business to avoid. In this way of writing too, he might give a loose to all expressions of endearment and tenderness, with which his heart overflowed for one of the objects, without at the same time giving her a right to apply them solely to herself, as they were addressed to both. Accordingly we find, interspersed through the Journal, several passages containing the warmest effusions of affectation, which the utmost sensibility of heart could pour forth.

Among many others, I shall quote a few of these, as they occur in the early part of his Journal. " And

so

so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been present at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business on my hands. I shall grow wise in time, but no more of that: only I say, Amen, with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again, ten days together, while poor Presto lives."—"Do as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life, a thousand million of times."—"You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved."—"Farewell, my dearest lives, and delights; I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day, and I hope God will hear of my poor hearty prayers."—"I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till fortune takes her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits."

Though expressions of this sort are in general addressed to both these ladies, yet it is certain that Mrs. Johnson must have considered them as meant only to herself; for the other lady, Mrs. Dingley, was far from meriting any share in Swift's esteem or affection. She was merely one of the common run of women, of a middling understanding, without knowledge or taste; and so entirely selfish, as to be incapable of any sincere friendship, or warm attachment. In short, she was perfectly calculated to answer Swift's purposes in the post she occupied, that of an inseparable companion to Mrs. Johnson: and the narrowness of her circumstances, which consisted only of an annuity of twenty-seven pounds a year, too little to support her without

without the assistance of a yearly allowance from Swift, kept her in a fixed state of dependence, and conformity to his will. No wonder therefore that Mrs. Johnson always entertained expectations that Swift would offer her his hand, as soon as a sufficient increase of fortune would enable him to do it with prudence. While, on the other hand, Swift cautiously avoided any declaration of that sort, which might be construed into a promise, and left himself at liberty to interpret his strongest expressions of attachment, as proceeding wholly from friendship, and a warmth of pure affection, which had been increasing from his early age, and settled into what might be considered as a parental fondness. To enter thoroughly into the motives of this conduct, we are to recollect that Swift always had in remembrance the imprudent match made by his father, which left his widow and children in so desolate a condition. The miseries he had suffered during a long state of dependence, even to an advanced period of his life, made so deep an impression on his mind, that he determined never to marry, unless his fortune were such, as might enable him to make a suitable provision for his wife, or any offspring he might have by her. As he had no great propensity to the marriage state, on several accounts before-mentioned, he found no difficulty in keeping this resolution; yet it is highly probable, at the time of his writing this part of his Journal, he had a distant view of being united sometime or other in the bands of wedlock to Mrs. Johnson, whenever his expected preferment in the church, and sufficient increase of fortune should render it eligible. For, though he might himself have been perfectly content to have passed the rest of

his life with her, in the same manner as before, on the pure Platonick system; yet it could not escape his penetration, that she had other views, and felt a passion for him not quite so refined. And the charms of her society had become so essential to his happiness, that rather than run a risk of losing it, he would purchase it even at the price of matrimony, provided it could be done consistently with the unalterable resolution he had laid down.

But while Swift's thoughts were thus employed, and all his views in life tended to this point, as to their centre, an event happened which unhinged his mind, and filled his bosom with a disturbance, which all his philosophy could never calm, and which was the source of much disquiet to him ever after in life. This arose from that all powerful passion, which the greatest heroes, and most renowned sages, have not been able to withstand, I mean, Love. Hitherto he had been so much upon his guard against that dangerous passion, that he was invulnerable to all its open attacks, even in the prime of youth; but now in his advanced age, betrayed by the confidence which that inspired, he was taken by surprise. Among the great number of his friends in London, whose doors were always open to him, there was none whose house he so constantly frequented as that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, which he made use of as if it were his home. This lady had two daughters; the eldest soon became a great favourite of his, as, by his own account, she was possessed of every good quality, and adorned with every accomplishment that could render her one of the most perfect of her sex. As one of the doctor's greatest delights was, to cultivate the minds of youth, particularly females, he took upon himself the

the office of her preceptor, to direct her in her studies, and instil into her mind the principles of virtue, and seeds of knowledge. Her capacity for learning was such, that she imbibed his instructions faster than he could give them; and her application was so great, that in less than two years, she made such a progress as astonished him. But about that time he discovered a strange alteration in her. She no longer delighted in books, no longer was attentive to his lectures. The frequent instances he perceived of her absence of mind, showed that her thoughts were roving about something else, which she had more at heart. Upon inquiring into the cause of this, she ingenuously owned her passion for him, and that her whole soul was occupied, not about his precepts, but her preceptor himself. Nothing could have astonished the doctor more, or thrown his mind into such a state of agitation, as an unexpected declaration of that sort. He has given us a lively picture of what passed there on the occasion, in the following lines:

"CADENUS felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old:
Had met her in a publick place,
Without distinguishing her face.
Much less could his declining age
VANESSA'S earliest thoughts engage:
And if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget.

Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Who'd say, he made a treacherous use
Of wit to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magick spells, the harmless maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And when Platonick flights are over,
The tutor turns a mortal lover:
So tender of the young and fair;
It show'd a true paternal care:
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancy'd worse."

In his first surprise at her extraordinary declaration, he tried to turn it off by raillery, treating it as a thing spoken only in jest; but when a woman has once broken through the restraint of decorum, the established barrier between the sexes, so far as to begin the attack, she is not easily to be repulsed. She in stronger terms both avowed and justified her passion for him, by such arguments as must be highly flattering to his self-love. Of the impression which these made on him, he gives the following account in the same poem:

"CADENUS, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose VANESSA's flame;
And though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose,
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux:
So bright a nymph to come unsought,
Such wonders by his merit wrought;
'Tis merit must with her prevail,
He never knew her judgment fail; She

She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet, now and then, your men of wit,
Will condescend to pick a bit.
So when CADENUS could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature, in him, had merit plac'd,
In her, a most judicious taste."

Having thus artfully brought over his pride and self-love to her party, and corrupted his judgment by the most flattering arguments, the lady found no difficulty to make a conquest of his now unguarded heart, which, however reluctantly, he was obliged to surrender at discretion. He now for the first time felt what the passion of love was, with all its attendant symptoms, which he had before known only from description, and which he was now enabled to describe himself in the strongest colours:

"Love! why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet:
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear."

To his lot indeed there fell a much greater proportion of the bitter ingredients, than of the sweets of Love. He might say with Othello,

"Oh now for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind, farewel content!"

All the pleasing scenes of sober sedate happiness, which he had formed to himself for the rest of his

days, in the society of Stella, were now overshadowed and eclipsed by the intervention of a brighter object, which promised pleasures of a more rapturous kind. And yet they were pleasures, which in his hours of cooler reflection, he could never hope to taste. Any idea of marriage must have appeared, from the great disparity of years, as well as many other reasons, to the last degree preposterous. Besides, though he never had entered into any direct engagement of that sort with Mrs. Johnson, yet by many expressions in his letters before quoted, almost tantamount to an engagement, and his whole conduct toward her, he gave her just grounds to expect, that if ever he did marry, she should be his choice. He could not therefore have given preference to another, without being charged with cruelty and injustice. And as to any illicit commerce between them, he never could have entertained a thought of that, without first sacrificing all the principles of honour, morality, and religion, by which his whole conduct in life had hitherto been governed. In this critical situation, he had but one wise course to take, in order to ensure his future peace, which was to escape the danger by flight, and breaking off all correspondence with the lady. But whether through too great confidence in his strength, or giving way to the irrisistible force of her attraction, he remained in the perilous situation of a constant intercourse with her, which daily contributed to fan their mutual flames.

The date of the commencement of this adventure, may be traced almost to a certainty, by examining the latter part of Swift's Journal, in which, from March 1712 to the end, there is a remarkable change in his manner of writing to the two ladies.

We

We no longer find there any of what he called, *the little language*, the playful sallies of an undisguised heart, to a bosom friend; no more expressions of tenderness, and cordial affection; no repinings at his long continued absence; nor ardent wishes for their speedy meeting again; but on the contrary, we see nothing but a dry Journal continued out of form, made up of trifling incidents, news, or politicks, without any thing in the matter or expression, at all interesting to the parties addressed. And now instead of that eager solicitude to return, which he had formerly so frequently and so earnestly declared, he contents himself with cold excuses for his long continuance in London. And just before his setting out for Ireland, in order to take possession of his deanery, he writ a formal letter of business to Mrs. Dingley, May 16, 1713, in which he makes no mention of Stella, nor expresses the least satisfaction at his near expectation of seeing them again. On his arrival there, instead of the joy and transport, to which he had once looked forward, on being reunited to the object of all his wishes, after so long a separation, the whole scene was changed to cold indifference, or gloomy melancholy. In a letter to miss Vanhomrigh, dated from Laracor, July 8, 1713, he says, "At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent; and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness." Who that read the former part of his Journal to Stella, replete with such ardent wishes for their meeting again never to part more, as the consummation of all his views of happiness in life, could have expected such a change? And who does not now see the true cause of that change?

In this uneasy situation, we may suppose it was not with much reluctance he obeyed the call of his friends, to return immediately to England, in order to make up a new breach between the ministers, which threatened ruin to the party. Though this was the ostensible cause of his sudden departure, yet perhaps there was *metal more attractive* which drew him over at that time.

Soon after his arrival, he wrote that beautiful poem called "Cadenus and Vanessa." His first design in this seems to have been to break off the connexion in the politest manner possible, and put an end to any expectations the lady might have formed of a future union between them. To soften the harshness of a refusal of her proffered hand, the greatest of mortifications to a woman, young, beautiful, and possessed of a good fortune, he painted all her perfections, both of body and mind, in such glowing colours, as must at least have highly gratified her vanity, and shown that he was far from being insensible to her charms, though prudence forbad his yielding to his inclinations. However determined he might be at the commencement of the Poem, he kept his resolution but ill in the prosecution of it. Happy had it been both for him and her, had he concluded it with a denial in such express and peremptory terms, as would have left her no ray of hope: but instead of that, he leaves the whole in a dubious state. She was too sharp-sighted not to perceive, that in spite of all the efforts of philosophy, love had taken possession of his heart, and made it rebel against his head. As her passion for him was first inspired by his wit and genius, a poem written in such exquisite taste, of which

which she was the subject, and where she saw herself drest out in the most flattering colours, was not likely to administer to her cure. On the contrary, it only served to add fresh fuel to the flame. And as his love originally arose from sympathy, it must, from the same cause, increase with the growth of hers.

Meantime the unfortunate Stella languished in absence and neglect. The Journal was not renewed, nor are there any traces remaining of the least correspondence between them, during Swift's whole stay in England; while a continual intercourse was kept up between Vanessa and him. She was the first person he wrote to on his retirement to Letcomb, some time before the queen's death; and the last, on his departure from that place to Ireland. He arrived there in a much more gloomy state of mind than before, as the death of the queen had broke all his measures, and put an end to all future prospects, either for the publick or himself. He has given vent to his melancholy reflections on his situation, in a short poem, written during a fit of illness which had seized him soon after his arrival; of which the following lines make a part:

" My state of health none care to learn,
My life is here no soul's concern.
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my hearse,
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which, those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they.

But

But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end:
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own."

Is it possible to conceive that this could be the case, while he was in the same country with his once adored Stella? But it is probable that resentment at his long neglect, and total change of behaviour toward her, as she was a woman of high spirit, might have fixed her, at that juncture, in a resolution of living separately from him in her country retirement, where the account of his illness might not have reached her. The arrival of Vanessa in Dublin, whose impatient love would not suffer her to stay long behind him, was the source of much inquietude to Swift. There was nothing he seemed to dread more than that his intimacy with her should take wind in Dublin. He had warned her of this in his farewell letter to her from Letcomb, before his departure. "If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you."

And after her arrival he writes to the same effect. "I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman who does business for me, told me

me she heard I was in love with one ——— naming you, and twenty particulars; that little master —— and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; and that was the reason I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off."

But discretion was ill suited to a mind, now under the dominion of an ungovernable passion, and which had no other enjoyment in life, but in the society of the beloved object. She importuned him so with letters, messages, and complaints, that he was obliged to assume a sternness of behaviour to her, and treat her with a rigour quite foreign to his heart *. The effect this had on her, is most feelingly set forth in one of her letters, 1714. "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long.

* In answer to a letter which she had sent after him by her servant when he was on the road to Philipstown, he concludes thus: "I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages." S.

It

It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better, than those killing, killing words of your's. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world, I must give way to it: and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you, is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. O! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever as I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live."

But whatever uneasiness Vanessa might suffer from this conduct of her lover toward her, poor Stella was still more unhappy. All the fond hopes which she had indulged so many years, the completion of which she had expected upon his preferment, and increase of fortune, were now turned to despair, from the total silence which he observed on that head, and the remarkable change in his behaviour toward her. To the pangs of disappointment, were added the stings of jealousy; for love had made her too inquisitive, not to find out the cause of this alteration in him. There are some

passages

passages in the Journal relative to the Vanhomrighs, which show that the seeds of jealousy were early sown in her mind, upon Swift's being so domestick there when in London; and upon Vanessa's arrival in Dublin, it is more than probable she kept a watchful eye upon their motions. The following beautiful verses of hers on that subject, show clearly she was under the dominion of that passion.

ON JEALOUSY.

"O shield from his rage, celestial Powers!
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours,
Ah love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from your train:
But you would raise him to support your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed."

Thus oppressed at once by love, jealousy, and disappointment, her spirits sunk, a settled melancholy preyed upon her heart, which, with a natural tendency to a decay, impaired her health to such a degree, as to give the most alarming symptoms of an approaching dissolution. Shocked with the apprehension of so fatal an event, whereof he must be conscious to himself he was the cause; and moved with compassion at the state to which he saw her reduced, all Swift's former tenderness and affection for her revived in his breast; and banished every other idea from his mind, but what tended to the preservation of a life so precious. He employed a common

friend to both to learn from her the secret cause of that dejection of spirits, which had so visibly preyed upon her health; and to know whether it was by any means in his power to remove it; assuring her that nothing should be wanting on his part, to restore her to that tranquillity of mind upon which so much of his own happiness depended."

Upon this application Mrs. Johnson opened her mind fully to this friend. She told him, "that from the peculiarity of her circumstances, and the singular connexion she had with Swift for so many years, there had been great room given for the tongue of slander to exert itself. That she had learned to bear with this patiently, as she had reason to expect that all reports of that sort would be effaced by marriage, as soon as Swift should be in circumstances to make her a proposal of that nature. That she now saw with the deepest concern, ever since his promotion, his behaviour toward her had been wholly changed, and a cold indifference had succeeded to the warmest professions of eternal affection. That the necessary consequence would be, an indelible stain fixed upon her character, and the loss of her good name, which was much dearer to her than life."

Swift, in answer to this, said, "that he had early in life laid down two maxims with regard to matrimony, from which he was determined never to depart. One was, never to marry, unless he was before hand possessed of a decent provision for a family; another was, unless this should be the case at a time of life when he might reasonably expect to breed up his children, and see them properly entered

entered into the world. With regard to the first article, he was so far from having any thing before hand; that he was still in debt; and the small preferment he had obtained, to which he had now no hopes of ever receiving any addition, gave him but little prospect of ever accumulating a fortune. And as to the second, he had already passed that period of life, after which it was his fixed resolution never to marry. That of all women upon earth, could he have entered into that state consistently with these principles, she should have been his choice. And as her apprehensions about her character's suffering seemed to weigh the heaviest on her mind, in order to put an end to those, he was ready to go through the ceremony of marriage with her, upon two conditions. The first was, that they should continue to live separately, exactly in the same manner as before: the second, that it should be kept a profound secret from all the world, unless some urgent necessity should call for the discovery."

However short of Stella's expectations these conditions might be, yet as she knew the inflexibility of Swift's resolutions, she readily embraced them. And as it is probable that her chief uneasiness arose from jealousy, and the apprehensions she was under that he might be induced to marry miss Vanhomrigh, she would at least have the satisfaction, by this measure, of rendering such a union with her rival impracticable. Accordingly the ceremony was performed without witnesses, and the connubial knot tied in the year 1716, by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, to whom Swift had been a pupil in the college; and who as I have been informed, was the common

common friend to both, employed in the above negotiation *. But the conditions upon which this union was formed, were punctually fulfilled. She still continued at her lodgings in a distant part of the town, where she received his visits as usual, and returned them at the deanery, in company with her friend Mrs. Dingley. As soon as Swift's finances were in order, he departed from that strict economy which he had observed while he was in debt, and kept two publick days, on which he invited parties of his friends to dinner; where Mrs. Johnson always made one of the circle, though without any distinct character or place from the other guests. The elegance of her manners, the sweetness of her disposition, and brilliancy of her wit, rendered her the general object of admiration to all who were so happy as to have a place in that enviable society. A certain dignity of deportment, which conscious virtue alone can give, and a native modesty which shone forth in all her words and actions, secured her from the busy tongue of slander, nor was the breath of calumny heard to whisper against her. And whatever singularity might appear in this their mode of living, was only considered as one of Swift's peculiarities; who, in many other instances, did not think himself bound to conform to the usual customs of the world. There

* The whole account of this transaction was given me by Mrs. Sican, a lady of uncommon understanding, fine taste, and great goodness of heart; on which account she was a great favourite both with the Dean and Mrs. Johnson. S.

If this remarkable fact needed farther confirmation, we have it from Dr. Johnson; who was told by Dr. Madden, that "Swift was privately married to Mrs. Johnson, by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, in the garden." N.

were

were indeed many idle reasons assigned by busy curious people, for their not cohabiting, but none that ever glanced at her character.

Having satisfied the scruples of Mrs. Johnson by passing through the ceremony of marriage, whose recovered health and spirits added new charms to that conversation, once his supreme delight, Swift's next care was, to put an end to any hopes Vanessa might still entertain, against which there was now an insuperable bar. With this view he paid her a visit in company with Mr. dean Winter, a gentleman of good fortune, who was her professed admirer, and had made overtures of marriage to her. Nothing could have been a greater mortification to her love-sick mind, than such a visit, as it implied a recommendation of his rival, and an entire renunciation of his own pretensions. She rejected his proposals with disdain, as well as those of every suitor who offered, having centred all her views of happiness in life in the possession of Cadenus. To avoid all importunities of that sort, she retired to a small house on her estate near Celbridge, where, in silence and solitude, she indulged her fatal passion, till it rose almost to a pitch of frenzy. All other ideas but what related to Cadenus, were banished from her mind, and all the faculties of her soul were absorbed in love. She wrote constantly to him in the most passionate style, nor could the coldness of his answers in the least abate her flame. The following letter sent to him from Celbridge in 1720, will best paint the state of her mind.

" Tell me sincerely if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you; no, so far from

from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of Cadenus, who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer! Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? O that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent passions, which terminated all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts, (which no creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often, in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present every where; your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?"

We may see from this epistle to what a romantick height

height her passion had arisen. Not the most enthusiastick strains from Eloisa to Abelard, could exceed those of Vanessa to Cadenus. Length of time, instead of diminishing, served only to increase the violence of her passion; and the general coldness of her lover, far from extinguishing the flame, made it blaze forth the more. It must be confessed indeed, that Swift's conduct toward her was far from being consistent. Whatever resolutions he had formed, to try by neglect and ill usage to put an end to that ardour of love, which caused him infinite uneasiness; yet he was seldom able to keep them when in her presence. Whether compassion for the sufferings of an unhappy young woman, whose life was wasting away in misery on his account, operated on his humanity; or whether his own passion for her was too strong for all his philosophy, it is certain he could never muster up resolution enough entirely to break off the connexion, the only possible way by which a cure could be effected. If his coldness, or even rudeness, at times, drove her almost to despair; at others, the kindness of his behaviour, and marks of tenderness, revived her hopes. Or as she more strongly expresses it in her letter, "Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times, a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul." In this alternate succession of hopes and fears, in this miserable state of suspense, did the wretched Vanessa pass her days till the year 1720, when Swift seemed determined to put an end to an intercourse, the source of so much unhappiness to both. Upon this occasion she wrote him the following letter:

Celbridge, 1720.

"BELIEVE me it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable, without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer, by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you; but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for Cadenus. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas, which will ever stick by me, while I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death.

And

And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me."

When Swift found that all his endeavours in this way had proved fruitless, and that the love of Vanessa for Cadenus, like that of the faithful Emma to Henry, was proof against all obstacles thrown in its way, he gave way to the feelings of humanity, and dictates of his heart, against which, with no small violence to his inclination, he had so long struggled, and changed his behaviour to that of the kind indulgent friend. His letters breathed sentiments of the greatest tenderness; and in one of July 5, 1721, he makes a declaration of his passion for her in the most explicit terms, as may be seen in the following sentence written in French. *Mais soyez assurée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée, par votre ami, que vous.* This declaration seems to have been drawn from him by some desperate state of mind in which he had left her, probably occasioned by her jealousy of Stella. For in the beginning of the same letter, dated from Gallstown, he says, "It was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last, though I hope I left you in a better. Cadenus assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations."

But as this declaration of Swift's was not followed by any overture of marriage, the confession of his passion for her, however pleasing it might be at first,

could not long administer much consolation to her, when she saw no prospect of reaping any farther fruit from it. To find herself beloved, and at the same time without hopes of possessing the object of all her wishes, was rather an aggravation than a relief to her misery. After such a confession, she could see no reason for his not making farther advances. Her fortune was at that time sufficient to gratify his utmost wishes, as by the death of her two brothers and sister, the whole property left by her father, which was very considerable, was vested in her. The disproportion in point of age was now not so great, as she was in her 37th year, and the doctor could no longer be charged with having seduced the affections of a young girl. She therefore concluded, that some reports which had just then reached her, of his being married to Mrs. Johnson, were but too well founded, and that this was the real obstacle to their union. Impatient of the torments which this idea gave her, she determined to put an end to all farther suspense, by writing to Mrs. Johnson herself upon this head. Accordingly she sent a short note to her, only requesting to know from her whether she was married to the Dean or not. Mrs. Johnson answered her in the affirmative, and then enclosed the note she had received from miss Vanhomrigh to Swift. After which, she immediately went out of town without seeing him, or coming to any explanation, and retired in great resentment to Mr. Ford's country seat at Wood Park.

Nothing could possibly have excited Swift's indignation more than this imprudent step taken by miss Vanhomrigh. He knew it must occasion great disturbance to Mrs. Johnson, and give rise to conjectures fatal

fatal to her peace. Her abrupt departure, without so much as seeing him, already showed what passed in her mind. Exasperated to the highest degree, he gave way to the first transports of his passion, and immediately rid to Celbridge. He entered the apartment where the unhappy lady was, mute, but with a countenance that spoke the highest resentment. She trembling asked him, would he not sit down? "No!"—He then flung a paper on the table, and immediately returned to his horse.

When, on the abatement of her consternation, she had strength to open the paper, she found it contained nothing but her own note to Mrs. Johnson. Despair at once seized her, as if she had seen her death warrant: and such indeed it proved to be. The violent agitation of her mind threw her into a fever, which in a short time put a period to her existence. Swift, on receiving the tidings of her death, immediately took horse and quitted the town, without letting any mortal know to what part of the world he was gone. As he foresaw that this event would give rise to much town talk, he thought it most prudent to keep out of the way, till the first heat of it was over. And having never visited the southern part of the kingdom, he took this opportunity of making a tour there, because having no acquaintance in those parts, he might be a perfect master of his own motions, and in his solitary rambles, give free vent to his grief for the loss of so beloved an object, heightened by the bitter aggravation of knowing himself to be the cause of her death. Two months had elapsed without any news of him, which occasioned no small alarm among his friends; when Dr. Sheridan received a letter from him, to meet him at a certain distance from Dublin.

Before

Before her death, miss Vanhomrigh had cancelled a will made in favour of Swift, and bequeathed her whole fortune to serjeant Marshall, and the famous Dr. Berkeley, whom she appointed her executors. The former was a relation, and the other only an acquaintance, for whose person and character she had the highest esteem. In her last illness she had laid a strong injunction on her executors, that immediately after her decease, they should publish all the letters that passed between Swift and her, together with the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa. Accordingly they were put to the press, and some progress made in the letters, when Dr. Sheridan, getting intelligence of it, and being greatly alarmed lest they might contain something injurious to his friend's character in his absence, applied so effectually to the executors, that the printed copy was cancelled, but the originals still remained in their hands. The poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was however sent abroad into the world, as being supposed to contain nothing prejudicial to either of their characters: though the prying eye of malice, afterward found some hints in it, which, by the help of misconstruction, might furnish food to the appetite for scandal.

In the mean time, Mrs. Johnson continued at Wood Park, where her worthy host exerted all the powers of friendship to calm the disturbance of her mind, now much increased by the publication of that poem. To find there such an amiable portrait drawn of Vanessa, as one possessed of more and greater accomplishments than any of her sex, could not fail to excite her envy; of which a remarkable proof was given in an anecdote recorded by Dr. Delany. At this juncture some gentlemen happened to call at Wood Park,

Park, who were not acquainted with Mrs. Johnson's situation. As the newly published poem was then the general subject of conversation, they soon fell upon that topick. One of the gentlemen said, surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her. Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered, "that she thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely on a broomstick." We must suppose her to have been exceedingly galled, when one of her humane disposition could utter such a sarcasm, and thus exult over the recent ashes of her departed rival.

As there were numbers, through party hatred, and others through envy, who watched every opportunity to calumniate the Dean's character, and spread stories to his disadvantage, the publication of this poem afforded room for malice to exert itself, which was greedily embraced. There were some lines in it, which having the worst construction put on them, by a very forced interpretation, might give rise to suspicions injurious to his character, and totally destructive of the lady's. Yet, such is the propensity of mankind to lean to the worse side, especially when any exalted character is thereby to be brought down more to a level with themselves, that this interpretation has been generally received, and the calumny accordingly spread, though perhaps there never was any built upon a more slender foundation, as I shall presently show. The lines alluded to are the following:

"But what success VANESSA met,
Is to the world a secret yet:
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantick strain;

Or whether he at last descends,
To act with less seraphick ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold."

These lines, considered as detached from the rest, might perhaps admit of such an interpretation; but when the whole scope of the poem is taken in, it is impossible to put a bad one upon them, without giving up all pretensions to common sense, as well as candour. Cadenus is represented as a clergyman of the strictest morals, advanced in life, and who had at all times been proof against any weakness with regard to the fair sex. Vanessa is drawn as the most perfect model of every female perfection, particularly modesty:

"From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes."

She is represented as a pattern for all the sex to copy after:

"As she advanced, that womankind,
Would, by her model form their mind;
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide."

Is it possible to conceive, that when a lady of this character confesses a passion for her reverend tutor, that any thing could be meant by it but virtuous love, to terminate in matrimony? If gallantry had been her object, in the whole race of mankind she could not have made a more preposterous choice; though by one of her refined way of thinking, who considered

sidered the beauties of the mind as superiour to all external accomplishments, he might have been preferred to all the world as a husband.

It is impossible there could be any mistake about the kind of love mentioned in this passage, were it not for an expression in the subsequent lines which might admit of a bad interpretation, by those who do not understand the true force of words, which has been on many occasions the source of infinite errours among us, from not studying our own language. The expression I mean, is to be found in the last of the following lines:

> "Or, to compound the business, whether
> They temper love and books together,
> Must never to mankind be told,
> Nor shall the *conscious* muse unfold."

Here the word *conscious*, being much oftener used in a bad than a good sense, is apt to mislead the unwary reader, and make him conceive that there was something in the secret dishonourable to the parties if revealed. But upon examining into the proper meaning of this word, we shall find that it has a very different sense when applied to one's self, and when it refers to others. *Consciousness*, applied to self, is the perception of what passes in a man's own mind; from which proceeds an internal sense of guilt or innocence, by which we either stand acquitted or condemned to ourselves, and is therefore equally capable of a good or bad sense. But when it refers to another person, it has nothing to do with any judgment formed of the rectitude or depravity of the action, it only means that that other person is in the secret, or privy to the transaction, be it good, or be

it

it bad. And consciousness of this sort can never affect the nature of the thing itself:

Thus when the lover writes,

> " The silent moon shone conscious to our loves."

The word *conscious* does not at all determine the nature of those loves, whether they were of the chaste or criminal kind, which must be gathered from other circumstances. In like manner, when Cadenus says, " the conscious muse shall not unfold," &c. it can admit of no other meaning, but that the muse, who alone was in the secret, should never disclose it, or tell whether he returned Vanessa's passion or not: and that this passion, if returned, must have been of the purest and most virtuous kind, has, from other circumstances, been already sufficiently proved.

It is evident Cadenus looked upon the declaration made by the lady, in no other light than an overture to marriage; as may be seen in the following couplet, quoted before:

> " Five thousand guineas in her purse,
> The Doctor might have fancy'd worse."

But to put an end to a possibility of conceiving that any insinuation of a contrary nature could have dropped from Swift's pen, it will be sufficient to make it known that the poem was not intended for the publick eye; that it was written solely for the use of Vanessa, upon motives already explained; that the only copy of it in being was in her hands, and in all probability it would never have seen the light, but for the injunction to her executors. It may be asked, if this was the case, and that the poem was intended only

for Vanessa's inspection, what occasion was there for these lines to her, who, as well as the muse, must already be conscious how matters stood between them? In answer to this, it is evident that the poem would be incomplete, if there were not some conclusion to the story of Cadenus and Vanessa. The story could possibly terminate, only in one of the following ways: either Vanessa, from the arguments and coldness of her philosophick lover, had got the better of her passion, and adopted his platonick system; or Cadenus, after all his resistance, was obliged to yield to the all-conquering power of love; or finding her passion incurable, had broken off all intercourse with her; or that the issue of the affair was still in suspense. As the latter was really the case at the time of writing the poem, it could then have no other conclusion. And those lines which leave matters in a dubious state, seem only calculated to paint the uncertainty of his own mind, and not to leave Vanessa without hope, from that very uncertainty, that she might in time expect a suitable return of love.

But though it should be allowed, from the above state of the case, that at the time of writing this poem, neither of the parties had entertained even an idea of entering into a criminal amour, yet when it is known that he afterward carried on a secret intercourse with the lady during the space of eight or nine years; that he passed many hours alone with a young and charming woman, who loved him to adoration, and for whom he himself was first inspired with the passion of love; it will be hardly credible, that thus circumstanced, they should not, in some unguarded moment, have given way to the frailty of human

human nature. And yet extraordinary as it may appear, there are many strong reasons to believe that this never was the case. We have already seen on her first going to Ireland, what uncommon pains Swift took to avoid meeting her. Upon which Vanessa writes to him in the following manner: "You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman! I cannot imagine." Is this the language of guilt, or conscious innocence? In all the letters which passed between them, whose publication was suppressed, as before related, I have been assured by one of her executors, the late judge Marshall, and the same was constantly asserted by the other, bishop Berkeley, that there was no hint of any criminal amour; which could not easily have happened in so long a correspondence, had that been the case. On the contrary, in the few that have seen the light, we find Swift always praising her for her virtues, and recommending to her the improvement of her mind. In his French letter, May 12, 1719, in answer to one of hers written in that language, he says, "Et que je suis sot moi de vous répondre en même langage, vous qui êtes incapable d' aucune sottise, si ce n' est l' estime qu'il vous plait d' avoir pour moi: car il n'y a point de mérite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon goût, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée à un mortel; je veux dire, l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, le douceur, l' agrément, et la fermeté d' ame." And in another of Oct. 15, 1720, he says, "When I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel, and be governour, but to impute

pute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve; because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you; especially if you go on to read, and still farther improve your mind, and the talents that nature has given you."

Indeed the most probable solution of this intricate affair is, that Swift, having lived to such an advanced time of life in a state of continence, and a constant habit of suppressing his desires, at last lost the power of gratifying them: a case by no means singular, as more than one instance of the kind has fallen within my knowledge. This will appear the more probable, when we reflect, that in the letter to his kinsman before cited, he acknowledges himself to be naturally of a temperate constitution with regard to women, and that he had never indulged himself in illicit amours. Nor did it ever appear, even from report, that he had any commerce of that kind with any of the sex, which, after the conspicuous figure he made in life, could not fail of being related by some of his companions in his early pleasures, had there been any foundation for it. This alone can account for his singular conduct with regard to the two ladies: for his coldness to Vanessa, and constant endeavours to bring down the ardours of her passion, and lower them to friendship, or a love more of the platonick kind, and for his abstaining from the lawful pleasures of connubial love with Stella. And I think there is one strong argument of his never having entered into any commerce of that sort with Vanessa, that it is hardly credible he should have refrained, in that case, from a similar gratification with Stella, who was possessed of

of greater personal charms, and was more an object of desire, than the other: especially as the former could not be enjoyed without compunction, and the latter was a pleasure of the purest kind without alloy.

In confirmation of the opinion I have here started, I remember a saying of Swift's, "that he never yet saw the woman, for whose sake he would part with the middle of his bed." A saying, which, I believe, all mankind will judge could come from no person, but one incapable of enjoying the highest and most innocent of all gratifications here below, when sanctified by marriage.

I have dwelt the longer on this point, because much of the moral part of Swift's character depends on it. For if it should be credited that he could take advantage of her weakness to debauch the daughter of a lady, who received him into her family with the affection of a sister, and reposed the same confidence in him as if he were her brother; if it should appear that for several years he carried on a criminal intrigue with her, at the same time that he denied the lawful rites of marriage, due to one of the most amiable of her sex; I am afraid, instead of a pattern of the most perfect morality, he must be given up an instance of uncommon profligacy, and be justly charged with a vice, which, of all others, he most detested, and from which no man ever was more free, I mean hypocrisy.

Though lord Orrery has acquitted him of this charge, upon the same principle that has been here laid down, yet, *pro solitâ humanitate suâ*, he has done it only with a view to place him in a more odious light. As the account he has given of this affair,

affair, affords one of the strongest instances of the blindness of malice, and how far, in search of its gratification, it may overshoot itself, I shall here present part of it to the reader, that he may judge, from that specimen, what credit is due to the rest of the author's malevolent remarks on Swift. I shall begin with his extraordinary comments on the following lines in the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa; where in a conversation between them, the author gives the following account of her sentiments, as delivered by her:

> "She well remember'd, to her cost,
> That all his lessons were not lost.
> Two maxims she could still produce,
> And sad experience taught their use:
> 'That virtue pleas'd by being shown,
> Knows nothing which it dares not own:
> Can make us, without fear, disclose
> Our inmost secrets to our foes:
> That common forms were not design'd
> Directors to a noble mind.'
> Now, said the nymph, to let you see,
> My actions with your rules agree;
> That I can vulgar forms despise,
> And have no secrets to disguise,
> I knew, by what you said and writ,
> What dangerous things were men of wit;
> You caution'd me against their charms,
> But never gave me equal arms:
> Your lessons found the weakest part,
> Aim'd at the head, and reach'd the heart."

Now in these lines, according to the plain and obvious meaning of the words, there are no sentiments which might not have proceeded from the most exalted virtue, and purity of mind. A young lady,

lady, described as a perfect pattern of modesty, possessed of

> " ——— that decency of mind,
> So lovely in the female kind,
> Where not one careless thought intrudes,
> Less modest than the speech of prudes,

is here represented as about to disclose her passion for her tutor, which was kindled in her breast by his extraordinary talents, and uncommon virtue. As it was contrary to the received maxims of the world, that a woman should be the first to break her mind on such an occasion, she prepares the way by quoting two maxims of his own which he had taught her; one was, that a mind conscious of innocence, need never be ashamed of disclosing its inmost thoughts: the other, that common forms, invented to keep the vulgar within bounds, might be dispensed with, where a superiour grandeur of soul is shown by breaking through such barriers. Knowing therefore the purity of her love for an object so worthy of it, she is not ashamed to declare it; and looks upon it as a mark of greatness of mind, to be above the common forms of her sex, in being the first to disclose it.

Besides, there were other reasons, which would justify her, even in the opinion of the world, for being the first mover in this case, arising both from disparity of years and fortune; which might discourage Cadenus from paying his addresses, however he might secretly wish to be united to Vanessa.

Now let us see in what manner this passage has been explained by the noble Remarker on Swift's life.

Immediately

Immediately after his quotation of the foregoing lines, he thus expatiates upon them:

" Supposing this account to be true, and I own to you, my *Ham*, I can scarce think it otherwise; it is evident that the fair Vanessa had made a surprising progress in the philosophick doctrines, which she had received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a most extraordinary kind. He taught her that *vice*, as soon as it defied *shame*, was immediately changed into *virtue*. That vulgar forms were not binding upon certain *choice spirits*, to whom either the writings, or the persons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the lesson with attention, and imbibed the philosophy with eagerness. The maxims suited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined, if the theory appeared so charming, the practice must be much more delightful. The close connexion of soul and body seemed to require, in the eye of a female philosopher, that each should succeed the other in all pleasurable enjoyments. The former had been sufficiently regaled, why must the latter remain unsatisfied!—' Nature,' said Vanessa, '*abhors a vacuum*, and nature ought always to be obeyed.' She communicated these sentiments to her tutor; but he seemed not to comprehend her meaning, not to conceive the *distinctio rationis* that had taken rise in his own school. He answered her in the *nonessential modes*. Talked of friendship, of the delights of reason, of gratitude, respect, and esteem. He almost preached upon virtue, and he muttered some indistinct phrases concerning chastity. So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus, may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the scrupulous difficulties of a tender conscience. Such a supposition will still

appear more strong, if we recollect the distant manner in which Swift cohabited with Stella; colder, if possible, after, than before she was his wife."

I appeal to the reader whether he ever met in the most stupid, or malicious commentator, such a total perversion of the meaning of words. To show this in its strongest light, let us place the text, and explanation in opposition to each other.

TEXT.	EXPLANATION.
That virtue pleas'd by being shown Knows nothing which it dares not own: Can make us, without fear, disclose Our inmost secrets to our foes.	That vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue.
That common forms were not design'd Directors to a noble mind.	That vulgar forms were not binding upon certain choice spirits, to whom either the writings, or the persons of men of wit were acceptable.

According to this account, the man who had been all his life a votary to virtue; whose chief delight it was to instil the best principles into the minds of youth; who had trained the amiable Stella, from her early days, in such a way, as, by the Remarker's own description of her, made her a model of perfection; this man, I say, all of a sudden became a proselyte to vice; betrayed the confidence reposed in him by the mother, his particular friend, to corrupt the mind of her innocent daughter, so as to make her lose all sense of shame, and even glory in wickedness. And all this, for what? You will suppose at least that he had fallen desperately in love with her, and having no hopes of marriage, is determined to gratify his passion at any rate, and with this view, tries to erase from her mind all principles of virtue and modesty, which

which might stand in his way. Quite the contrary. It appears from the Remarker's own account, that when he had accomplished his point, and brought her to as high a degree of depravity as he could wish, in order to gratify his desires, he changed his whole system, rejected her proffered love, talked of friendship, reason, gratitude, respect, esteem, and preached upon virtue and chastity. And to account for this inconsistence in his behaviour, he has recourse to defects of nature, and impotence in the Dean. Now to suppose that a reverend divine, advanced in life, should lay such a plan to corrupt the mind of his young pupil, without a possibility of any view to self-gratification, and merely to prepare her for prostitution to others, is to charge him with a crime so truly diabolical, as would stamp a blacker stain of infamy even on the character of a Chartres. And yet this is a charge brought by lord Orrery against *his friend* Swift.

To expatiate farther on the inconsistencies, absurdities, and impurities, rising almost to obscenity, in the passage above quoted, and all that refers to the same subject, would be utterly unnecessary, as they must be obvious to every reader of the least discernment. But I cannot quit this article without endeavouring to wipe away some of the most cruel and groundless aspersions that have been thrown on the memory of the accomplished, though unfortunate Vanessa. In all the account given by lord Orrery of this lady, he has drawn her character as opposite to that given by Swift, as darkness is to light; and this in such positive and peremptory terms, that every reader must suppose he was well acquainted with her. And yet it is certain he never saw her in his life, nor

had any opportunity to get any information about her till many years after her death, as his first visit to Ireland was in the year 1733. Without any other outline before him but what was traced in his own brain, for he does not even pretend to quote any authority for all that he has advanced upon this subject, see what a portrait he has drawn of the celebrated Vanessa:

"Vanity makes terrible devastation in a female breast. It batters down all restraints of modesty, and carries away every seed of virtue. Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but, in general, fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantick in her turn of mind; superiour, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gayety, and pride; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; ambitious, at any rate to be esteemed a wit, and with that view always affecting to keep company with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry; *happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife*; by nature haughty and disdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiours, and with the smiles of self-approbation upon her equals; but upon Dr. Swift with the eyes of love."

Whoever compares this picture, with that drawn for Vanessa in the poem, will hardly conceive it possible that they should both be copies of the same original. In the one, she is represented as a model of perfection, adorned with every grace and virtue that could raise her above her sex: in the other as not possessed of one good quality, either of mind or person,

person, and replete with such foibles, and bad dispositions, as must degrade her to the lowest rank. If it be supposed that the former was a very flattering likeness, and the chief beauties and embellishments there, were only the creatures of a poetick fancy, let us see how far the same painter has kept up a resemblance, in the more correct drawing, and chaste colouring of prose. For this purpose let us have recourse to a letter of his written to her in French, six years after the poem, May 12, 1719, part whereof has been already quoted, and of which the following is a literal translation:

" I make you my compliments on your perfection in the French language. It is necessary to be long acquainted with you, in order to know all your accomplishments: every time, in seeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. I am ashamed to think I know only the Gascon and Patois in comparison of you. There is no objection to be made either to the orthography, propriety, elegance, ease, or spirit of the whole. And what a blockhead am I to answer you in the same language! You, who are incapable of any folly, unless it be the esteem you are pleased to entertain for me: for, it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taste to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on a mortal; that is to say, *honour, virtue*, good sense, wit, sweetness, agreeableness, and firmness of soul: *but by concealing yourself as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions.* Ever since I have had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general conversation, has one word ever escaped you, which could be better expressed. And I protest, that after making

making frequently the most severe criticisms, I never have been able to find the least fault, either in your actions, or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery, are imperfections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it possible not to esteem you above the rest of human-kind? What beasts in petticoats are the most excellent of those, whom I see dispersed throughout the world in comparison of you! On seeing, or hearing them, I say a hundred times a day, speak not, look not, think not, do nothing like those wretches. What a calamity is it to be the cause of bringing down contempt on so many women, who but for the thoughts of you, would be tolerable enough. But it is time to release you from this trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever shall remain, with all possible respect, sincerity, and esteem, yours."

Of these two opposite characters, the one, was drawn by a man of the nicest discernment, from whose piercing eye, not the smallest blemish, particularly of female minds, could lie concealed, and whose turn lay much more to satire, than panegyrick; by one, who was intimately acquainted with the lady for whom it was drawn, from her early days, to the time of her death. The other, by a man, who far from having any knowledge of the original, had never so much as seen her person. Can there be the least doubt then which of them is most likely to be the true one? But not to rest upon authority alone, I will now show that there could not have been the least foundation for some of the blackest calumnies cast on the character of this unfortunate lady, in the above quoted passage. The author there says, "That she was happy in the thoughts of being reputed

Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife." Now we have already seen what uncommon precautions Swift took, on her arrival in Dublin, to conceal from the world all the knowledge of his visiting her; so that it became necessary to her to be secret as possible on that head, as she knew with certainty, that if it once became a town talk, she should never see him more, and that he would at once drop all correspondence with her, which was the only consolation left her, in that distressed state of mind so feelingly set forth in her letters. So that if she had been so thoroughly depraved, as to place any part of her happiness in a publick loss of character, she could not have been gratified in so singular a taste, without parting with the substance for the shadow: for, in the same sentence, it is said, "that she still aimed and intended to be his wife." I believe so preposterous a plan of bringing about a marriage with a man of the smallest degree of honour and character in the world, that of the lady's boasting of being his concubine, never entered into the head of any mortal, but that of the noble Remarker on Swift's Life. And indeed the assertion is so utterly void of foundation, that all the intercourse between them, either by visits or letters, was carried on in so secret a manner, that not a tittle of it ever transpired during the lady's life time; nor was there the least suspicion of it, till it was at once blazoned to the world, by the publication of the poem. As to the other parts of her character, "her being fond of dress, impatient to be admired, setting up for a wit, and affecting always to keep company with wits," &c. we find the direct reverse of this to be true, as she led a most recluse life, avoiding as much as possible all society,

and indulging her unhappy passion in solitude, which gave rise to that passage in Swift's letter before quoted, where he says,—" but by concealing yourself as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions."

But his lordship, not satisfied with drawing this odious picture of poor Vanessa, thought there were some finishing strokes still wanting, to render it more deformed; he therefore adds, upon the circumstance of Swift's last interview, in which he broke with her, the following traits: " She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue, which, upon this occasion, might have proved healing ingredients to so deep, and so dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion; she had utterly destroyed her character, and her conscience; and she was now fallen a prey to the horrour of her own thoughts." Now, if he were giving an account of the most abandoned profligate wretch, that ever disgraced her sex, just ready to expiate her crimes at Tyburn, could he possibly have expressed himself in stronger terms? Let the reader only look over the passage once more, and judge. And what where the crimes committed by the unfortunate Vanessa, to draw down on her so severe a censure. He himself has acquitted her of any criminal commerce with Cadenus, from a supposed impossibility in the nature of things. It never was surmised by any mortal, nor does he himself pretend to insinuate, that ever she engaged in an affair of gallantry with any other. Nay, so little does she seem to have been under the influence of any desire of that sort, that she rejected with disdain all offers of marriage, placing her whole happiness in the single point of her union with Cadenus; to which, it would

would be absurd to suppose, from his advanced time of life, that sensual gratification could have been a chief motive. It is evident she was possessed with an extraordinary passion for one of the most extraordinary men of the age, in which she persevered many years with unparalleled constancy, and at length could not outlive her disappointment. Is there any thing criminal in this? Is there any thing in the story, which must not raise pity in every breast of the least humanity? And yet see what effect the melancholy catastrophe had upon the obdurate heart of the noble Remarker! who winds up her story thus: "Thus perished at Celbridge, under all the agonies of despair, Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh; a miserable example of an ill spent life, fantastick wit, visionary schemes, and female weakness."

I appeal to the reader, whether he thinks it possible that any venal writer, hired by an enemy for the purpose of defamation, could have drawn any character in terms of more rancorous malignity. Nor do I believe there exists, even in that prostitute tribe, an individual, who, in cold blood, without provocation, or prospect of reward, would set about so odious a task. What motive then could induce this writer to lay aside the nobleman, the gentleman, and the man, to commit an act, which the most hardened assassin of reputations would be ashamed of? Let us suppose, for an instant, that all he has said of this lady is true, was he called upon to the hangman's office, of mangling and embowelling the remains of a deceased criminal? But, on the other hand, when we are sure that he could not himself know the truth of any one assertion he has made; that he does not even

even hint at any authority of others, on which he could rely; and that he has drawn this character in direct opposition to one given to the same person, by the best and most competent judge in the world; we should be apt to conclude, that the whole must have proceeded from a mind fraught with an uncommon portion of malignity.

But his conduct may be accounted for upon a principle not quite of so black a die. His lordship considered only how he should appear in the light of an author. He had before drawn a fancied picture of Stella, whom also he had never seen, in which he had collected such an assemblage of perfections, from the whole catalogue of female beauties, graces, virtues, and accomplishments, as perhaps never met in any human creature. In his great liberality, among his other qualities bestowed on her, he gave her skill in musick, of which she did not know a note; for she neither sung, nor played on any instrument. As the drawing of this character cost him no small pains, he took the usual method of novelists to set it off, by making that of her rival a direct contrast to it: whose deformity, in its turn, became more conspicuous, when opposed to the beautiful colouring in the other. And in doing this he answered another end, which he never loses sight of throughout his work, that of degrading Swift as much as possible: for, if the characters of those two ladies were justly drawn, nothing could have shown a more depraved taste in Swift, than any preference given to the latter, over the former.

I shall close the history of this unfortunate lady, with two little poems written by her, strongly descriptive

scriptive of her state of mind, and affording, in some measure, a confirmation of the account I have given of her.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring,
Who in thy jocund train, dost bring
Loves and GRACES, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers,
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when CADENUS blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene.
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of Friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
O! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.

AN ODE TO WISDOM.

O PALLAS! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart,
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from CUPID'S bow,
But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
It sunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being armed with Wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
In vain repel the dart. O Goddess,

O Goddess, break the fatal league,
Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
More fit associates find!
And thou alone, within my breast,
O! deign to sooth my griefs to rest,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

Immediately after the death of miss Vanhomrigh, as I have already mentioned, Swift made a tour of two months in the southern parts of Ireland: during which, Mrs. Johnson remained at Wood Park; nor did she quit it for some months after his return, probably occasioned by her resentment at the preference given by him to her rival. However, upon her return to Dublin, a reconciliation soon took place. He welcomed her to town in that beautiful poem, called "Stella at Wood Park," in which he indulged his usual vein of raillery, but concludes with a high compliment to Stella:

"For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you."

He had an opportunity not long after of showing that he was sincere in this declaration, as he passed a whole summer with her at Quilca, in as inconvenient a cabin, and as dreary a country, as could any where be met with: and yet he often declared that they were some of the happiest hours of his life which he thus passed. They were indeed some of the last in which he had any enjoyment in her society, as she soon after fell into a decline, attended with such symptoms as afforded little prospect of any long continuance of life. The first account of her state being desperate reached Swift in London, as was before related. The following extracts from his letter to Dr. Sheridan on the

the occasion will best show with what agonies of mind he received it.

"I have yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me, but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There has been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood, and the greatest merit on her side that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world has left its body.—Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself. I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation, which alone could make it tolerable."

Soon after this, we have seen that he returned to Ireland, where he found the danger over, and was made happy by her recovery. But on his next journey to London in the following year, he was again alarmed with an account of a most dangerous relapse. The effect this had on him will be best described by his own expressions in his letter to Dr. Sheridan.

"I have had your letter of the 19th, and expect, before

before you read this, to receive another from you, with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me at this time. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the midst of grief. Neither my health nor grief will permit me to say more. This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater."

In a subsequent letter he says, "If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August the 24th. I kept it an hour in my pocket, with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worse news that fortune could give him, and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I do profess, upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend, makes life so indifferent to me, who by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what had been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person, for whose sake only life was worth preserving. What have I to do in this world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and

and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer."

Let any one who understands the language of nature, judge whether the writer of the above passages, had not a heart susceptible of the utmost tenderness, and warmth of friendship.

Nor was it to his friend Sheridan alone that he thus opened his heart: I have a letter before me, to Mr. Stopford, then at Paris, dated from Twickenham, July 20, 1726, in which is the following passage; "I fear I shall have more than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbour to me in Ireland, and that your company will be more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in so great dejection of spirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world, is in so desperate a condition of health, as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two, with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable, but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, that was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. They have hitherto written me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall

Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden. Dear James, pardon me. I know not what I am saying, but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting, and as much engaging, as violent love. Adieu.

"If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall stay this winter in England, where it will be at least easier to find some repose than upon the spot."

However, as she still continued to linger on, dying by slow degrees, he returned to Dublin, as we have before seen, in order to discharge the last melancholy offices of friendship, by smoothing her passage to the grave, and softening the terrours of death with all the comfortable hopes which religion can hold forth. The prayers composed by him on this occasion, are written in as pure a strain of Christian piety, as ever came from an uninspired pen *.

A short time before her death a scene passed between the Dean and her, an account of which I had from my father, and which I shall relate with reluctance, as it seems to bear more hard on Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most earnest and pathetick terms to grant her dying request: "That, as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after death, she

* See them in Vol. IX. N.

adjured

adjured him by their friendship to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife."

Swift made no reply, but turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterward during the few days she lived. This behaviour threw Mrs. Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uses. This was done in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, whom she appointed one of her executors. Upon this occasion the doctor gave an instance of his disinterested spirit; for when Mrs. Johnson mentioned his name to the lawyer, annexing a very handsome legacy to it, the doctor immediately interposed, and would not suffer it to be put down, saying, "that as she disposed of her fortune to such pious uses, he should think he defrauded the charity if he accepted of any part of it."

During the few days she lived after this, Dr. Sheridan gave her constant attendance, and was in the chamber when she breathed her last*. His grief for her loss was not perhaps inferiour to the Dean's. He admired her above all human beings, and loved her with a devotion as pure as that which we would pay to angels. She, on her part, had early singled him out from all the Dean's acquaintance, as her

* She was interred in the great aile at St. Patrick's cathedral; and left money for a monument, which through negligence was never erected. Her executors indeed waited for an inscription, which Dr. Swift promised to write. N.

confidential friend. There grew up the closest amity between them, which subsisted, without interruption, to the time of her death. During her long illness, he never passed an hour from her which could be spared from business; and his conversation, in the Dean's absence, was the chief cordial to support her drooping spirits. Of her great regard for him Swift bears testimony, in the close of one of his letters to him from London, where he says, "I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral: she loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her solicitation." No wonder therefore if the doctor's humanity was shocked at the last scene which he saw pass between her and the Dean, and which affected him so much, that it was a long time before he could be thoroughly reconciled to him.

Yet on the Dean's part it may be said, that he was taken by surprise, and had no reason to expect such an attack at that time. We have already seen the motives which induced him to go through the ceremony, and the conditions upon which it was performed. After several years passed without any consequence from it, or any reason offered for publishing this to the world, it seems to have been agreed between them that the whole should be buried in oblivion, as if no such thing had ever happened. Insomuch, that he had recommended it to her to make her will, and bequeath her fortune to a charitable use which he had pointed out to her. The marriage was evidently a mere matter of form, intended only to satisfy some vain scruples of the lady, without any view to the usual ends of matrimony, and therefore was in fact no marriage at all. To acknowledge her

as his wife, when in reality she never had been such, would be to give sanction to a falsehood, and at the same time afford an opportunity to busy tongues to draw a thousand inferences prejudicial to his character. Or, if the real state of the case were known, and it were believed that no consummation ever followed on this marriage, yet he thought it would ill become the character of a dignitary of the church, to have it known to the world that he had made a mockery of so sacred a ceremony, though he might reconcile it to himself upon principles of humanity. Besides, the tongue of scandal had been very busy with his fame in regard to miss Vanhomrigh; and they who could charge him with an illicit amour there, would not fail to aggravate the matter, by showing that he had a wife at the same time. On these considerations he had long resolved that the secret of the ceremony's having passed between them, should never be divulged; and he had all the reason in the world to believe that Mrs. Johnson was in the same sentiments. How anxious he was to guard against any appearance of that sort, we may learn from his letters to Mr. Worrall, written from England at the time her life was despaired of, in which there are the following passages, July 15, 1726. "What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson, I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises; and indeed ever since I left you, my heart has been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again, but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I wish it could be brought about *that she might make her will.* Her intentions are, to leave the interest of

all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterward to Dr. Stephens's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial as that of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some healthy airy part, *and not in the deanery*; which besides, you know, *cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in.*"

In another of September 12, 1727, he says, "By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am, every post, expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent, that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minime decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos qui sinistre hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.*"

Thus predetermined as he was in this point, and satisfied that Mrs. Johnson perfectly acquiesced in it, nothing could have astonished him more than such a proposal. He thought it both unkind and unreasonable in his bosom friend to make such a request; which, if granted, could be of no use to her when dead, and might be the cause of much uneasiness to him the survivor. The pretence she made

made with regard to her character, he knew could be only a pretence, as no woman living had a more unblemished reputation, being considered by all who knew her as a perfect pattern of modesty to her sex, and so reported in the world. It might therefore be imputed, with probability, to no other cause but vanity; to have her name preserved to future ages as the wife of so extraordinary a man; and he might think himself not bound to gratify a weakness in her, at the expense of procuring much disquiet to himself. And though there was an apparent cruelty in his behaviour on this occasion, yet whoever could have looked into his breast at the time, would probably have found it agitated with as deep a concern at his not being able to comply with her request, as she was at his refusal of it.

A relation of this transaction fully confirms the account I have given of the nature of their union. For, the only unequivocal proof remaining of the ceremony's having passed between them, arises from Mrs. Johnson's declaration of it, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, at the time above-mentioned. And as the fact has of late been denied, upon the authority of persons so closely connected with the parties, as to give it great weight, I thought it necessary to adduce this indubitable proof of the truth of the account which I have given of that affair.

Upon this occasion, there is one observation to be made much to Swift's honour; which is, that in refusing to acknowledge Mrs. Johnson as his wife, he gave up all pretensions to her fortune, which otherwise must of course have come to him. But he had no view toward any inheritance from her, either as a wife, or a friend. For we find by his letter

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to Worrall above quoted, that he had long before suggested the idea to her of leaving her fortune to charitable uses, and seems pressing that she should be prevailed on to make her will accordingly. The same disinterested spirit did he show with regard to miss Vanhomrigh, breaking off all connection with her at a time when he knew she had in her will bequeathed her whole fortune to him, which was very considerable. So that, at this period of his life at least, avarice had laid no hold of him.

Thus have I given a true relation of the nature of Swift's connection with Mrs. Johnson, and laid open the cause of their never having cohabited after the ceremony of marriage had passed between them. To account for which, so many conjectures have been formed without any foundation. Among these there was one so very absurd, and so utterly impossible to be true, that it is wonderful how it could ever gain any credit; and yet this report was for a long time generally spread and believed. It was asserted, without any shadow of proof, that Mrs. Johnson was a natural daughter of sir William Temple's; and in the same way, that Swift was his son, and that the discovery of this consanguinity, when or how made was never told, was the cause of their not cohabiting. Now to overthrow this, it is only necessary to examine the time of Swift's birth, which was in November 1667, and to show that sir William Temple had been employed as ambassador in the treaty of Nimeguen, two years before, and three years after that date, during which time he resided constantly abroad. And indeed there is good reason to believe that he never so much as saw Swift's mother in his life. This was so clearly shown by Dr. Delany, that any mention

tion of it here might be thought unnecessary, had there not been published since that time a most circumstantial account of that affair, in the Gentleman's Magazine * for November 1757, in which the writer pretends to give the whole account of Mrs. Johnson's Life, as well as that of her mother, with such a confident air, and so many minute particulars, as deceived one of the Editors of Swift's works into a belief that the account was authentick; insomuch that he has inserted the whole in the notes upon one of the volumes †. But it would be easy to prove, that the whole of this fictitious tale was the invention of some novelist, who had a mind to amuse himself with showing how easily the credulity of mankind is imposed on, by any extraordinary or marvellous story. However, in order to destroy the fabrick, it will be only necessary to say, that the whole was founded upon a fact already proved impossible to be true, which is, that Swift was sir William Temple's son. And with respect to Mrs. Johnson, there can be no reason to doubt the authority of Swift's account, who, in the little tract written on her death, has this passage. "She was born at Richmond in Surrey, on the 13th day of March in the year 1681. Her fa-

* From the connection of the present Editor of Swift's Works with the Gentleman's Magazine, it may be necessary to state, that the article here alluded to was printed more than twenty years before he had any share in the management of that long-established miscellaneous publication. N.

† The insertion of that essay in one of the volumes of the Supplement to Swift, in 1779, was on the principle of wishing to elucidate a fact then involved in the darkest obscurity. The proof positive of the marriage of the Dean to Mrs. Johnson, since given by Mr. Sheridan, and confirmed by Dr. Johnson, was then a profound secret to the world. N.

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ther was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth."

Having thus developed his conduct, which has hitherto appeared in so mysterious a light to the world, with regard to the two unfortunate ladies, who had placed their affections on an object probably not capable of making a suitable return, or who, at least, had shewn himself a perfect platonist in love; I shall now examine his character with regard to the still nobler affection of the human mind, I mean friendship. There have been already many instances given in the course of this work, to show that he had a heart susceptible of the warmest impressions of that sort, but still his friendship was portioned out among numbers; and it seems to have been almost equally shared by Addison, Prior, Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope, lord Oxford, duke of Ormond, lord Peterborow, and many others; but to the perfection of true friendship it is necessary that there should be one particular individual, selected from the rest of mankind, who may be considered as another self, to whom we can unbosom our most secret thoughts, before whom we are not ashamed to lay open our weaknesses and foibles, or, in the expressive phrase, to think aloud. This post was never hitherto occupied by any man; but Swift found no deficiency on that account, as it was amply and more pleasingly supplied by one of the other sex, the incomparable Stella. And to this, in process of time, did Sheridan succeed. His acquaintance with the Dean commenced soon after his settlement in Ireland in the following manner. The Dean, who had heard much of Sheridan as a man of wit and humour, desired a common friend to bring

bring them together. They passed the day much to their mutual satisfaction; and when the company broke up at night, Swift in his usual ironical way, said, "I invite all here present to dine with me next Thursday, *except Mr. Sheridan*," but with a look which expressed that the invitation was made wholly on his account. There are certain spirits, *concordes animæ*, that on the first interview feel an irresistible attraction to each other, and rush into friendship, as some do into love, at first sight; and such was the case between these two men of genius, who had a great similarity both of disposition and talents; and who in a short time became inseparable. This union was forwarded, and afterward cemented by Stella, who gave the doctor the preference to all the Dean's other friends. As Swift had passed very little time in Dublin previous to his settling there, he had very few acquaintance except among those of high station; to the promotion of some of whom he had contributed, and did good offices to others, when he was in power; such as the primate, archbishop of Dublin, the lord chancellor Phipps, bishop Sterne, &c.; but as he wished for a society where he could be more at his ease, and indulge his sportive fancy, Sheridan introduced him into a numerous acquaintance of the most distinguished men of those times for talents, erudition, and companionable qualities. As he was allowed to be the first schoolmaster in the kingdom, an intimacy with those fellows of the college, whose acquaintance he chose to cultivate, followed of course; and there happened at that time to be a greater number of learned and ingenious men in that body, than ever had been known before at any given period. An acquaintance

acquaintance naturally commenced with such families of distinction as entrusted their children to his care. Besides, as he was looked upon to be one of the most agreeable companions in the world, his society was much courted by all persons of taste. With a select set of these did Swift pass most of his festive hours for many years; but in the round of entertainments care was always taken to engage Sheridan before a party was fixed, as the Dean was never known to be in perfect good humour, but when he was one of the company.

As many of the evening parties were made up of this chosen set in the college, where subjects of literature were often the topicks of conversation, Swift, who could not bear to be considered in an inferiour light by any society into which he had entered, found it necessary to revive his knowledge of Greek and Latin, which in the hurry of politicks and bustle of the world, he had so long neglected. With this view he invited Dr. Sheridan to pass his vacations with him at the deanery, where an apartment was fitted up for him, which ever after went by his name; and assisted by him he went through a complete course of the Greek and Roman classicks. This gave him a full opportunity of seeing the profound knowledge which the doctor had of those languages; and he ever after pronounced him to be the best scholar in Europe. Thus living together frequently in the same house, in a communion of the same studies and the same amusements, a closer connexion and more intimate union followed, than Swift had ever known with any mortal except Stella. As Sheridan was the most open and undisguised man in the world, it did not require much time or penetration

tration to see into his whole character; in which Swift found many things to admire, many things to love, and little to offend. He had the strictest regard to truth, and the highest sense of honour; incapable of dissimulation in the smallest degree; generous to a fault, and charitable in the extreme. Of a proud independent spirit, which would not suffer him to crouch to the great ones of the world for any favour, nor to put on even the appearance of flattery. He had a heart formed for friendship, in which Swift had the first place. It was impossible not to esteem a man possessed of qualities so congenial with his own; but his affection was engaged by those of a less exalted kind, and more pleasing in the general intercourse of life. Sheridan had a lively fancy, and a surprising quickness of invention. He had such a perpetual flow of spirits, such a ready wit, and variety of humour, that I have often heard his acquaintance say, it was impossible for the most splenetick man not to be cheerful in his company. Imagine what a treasure this must be to Swift, in that gloomy state of mind, into which the disappointment of all his views upon the queen's death, had thrown him; and in which we find from his letters, he continued so many years. Despair of doing any good had turned his thoughts wholly from publick affairs, which before had engrossed so much of his time: and he was not in a disposition to set about any work that would require much thought, or labour of the brain; he therefore gave himself wholly up to the *bagatelle*, and to writing nothing but *jeux d'esprit*; in which no one was better qualified to keep up the ball than Sheridan. For one whole year it was agreed that they should write

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to each other in verse every day, and were to be upon honour that they would take up no more than five minutes in composing each letter. Numbers of riddles, *Anglo-latin* letters, and other whims of fancy were produced in the same way. But as these were only intended for private amusement, most of them, when they had served their turn, were committed to the flames. Some few, however, have escaped, and are printed in his works; which may serve to gratify the curiosity of such readers, as may be desirous to have a private peep, as it were, at the fancy of this great genius, when frolicksome and unrestrained she was playing her sportive gambols *en déshabillé*.

With all these good qualities and pleasing talents, Swift saw some weaknesses and infirmities in his friend, which he in vain endeavoured to cure. However skilled he might be in books, he was a perfect child as to the knowledge of the world. Being wholly void of artifice and design himself, he never suspected any in others; and thus became the dupe of all artful men with whom he had any connection. As he knew not how to set a true value on money, he had no regard to economy; and his purse was always open to the indigent, without considering whether he could afford it or not. In conversation, his fancy was not always under the direction of discretion, and he frequently gave offence by sudden sallies, without intending it. Swift acted the part of a true friend on these occasions, and was not sparing of his admonitions and advice as opportunities offered; but he found the doctor too opinionated to be guided by the judgment of others, though

though his own was too weak to restrain his natural propensities. In this case the best service to be done, was, to increase his income in proportion to the largeness of his spirit, as his spirit was not to be confined within the bounds of his income. With this view Swift was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the flourishing state of his school. He recommended him to all as the ablest master of the age; and published a copy of Latin verses in his praise as such; he descended even at times to act as his usher; and frequently attended at school to hear a class; when the doctor was ill, or absent in the country, he supplied his place; and was always one of the examiners at the publick quarterly examinations.

Such attention paid by one of Swift's high character, could not fail of raising the reputation of the school; and accordingly it increased so rapidly, that in a few years the number of scholars far exceeded that of any other seminary ever known in that kingdom. But Swift saw with concern that his expenses kept pace with his income, and increased in the same proportion. Indulging his natural disposition, he made frequent costly entertainments, and on certain days when he was freed from the afternoon attendance on school, his table was open to all *bons vivans*, jovial companions, &c. And where mirth and good wine circulated so briskly, it is to be supposed there was no lack of guests. Swift saw there was no likelihood of any change in his conduct, while he continued in the same place, and associated with the same sets. In compassion therefore to his young and yearly increasing family, he formed the design of having him removed, upon very

very advantageous terms, to a distant part of the kingdom, where he would have no such temptation to indulge the extravagance of his disposition. It happened at that time that the schoolmaster of Armagh was in a declining state of health. That school was richly endowed with lands, whose clear rent amounted to four hundred pounds a year, a considerable income in those days, and fully equal to double that sum at present. Swift wrote to a friend in Armagh to send off an express to him instantly on the death of the incumbent. Immediately on the receipt of this he waited on primate Lindsay (to whose advancement Lindsay himself acknowledges, in one of his letters, Swift had chiefly contributed) saying " he had a favour to beg of him. That he was going to turn schoolmaster, and desired he would give him the school of Armagh."— " It is not vacant," said the primate. " Yes, but it is," said Swift, showing him the letter he had received by express. After some raillery from the primate on the Dean's turning schoolmaster, Swift at last said, " Well, my lord, let me have the disposal of the school, and I'll engage to fill it up to your mind; I mean to place Sheridan in it." The primate consented without hesitation.

Swift immediately went to the doctor with the news, who had not the least previous intimation of the affair from the Dean. After due acknowledgments of his kindness on this occasion, Sheridan said " that he must take some time to consider of it, and that he could not take a step, upon which the whole colour of his future life depended, without consulting his friends."—" Your friends," said Swift, " You will ever be a blockhead as to the world: because

because they are pleased with your company, and gratify themselves in passing many happy hours with you in social mirth, you suppose them to be your friends. Believe me there is little true friendship in the world; and it is not impossible but the very men who now hug you to their bosoms, may hereafter turn out to be your inveterate enemies. Take my advice; consult none of them; but accept without hesitation of an offer which will secure you a handsome income for life, independent of casualties. Besides your school will probably flourish as much there as here, as the high reputation you have gained in Dublin will follow you to the north, and secure to you all the boys of that most populous and opulent part of the kingdom.

The doctor still persisted in his resolution of consulting his friends; and at a meeting of them for that purpose, chiefly composed of the fellows of the college, they were unanimously of opinion that he should by no means accept of the proposed offer. They represented to him, "that his school was in a most flourishing state, and likely to increase daily. That he could not hope to have any thing like the number of pupils in a country town, as in the capital; and his income, even with the addition of the endowment, would probably not be greater. That by residing in Dublin he might make such powerful connections, as would raise him to considerable church preferments, all expectation of which he must give up if he buried himself in an obscure corner of the kingdom." By these, and other arguments of the like nature, the doctor was easily persuaded to follow the bent of his inclination. For it must have been with great

great reluctance that he would have quitted the society of such a number of learned, ingenious, and agreeable men, as then formed the circle of his acquaintance.

The doctor had too much reason afterward to repent of his not having followed Swift's advice, as what he had foretold, in a few years came to pass. Those very men, whom he considered as his best friends, set up another school in opposition to his, which they supported with all their interest, of which the doctor speaks in the following manner in a letter to Swift: "As for my *quondam* friends, as you style them, *quon-dam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep, till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me toward the latter part of my life to a disagreeable solitude; where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth." In answer to which Swift says, "I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt; whom I still esteem and frequent, although I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you (although it had the same effects) but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them has heartily repented."

Nothing could place Swift's friendship in a more conspicuous or disinterested light, than this whole transaction. To have parted with Sheridan at that period of life, when all was gloom about him, when he most wanted such a friend to raise his drooping spirits,

spirits, and such an associate in the only amusements which he was then capable of relishing, would have been to him like the loss of a limb. Yet when he thought that it was necessary for the interests of the doctor and his family, that he should remove from his settlement in town, to a more advantageous and secure one in the country, he himself planned the scheme of his removal, which was likely to end, with but few intervals, in a separation for life. How different is this from the false representation made of him by lord Orrery. He had said, "The affection between Theseus and Pirithous, was not greater than between Swift and Sheridan; but the friendship that cemented the two ancient heroes, probably commenced upon motives very different from those which united the two modern divines." His lordship did not think proper to state what those motives were; and after having drawn Sheridan's character, with as little regard to truth, and in many points, as little resemblance to the original as any of his other portraits, he assigns Swift's close attachment to him to the meanest and most selfish motives; where he says, "In this situation, and with this disposition, Swift fastened upon him as upon a prey, with which he intended to regale himself whenever his appetite should prompt him. Sheridan therefore was kept constantly within his reach; and the only time he was permitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, was, to take possession of a living in the county of Cork, which had been bestowed upon him by the then lord lieutenant of Ireland."

For many years after this fruitless attempt to serve

his friend, Swift had it not in his power to promote his interests in any other way, being the most obnoxious of any man living to those who were then in power. But on the appointment of lord Carteret to the government of Ireland, who had been one of his old friends, doctor Sheridan was the first he recommended to his protection. He got him appointed one of his domestick chaplains, with a promise of making a provision for him in the church. Lord Carteret, who was himself an excellent scholar, soon distinguished the doctor's merit in that line, nor was he less pleased with him as a companion, often inviting him to his private parties, and sometimes laying his state aside, he would steal out from the castle in a hackney chair, to pass the evening at Sheridan's with Swift, and the select set which used to meet there. By the desire of the lord lieutenant, the doctor had one of the tragedies of Sophocles performed by his scholars for his entertainment. Before the day of exhibition lord Carteret appointed a morning to pass with him in reading the play together, in order to refresh his memory after so long an absence from his Greek studies. The doctor was astonished at the facility and accuracy with which he translated this difficult author, having scarce any opportunity of giving him assistance through the whole play. While he was expressing his surprise at this, and admiration at the wonderful knowledge which his lordship showed of the Greek language, lord Carteret, with great candour, told him "he would let him into the secret how he came to be so far master of this particular author." He said "that when he was envoy in Denmark, he had been for a long time confined to his

his chamber, partly by illness, and partly by the severity of the weather; and having but few books with him, he had read Sophocles over and over so often, as to be able almost to repeat the whole *verbatim*, which impressed it ever after indelibly on his memory."

This candid confession was certainly the act of an ingenuous mind, above the vanity of gaining a character superiour to its merits; and I believe there are very few who would not have suffered the doctor to go away in the full persuasion, that he was one of the most complete scholars of the age in the whole of the Greek language, and accordingly spread this account of him, seemingly so well founded, to the world.

Not long after this, the lord lieutenant bestowed on the doctor the first living that fell in the gift of government, only as an earnest of future favours; and from the countenance shown him at the castle, it was generally supposed that he might expect in time to rise to some high dignities in the church. But all this fair prospect soon vanished, by a concurrence of some very extraordinary accidents. When he went down to be inducted into his living, he was requested by archdeacon Russel of Cork, to supply his place in the pulpit on the following Sunday. The doctor, who was a very absent man, had forgot his engagement, and was sitting quietly at his lodging *en déshabillé*, when a message from the parish clerk, who saw no preacher arrive after the service had begun, roused him from his reverie. He dressed himself with all speed, and of two sermons that he had brought with him, took the first that came to his hand, without looking into it. It happened that the

first of August in that year fell on that very Sunday; and the first of August being the day on which queen Anne died, was, in that time of party, a day of great celebrity, and much adverted to by the whigs. But this circumstance had not at all occurred to the doctor, who looked on it only as a common Sunday, without considering the day of the month. The text of this led sermon happened to be, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." Such a text on such a day, excited a general murmur through the whole congregation, to the great surprise of the preacher, who was the only person ignorant of the cause; of which he was not informed till after he had descended from the pulpit, when the affair was past remedy. There happened to be present in the church a furious whig, and one of the most violent party-men of the times. He immediately took post for Dublin, where, by his representation of this matter, as Swift has observed in giving an account of this transaction, "Such a clamour was raised by the zeal of one man, of no large dimensions either of body or mind, that we in Dublin could apprehend no less than an invasion by the pretender, who must be landed in the South."

Such indeed was the violent clamour raised by the whigs in general, that the lord lieutenant, in order to pacify them, was obliged to order the doctor's name to be struck out of the list of chaplains, and to forbid his appearance at the castle; though he was perfectly satisfied of his innocence, as it appeared that in the whole sermon there was not a syllable relating to government or party, or to the subject of the day; and that he had often preached it before under the same text. And as Swift observes in one of his letters

letters on this subject, " It is indeed against common sense to think that you should choose such a time, when you had received a favour from the lord lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so; and since the last was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred by government, although in a poor way. I tell you there is hardly a whig in Ireland who would allow a potatoe and buttermilk to a reputed tory."

Swift's letters on this occasion bear the strongest marks of true friendship, by giving him the best advice how to conduct himself, and letting in some rays of hope, that he should be able to settle matters with the lord lieutenant in London, on his shortly intended visit to that city, and so clear the way for some future favour.

But though, as Swift expresses it, the doctor had thus, by mere chance-medley, shot his own fortune dead with a single text, yet it was the means of his receiving a considerable addition to his fortune, of more intrinsick value than the largest benefice he might have reason to expect. As this proceeded from an act of uncommon generosity, it deserves well to be recorded. Archdeacon Russel, in whose pulpit the sermon was preached, considered himself as instrumental, however accidentally, to the ruin of the doctor's expectations. He was for some time uneasy in his mind on this account, and at last determined to make him a noble compensation. He had a great friendship for the doctor, whom he saw loaded with a numerous

numerous offspring, upon a precarious income, while he himself was possessed of a considerable property, and without any family. Urged on by those nice scruples in his mind before-mentioned, he thought he could not make a better use of his fortune, than to apply the superfluity of it toward making the doctor easy in his circumstances, and thus enabling him to make a provision for his children. With this view he took a journey to Dublin, in order to make over to him, by an irrevocable deed of gift, the valuable manor of Drumlane in the county of Cavan, a bishop's lease, which at that time produced a clear profit rent of two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum**. An act of such liberality, and seldom to be paralleled in this degenerate and selfish age, deserves well to be rescued from oblivion; nor could the author of these memoirs, without ingratitude, pass it over in silence.

But unfortunately this noble benefaction did not answer the end proposed by the bountiful donor. The doctor now thought his fortune was made, and set no bounds to his prodigality: with what he possessed before in the county of Cavan, his landed property produced him full four hundred pounds a year; and his school and living eight hundred more. A large income indeed in those days, but not equal to the profuseness of his spirit. He was, as was before observed, the greatest dupe in the world, and a constant prey to all the indigent of his acquaintance, as well as those who were recommended to him by others. Not content with receiving several into his school whom he

* I have been well assured, that the lease produces at this day no less a sum than eight hundred *per annum* neat profit to the present possessor. S.

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taught without pay, he had always two or three whom he lodged and boarded in his house *gratis*; nay some he maintained in clothes and every other necessary, and afterward entered and supported them in the college at his own charge, as if they had been his sons. To his daughters he gave the genteelest education, and dressed them in the most fashionable style. As he was an adept in musick, both in the scientifick and practical part, he had frequent private concerts at his house at no small cost, and the expences of his table were certainly not diminished by his increase of fortune. While he was going on in this career, his school gradually decreased, from the cause already mentioned, together with some other co-operating circumstances; but as the diminution of his income made no change in his mode of living, it was not long before he had contracted such debts as obliged him to mortgage his lands. He had exchanged his living in the county of Cork, for that of Dunboyne, within a few miles of Dublin; in which he was egregiously outwitted, as the latter fell very short of the income of the former. In this declining state of his affairs, his residence in Dublin grew extremely irksome to him, and being determined to change the scene, he again exchanged his living for the freeschool of Cavan, though to another diminution of his income. All this was done without once consulting the Dean, who had long been weary of offering fruitless advice.

When the doctor was preparing to remove to Cavan, a little incident happened which at once showed Swift's great affection for him, and the uncommon tenderness of his heart. He happened to call in just at the time that the workmen were taking down the pictures

pictures and other furniture in the parlour: that parlour where for such a number of years he had passed so many happy hours; struck with the sight, he burst into tears, and rushed into a dark closet, where he continued a quarter of an hour before he could compose himself. When it is considered that he was at that time verging on seventy, an age in which the heart generally is callous, and almost dead to the fine affections, there cannot be a stronger confutation of the charge made against him of his want of feeling; as I believe the instances are very rare of persons at that time of life, capable of being so much moved by such an incident.

The doctor had not been long settled at Cavan, when Swift, who at that time knew little comfort in life out of his society, followed, in order to pass the winter with him. I was there at his arrival, and during the whole time of his continuance there. It grieved me much to see such a change in him. His person was quite emaciated, and bore the marks of many more years than had passed over his head. His memory greatly impaired, and his other faculties much on the decline. His temper peevish, fretful, morose, and prone to sudden fits of passion; and yet to me his behaviour was gentle, as it always had been from my early childhood, treating me with partial kindness and attention, as being his godson; often giving me instruction, attended with frequent presents and rewards when I did well. I loved him from my boyish days, and never stood in the least awe before him, as I do not remember ever to have had a cross look, or harsh expression from him. I read to him two or three hours every day during this visit, and often received both pleasure and improvement from the observations

servations he made. His intention was to have passed the whole winter there; but as the doctor was called up to town upon business during the Christmas vacation, Swift found the place desolate without him, and followed him in a few days. During this visit, it appeared by many instances that avarice had then taken possession of him to a great degree. Doctor Sheridan had prevailed on the burgesses of Cavan to meet the Dean, in a body, at a place four miles distant from the town to compliment him on his arrival. The doctor told him, in return, he ought to invite them to an entertainmet; with which the Dean, after some time, though not without manifest reluctance, complied. He gave them a very shabby dinner at the inn, and called for the bill, before the guests had got half enough of wine. He disputed several articles, said there were two bottles of wine more charged than were used, flew into a violent passion, and abused his servants grossly for not keeping better count. The servants ran away, and doctor Sheridan, without speaking a word, went off and left him to himself. This was the manner in which they always treated him, at that time, when he was in one of those fits, for the least opposition, or even the presence of those with whom he was angry, served but to increase his passion almost to frenzy. But when he had time to cool, he always expressed deep concern at his infirmity.

Of the peevishness of his temper at that time, among many other instances, he gave a remarkable one, at the inn of Virginy, his last stage before his arrival at Cavan. In passing to his chamber, he saw the maid employed in scraping a piece of beef, and stopped to ask her, how many maggots she had got out

out of it. The wench smartly answered, "Not so many as there are in your head." This repartee, which, at another period of his life would have pleased him much, and probably produced half a crown to the maid for her wit, now threw him into a passion, in which he was so weak as to complain of her to her mistress, and insist on her being discharged for her sauciness.

When the burgesses of Cavan went out to meet him, one of them addressed him in a complimentary speech on the occasion, which was but ill delivered, as he had a remarkable thickness of utterance. When he had done, Swift asked him, "Pray, sir, are you the town serjeant?" (a low office, and scarcely above the rank of a common constable). "No, Mr. Dean," answered Dr. Sheridan, "that is Mr. Brooks the apothecary, our eldest burgess." "I thought so," said Swift, "for he spoke as if his mouth was full of drugs." How must his disposition have been changed, when the highest civilities that could be shown him, and which formerly were received with the greatest pleasure, and returned with the utmost politeness, now produced nothing but marks of disgust!

From this time all his infirmities increased fast upon him, particularly his avarice, to a high degree. Doctor Sheridan, who still continued to pass great part of his vacations at the deanery, saw many flagrant instances of this, whereof he thought himself bound both by friendship, and a solemn engagement he had entered into, to give information. This alludes to a conversation that had passed between Swift and doctor Sheridan, as they were riding together on the strand, some years before the doctor left Dublin. The topick happened to be that of old age, which Swift

said he found coming fast upon him, and he supposed he should not be exempt from its attendant infirmities. " But there is one vice its usual concomitant, the most detestable of all others, and which therefore I would most endeavour to guard against, I mean avarice; I do not know any way so effectual for this purpose, as to engage some true friend to give me warning when he sees any approaches of that sort, and thus put me upon my guard. This office I expect from you, and hope you will give me a solemn assurance that you will most punctually fulfil it." The doctor very readily entered into the engagement; and now thought himself bound to discharge it. With this view, in one of his vacations passed at the deanery, he set down daily in a journal kept for that purpose, all the instances he could perceive of the Dean's parsimony: which in a fortnight arose to a considerable amount. Armed with these proofs, he one day took an opportunity of asking the Dean, whether he recollected a discourse which had pa-sed between them on the strand, relative to old age and avarice, and the solemn engagement he had made him enter into upon that occasion. Swift, as one suddenly alarmed, answered with precipitation, " Yes, I remember it very well—Why—do you perceive any thing of that sort in me?" You shall be judge yourself said the Doctor—read over that paper, and see whether it is not high time I should now perform my promise. The Dean read over the articles with a countenance in which shame and despondency were blended. When he had done, he leaned his head upon his hand, with his eyes cast on the ground, and remained for some time buried in profound thought; at last he just lifted up his eyes, without changing his

his posture, and casting a side glance at the Doctor, with a most significant look, asked him—" Doctor—did you never read Gilblas?" alluding to the famous story of a similar conduct of his toward the archbishop, when he was his secretary, which lost him his post. After such a scene, the reader will easily conclude, that the disease was past remedy; and that the doctor, like poor Gilblas, would probably not continue long in favour. Thus was lord Bolingbroke's observation upon a passage in one of Swift's letters fully verified; where he says, he had made a maxim which ought to be written in letters of diamond, " That a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart." To which his lordship replies, " That a wise man should take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would most assuredly descend to the heart, the seat of the passions."

And yet this vice, which daily increased, and made him act grudgingly and sordidly in all other articles of expense, had no effect upon his charities, which were continued as usual. I had a remarkable instance given me of this by Mrs. Sican, two years after this period, when his avarice was at the height. She had called on him one morning, and upon the usual question being asked of " What news?" said, a very melancholy affair had happened the night before to an acquaintance of her's, one Mr. Ellis, a cabinet-maker, whose house and goods were destroyed by fire; and as he was a young man just beginning the world, newly married, she was afraid it would prove his ruin, unless he was relieved by charitable contributions. Swift asked what character he bore? She said an exceeding good one, for sobriety, industry, and integrity. The Dean then went to his desk,

desk, and brought out five broad Portugal pieces, which passed at that time in Dublin for four pounds each, and gave them to her as his subscription.

Dr. Sheridan, finding himself disappointed in all his expectations on his removal, continued at Cavan but little more than two years; when he sold his school, and returned to Dublin. While a house was preparing for him, he took up his abode as usual at the deanery, where he was seized with a fit of illness, which confined him for some weeks to his chamber. The Dean was not in a condition at that time to afford any consolation, nor in a disposition of mind to be troubled with a sick guest. A longer fit than usual of his old complaint, had deprived him of all society, and left him a prey to the horrour of his own thoughts. He had long been weary of the world, and all that was in it. He had no prospect of relief but from death, for which he most ardently wished, even when his state was not so bad. For some years before, he never took leave of a friend in an evening, but he constantly added, "Well, God bless you, and I hope I shall never see you again*." In this hopeless state, deprived of all the comforts of life, no wonder if he was dead also to the feelings of friend-

* That he was weary of life, appears in many passages of his letters; and the following anecdote will show how much he wished for death. In the year 1739, three years after his memory had first declined, he had been standing with a clergyman under a very large heavy pierglass, which, just as they had moved to another part of the room, fell down suddenly, and broke to pieces. The clergyman, struck with a sense of the danger they had escaped, turned to Swift, and cried out, "What a mercy it is that we moved the moment we did, for if we had not, we should certainly have been both killed!" Swift replied, "Had you been out of the case, I should have been happy to have remained there." S.

ship-

ship. When the Doctor had sufficiently recovered to be able to go abroad, he was apologising to the Dean for the trouble he had given him; saying, "I fear, Mr. Dean, I have been an expensive lodger to you this bout." Upon which Mrs. Whiteway, a relation of the Dean's, who then chiefly managed his affairs, and who happened to be present, briskly said, "It is in your power, Doctor, easily to remedy this, by removing to another lodging." Swift was silent. The poor Doctor was quite thunderstruck. As this lady had always professed great friendship for him, and lay under considerable obligations to him, he quickly saw that this must have been done by Swift's direction; in which he was confirmed by his silence on the occasion. He immediately left the house, in all that anguish of mind, which a heart possessed of the warmest friendship must feel, upon the abrupt breach of one of so long a standing, and so sincere on his part; nor did he ever enter it again*. He lived but a short time after this. His friend and physician, Dr. Helsham, foretold the manner, and almost the very time of his death. He said his disorder was a polypus in the heart, which was so far advanced, that it would probably put an end to his existence in a short time, and so suddenly, as to give him no warning of it; snd therefore recommended it to him to

* The story told by a lying biographer, in a work published under the name of Theophilus Cibber, is utterly false. It is there related, that the Doctor being in fear of his creditors, had retired for refuge to the Deanery, and one evening requesting a bottle of wine, the Dean grudgingly answered, "though he had given him a lodging, he had not promised to furnish him with wine:" for the Doctor, at that time, did not owe a shilling in the world; having sold a great part of his landed property to pay his debts. S.

settle

settle his affairs. The Doctor upon this, retired to a house of one of his scholars, Mr. O'Callaghan, at Rathfarnham, three miles from Dublin. In a few days he sent for his friend and namesake, counsellor Sheridan; to draw his will; and when that was done, he seemed cheerful and in good spirits. The counsellor, and a brother of Mr. O'Callaghan's, who had lent him his house, upon being called away to another part of the kingdom, dined with him that day. Soon after dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the weather, and one of them observed, that the wind was easterly. The Doctor upon this, said, "Let it blow east, west, north, or south, the immortal soul will take its flight to the destined point." These were the last words he ever spoke, for he immediately sunk back in his chair, and expired without a groan, or the smallest struggle. His friends thought he had fallen asleep, and in that belief retired to the garden, that they might not disturb his repose; but on their return, after an hour's walk, to their great astonishment, they found he was dead. Upon opening the body, doctor Helsham's sagacious prognostick proved to be true, as the polypus in the heart was discovered to be the immediate cause of his death. I know not whether it is worth mentioning, that the surgeon said, he never saw so large a heart in any human body.

It is with reluctance I have dwelt so long on this part of Swift's life; but as many representations of his conduct at that juncture, founded on truth too, had got abroad, much to the disadvantage of his character, I thought it necessary to draw at full length a picture of his state of mind at that time, to show how unreasonable it is to impute faults to the sound

and

and perfect man, which were the natural consequence of the decay of his faculties, the infirmities of age, and cruel disease; by which so total a change was made in him, that scarce any thing of his former self remained. Among the charges against him, none bore more hard than his latter behaviour to Dr. Sheridan, for which I have already accounted. In their whole intercourse, previous to that period, I have shown how sincere a friend he had always proved himself to be; and afterward, when his understanding was gone, and his memory failed, when some former feelings of the heart only remained, I had a strong instance given me by his servant William, how deep an impression the Doctor had made there; who told me that when he was in that state, the Dean, every day, for a long time, constantly asked him the same question—" William, did you know doctor Sheridan?" " Yes, sir, very well;"—and then, with a heavy sigh, " O! I lost my right hand when I lost him!"

SECTION VII.

HAVING thus finished the Life of Swift, and related in a regular series all that I thought most worthy to be recorded, I have purposely reserved to a separate part of the work, such anecdotes, memoirs, and detached pieces, as could not have been interwoven in the history, without much interruption. This was the method pursued by that great biographer Plutarch, and that is the part of his work, which, in general, is read with most pleasure. There is a wonderful curiosity in mankind to pry into the secret

secret actions of men, who have made a distinguished figure in publick, as it is from private anecdotes alone that a true estimate can be formed of their real characters, since the other may be assumed only to answer the purposes of ambition. Even circumstances, in themselves trifling, often lead to this, and on that account are registered with care, and read with avidity. I shall, therefore, without farther preface, relate such anecdotes of Swift, as have come to my knowledge, and have not hitherto been made known to the world, as they rise in the memory; but shall set down none which I have not good reason to believe authentick; as I received most of them from my father; others from his and the Dean's intimate friends; and some came within my own knowledge.

We have already seen that soon after the Dean's acquaintance with doctor Sheridan commenced, being both equally fond of the *bagatelle*, they were laying themselves out for various contrivances to create innocent sport. There happened to arrive in town at this time, one Gibbons, who had been a contemporary of the Doctor's in the college, but had been absent in the country for some years. On his arrival he renewed his acquaintance with doctor Sheridan. He had a great simplicity of character, which made it easy to impose on him, and certain oddities and peculiarities, which rendered him a proper subject for a practical joke. A plan was immediately concerted between them, that Swift should personate the character of a distressed clergyman, under the name of Jodrel, applying to doctor Sheridan to be made one of his ushers. A time was appointed for their meeting at the Doctor's an hour before dinner, and several of their set were invited to be present at the

sport. When they were assembled, Swift, as Jodrel, entered the room in an old rusty gown, and lank shabby periwig, which were provided at the doctor's for the purpose. As he was an excellent mimick, he personated the character of an awkward country parson to the life. Gibbons was requested by the Doctor to examine him, in order to see whether he was fit for the post; and Jodrel gave such answers to the questions asked by Gibbons, as afforded high entertainment to all present. One of his questions was, "What is Christ's church?" To which Jodrel replied, "A great pile of building near the four courts;" for so that church is called. On which Gibbons exclaimed, "was there ever such a blockhead? Who the devil put you in orders!" The sport occasioned by this was too rich to be suddenly given up. Gibbons, Jodrel, and the other guests met several times at dinner, where Jodrel's behaviour was always awkward and absurd. One time he held out his plate with both his hands, stretching it in the most ridiculous posture quite across the table, which provoked Gibbons to call him *fool! dunce!* and even to give him a slap on the wrist with the flat of his knife; at the same time, showing him how he ought to hold his plate, or that he should send it by one of the servants. When this sort of amusement was adjudged to have continued long enough, doctor Sheridan delivered a message to Gibbons from the Dean, inviting him to dine with him. Gibbons, who had expressed a great ambition to be known to Swift, received the message with transport, but said, "Sure he won't ask that fool Jodrel!" Sheridan told him "he might set his heart at rest, for that the Dean never had, nor never would ask him as long as he lived." When the

the appointed day came, Gibbons went with the Doctor to the deanery, who placed him at a window from which he could see the Dean returning from prayers. He was dressed that day in as high a style as the clerical function will allow; in a paduasoy gown, square velvet cap, &c. Gibbons looked at him with great attention, and turning to Sheridan with much perturbation of countenance, cried out, "Why doctor, that is Jodrel!"—"Peace, fool," said the Doctor, "I was very near losing the Dean's acquaintance, by happening to say that Jodrel had some resemblance to him." When the Dean entered the chamber where they were, Gibbons changed colour, and in great confusion said to Sheridan, "By my soul it is Jodrel!—What shall I do?" Sheridan then smiled; so did the Dean, and opened the matter to Gibbons in such a way as to set him at ease, and make him pass the remainder of the day very pleasantly. But Swift had not yet done with him. He had perceived that though Gibbons had no pretensions to scholarship, he had a good deal of vanity on that score, and was resolved to mortify him. He had beforehand prepared Mrs. Johnson in a passage of Lucretius, wherein are these lines:

Medioque fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.* *IV.* 1127.

Among their evening amusements, Mrs. Johnson called for Lucretius, as an author she was well acquainted with, and requested of Gibbons to explain that passage to her. Why, says he, there can be nothing more easy, and began immediately to con-

* Some bitter thought destroys
His fancied mirth, and poisons all his joys.
CREECH.

strue it in the schoolboys' fashion, "*Que* and, *medio in fonte* in the middle of a fountain, *leporum* of hares." —"No, Mr. Gibbons," interrupted Mrs. Johnson, "if that word signified *hares*, it would be a false quantity in the verse, the *o* being necessarily long in the last foot of the line, whereas the *o* in *leporum*, when it signifies *hares*, is short." Poor Gibbons was quite confounded, acknowledged his errour, and did not choose to give any farther proofs of his erudition, before a lady so profoundly skilled in Latin.

When Swift (who did every thing in his own way) introduced bishop Berkeley to lord Berkeley of Stratton, he made use of these words: "My Lord, here is a relation of your lordship's who is *good for something*; and that, as times go, is saying a great deal."

As Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and that he might enjoy the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan that he should go thither disguised as a blind fidler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred they reached the scene of action, where the blind fidler was received with joyful shouts. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fidler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a more joyous wedding seen. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked jokes, &c. in a vein of humour more entertaining to the two guests, than they probably could have found in any other meeting on a like occasion. When they were

were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fidler very handsomely. The next day the Dean and Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening, scattered about in different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these, they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who were perfectly clearsighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly; told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and assured them, "if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up, and sent to gaol." Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

When the Dean was at Quilca, a country seat of doctor Sheridan's, on a small estate which he possessed in the county of Cavan, during the Doctor's absence, who could only pass his school vacations there, he acted as bailiff, in superintending the works then carrying on. He had a mind to surprise the Doctor, on his next visit, with some improvements made at his own expense. Accordingly he had a canal cut of some extent, and at the end of it, by transplanting some young trees, formed an arbour, which he called *Stella's bower*, and surrounded some acres of land about it with a dry stone wall (for the country afforded no lime) the materials

materials of which were taken from the surface of the ground, which was very stony. The Dean had given strict charge to all about him to keep this secret, in order to surprise the Doctor on his arrival; but he had in the mean time received intelligence of all that was going forward. On his coming to Quilca, the Dean took an early opportunity of walking with him carelessly toward this new scene. The Doctor seemed not to take the least notice of any alteration, and with a most inflexible countenance continued to talk of indifferent matters. "Confound your stupidity," said Swift in a rage, "why, you blockhead, don't you see the great improvements I have been making here?"—"Improvements, Mr. Dean; why I see a long bog hole out of which I suppose you have cut the turf; you have removed some of the young trees, I think, to a worse situation; as to taking the stones from the surface of the ground, I allow that is a useful work, as the grass will grow the better for it; and placing them about the field in that form, will make it more easy to carry them off."—"Plague on your Irish taste," says Swift; "this is just what I ought to have expected from you; but neither you nor your forefathers ever made such an improvement; nor will you be able while you live to do any thing like it."

The Doctor was resolved to retaliate on the Dean the first opportunity. It happened when he was down there in one of his vacations, that the Dean was absent for a few days on a visit elsewhere. He took this opportunity of employing a great number of hands to make an island in the middle of the lake, where

where the water was twenty feet deep; an arduous work in appearance, but not hard to be executed in a place abounding with large stones upon the surface of the ground, and where long heath grew every where in great plenty; for by placing quantities of those stones in large bundles of heath, the space was soon filled up, and a large island formed. To cover this, a sufficient quantity of earth and green sods were brought, and several well grown osiers, and other aquatics, were removed to it. The doctor's secret was better kept than Swift's; who, on his return, walked toward the lake, and seeing the new island, cried out in astonishment, "Heigh! how the water of the lake is sunk in this short time to discover that island of which there was no trace before!" Greatly sunk indeed, observed the doctor with a sneer, if it covered the tops of those osiers. Swift then saw he had been fairly taken in, and acknowledged the doctor had got the better of him, both in his stratagem, and the beauty of his improvement.

Many were their contrivances to play tricks on each other as occasions offered, and it seldom happened but that where one succeeded, a speedy retaliation ensued. The dean, the doctor, another gentleman, and the bishop of Meath, once set out together from Dublin, to pass some days at a friend's house in the country. The bishop had said "that he should not be able to visit his diocese for some time, as his house was rebuilding;" upon which Swift made him a tender of his house at Laracor, till his own should be ready for him. The discourse naturally fell upon country seats; and Sheridan enlarged a good deal upon the beauties of Quilca;

which though at that time in a very rude state, to use a modern phrase, had certainly great capabilities. Swift exclaimed, "My lord, do you hear that vapouring scab? I will show you an exact picture of that place which he has painted in such fine colours." Upon which he put his hand in his pocket, and, for the first time, produced that ludicrous copy of verses on Quilca, since printed in his works. This occasioned a good deal of laughter at the doctor's expense, who bore it patiently for some time, but meditated speedy revenge. He then pretended to be weary of the coach, and said he would mount his horse, which was led, and go before to prepare breakfast for them at the inn. He made what speed he could, and upon his arrival there, instantly called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the poem, describing the dean's goods at Laracor. Upon seeing a beggar at the door, the thought struck him to have this presented to the bishop by way of petition. He accordingly folded it up in that form, and gave the beggar his lesson when and how he was to present it. When breakfast was over, and they had all got into the coach, the beggar with much importunity stretched his hand out with the petition to the bishop. Swift, always at enmity with these vagrants, begged of his lordship not to receive it, and was calling out to the coachman to drive on, when the bishop, who had been let into the secret by Sheridan, stopped him, and opening the petition, kept it close to his eyes, so that no one else might see its contents, and for some time seemed to read it with attention. He then gave the poor man a shilling, and said he would examine into the truth of what was there set down, when he returned.

Swift

Swift for a long time after indulged himself on his usual topick, inveighing strongly against giving encouragement to such sturdy vagabonds, who were the pests of society, &c. &c.. The bishop at last interrupting him said, " Indeed, Mr. Dean, if what is here set forth be true, the man is a real object of compassion, as you shall see." Upon which he read aloud the following contents of the paper.

A true and faithful inventory of the goods belonging to doctor Swift, vicar of Laracor; upon his offering to lend his house to the bishop of Meath, until his own was built.

An oaken, broken, elbow chair;
A caudle cup, without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead;
A box of deal without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A backsword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown gray;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter;
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet;
Which runs as fast out, as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuffdish, and saveall,
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend;
They'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not, as well as doctor Swift?

Thus

Thus were the tables turned upon the Dean, and a good deal of mirth indulged at his expense.

When he was at Quilca he went one Sunday to a church at the distance of more than two hours ride. The parson of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying "that it was too far to ride home afterward; no, I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly at Virginy, which is half way home."

Reilly, who was what is called there a gentleman farmer, was proud of the honour, and immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver laced hat adorned his head. When the lady was introduced to the Dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a duchess, making several *congés* down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high-flown compliments, he addressed his host—"Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne."—"Estate, says Reilly, devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my generation. I have a pretty good lease here indeed from lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come."—"Well—but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?"—"Why don't you see her there before you!"—"That Mrs. Reilly! impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No—Mrs. Reilly the farmer's wife,

wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it." Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. Swift saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand and saying, " I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly. This husband of yours would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so." He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat; with his penknife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in several papers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be supposed that the family was put into no small confusion at this strange proceeding; but they did not dare to show that they took any umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him.

However as he soon resumed his good humour, entertaining them with many pleasantries to their taste (for no man knew better how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people) they soon recovered their spirits, and the day was passed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, " I do not intend to rob you Mrs. Reilly: I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment."

When

When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas enclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he staid in the country, he kept an eye upon them, and found his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more consonant to their situation in life. In consequence of which, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease; without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing for his own or his family's support.

During his residence at Quilca he wrote a great part of his "Gulliver's Travels," and prepared the whole for the press. While he was upon the subject of the *Brobdingnags*, he used frequently to invite a Mr. Doughty, who lived in that neighbourhood, to dine with him. He was of a gigantick stature; and supposed to be the strongest man in Ireland, as well as the most active. Swift used to take great delight in seeing him perform several of his feats, some of which were of so extraordinary a nature, that I should be afraid to relate them, lest it should impeach my credibility. Among these, Swift asked him whether he could carry on his back a Manks horse which happened to be in the court-yard at that time. Doughty, after having tied his legs, immediately took him up and threw him on his shoulders, with the same ease that another man would lift a sheep, and walked about with him for a long time without shrinking at all under his burden. It happened one day that a gentleman of

that

that neighbourhood, well known in the country by the name of *Killbuck Tuite*, dined with the Dean at Quilca when Doughty was there. He was a blunt freespoken man, no respecter of persons, and stood in awe of no one, let his rank or character be what it would. After dinner, Swift asked him "whether he could direct him the road to Market-hill?" Tuite said "he did not know it."—"That is the way," said Swift, "with all you Irish block-heads; you never know the way to any place beyond the next dunghill."—"Why," answered Tuite, "I never was at Market-hill: Have not you been there Mr. Dean?" He acknowledged he had.—"Then what a damned English blockhead are you," replied Killbuck, "to find fault with me for not directing you the way to a place where I never had been, when you don't know it yourself, who have been there?" Swift, with a countenance of great counterfeited terrour, immediately rose and changed seats with Doughty, who happened to be next to him, placing the giant between him and Tuite to protect him against that wild man, and skulking behind him like a child, with well acted fear, to the no small entertainment of the company; who, however, were not sorry that the Dean had met with his match. And the fame of Killbuck for this bold retort on the Dean, of whom all the world stood in awe, was spread through the country.

Swift had got the character of a morose, ill-natured man, chiefly from a practice of his to which he constantly adhered. Whenever he fell into the company of any person for the first time, it was his custom to try their tempers and disposition, by some abrupt

abrupt question that bore the appearance of rudeness. If this were well taken, and answered with good humour, he afterward made amends by his civilities. But if he saw any marks of resentment from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all farther intercourse with the party. This will be illustrated by an anecdote of that sort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After supper, the Dean having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glass, and seeing it was muddy, presented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it; "for," said he, "I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me." Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him, "he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate."—"Why then," said the Dean, "you shan't, for I'll drink it myself. Why, p—x take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate, whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for, upon my making the same speech to him, he said he did not understand such usage, and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me, that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him."

Captain Hamilton, of Castle Hamilton, in the county of Cavan, gave me the following account of his first acquaintance with Swift. The Captain was possessed of one of the largest estates and best houses in the county, where he constantly resided, and lived in a most hospitable way. He had a good natural understanding, but utterly unimproved through a neglect in his education. He was cheerful, good-natured, and generous in the highest degree. A long

friendship

friendship had subsisted between sir Arthur Acheson and him, and they usually passed two months in the year at each other's house alternately. It happened that Captain Hamilton paid one of these visits when Swift was there. Sir Arthur upon hearing of his friend's arrival, ran out to receive him at the door, followed by Swift. The captain, who did not see the Dean, as it was in the dusk of the evening, in his blunt way, upon entering the house exclaimed, "that he was very sorry he was so unfortunate to choose that time for his visit."—"Why so?"—"Because I hear dean Swift is with you. He is a great scholar, a wit; a plain country 'squire will have but a bad time of it in his company, and I don't like to be laughed at." Swift then stepped up to the captain, from behind sir Arthur, where he had stood, and said to him, "Pray, captain Hamilton, do you know how to say *yes* or *no* properly?"—"Yes, I think I have understanding enough for that."—"Then give me, your hand—depend upon it you and I will agree very well." The captain told me he never passed two months so pleasantly in his life, nor had ever met with so agreeable a companion as Swift proved to be during the whole time. Insomuch, that at parting he pressed him most cordially to pass the next summer with him at Castle Hamilton.

There lived at that time in Ireland a gentleman of the name of Mathew, whose history is well worth recording, although in a great part it may appear digressive. He was possessed of a large estate in the finest county in that kingdom, Tipperary: which produced a clear rent of eight thousand a year. As he

he delighted in a country life, he resolved to build a large commodious house for the reception of guests, surrounded by fifteen hundred acres of his choicest land, all laid out upon a regular plan of improvement, according to the new adopted mode of English gardening (which had supplanted the bad Dutch taste brought in by king William) and of which he was the first who set the example in Ireland; nor was there any improvement of that sort then in England, which was comparable to his, either in point of beauty or extent. As this design was formed early in life, in order to accomplish his point, without incurring any debt on his estate, he retired to the Continent for seven years, and lived upon six hundred pounds a year, while the remaining income of his estate was employed in carrying on the great works he had planned there. When all was completed, he returned to his native country; and after some time passed in the metropolis, to revive the old, and cultivate new acquaintance, he retired to his seat at Thomastown to pass the remainder of his days there. As he was one of the finest gentlemen of the age, and possessed of so large a property, he found no difficulty, during his residence in Dublin, to get access to all, whose character for talents, or probity, made him desirous to cultivate their acquaintance. Out of these, he selected such as were most conformable to his taste, inviting them to pass such leisure time as they might have upon their hands, at Thomastown. As there was something uncommonly singular in his mode of living, such as I believe was never carried into practice by any mortal before, in an equal degree, I fancy the reader will not be displeased

displeased with an account of the particulars of it, though it may appear foreign to the subject in hand.

His house had been chiefly contrived to answer the noble purpose of that constant hospitality, which he intended to maintain there. It contained forty commodious apartments for guests, with suitable accommodations to their servants. Each apartment was completely furnished with every convenience that could be wanted, even to the minutest article. When a guest arrived, he showed him his apartment, saying, "this is your castle, here you are to command as absolutely as in your own house; you may breakfast, dine and sup here whenever you please, and invite such of the guests to accompany you as may be most agreeable to you." He then showed him the common parlour, "where," he said, "a daily ordinary was kept, at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in society; but from this moment you are never to know me as master of the house, and only to consider me as one of the guests."

In order to put an end to all ceremony at meal time, he took his place at random at the table; and thus all ideas of precedence being laid aside, the guests seated themselves promiscuously, without any regard to difference of rank or quality. There was a large room fitted up exactly like a coffee-house, where a bar-maid and waiters attended to furnish refreshments at all times of the day. Here, such as chose it, breakfasted at their own hour. It was furnished with chess-boards, backgammon tables, newspapers, pamphlets, &c. in all the forms of a city coffee-

house. But the most extraordinary circumstance in his whole domestick arrangement, was that of a detached room in one of the extremities of the house, called *the tavern*. As he was himself a very temperate man, and many of his guests were of the same disposition, the quantity of wine for the use of the common room was but moderate; but as drinking was much in fashion in those days, in order to gratify such of his guests as had indulged themselves in that custom, he had recourse to the above-mentioned contrivance; and it was the custom of all who loved a cheerful glass to adjourn to the tavern soon after dinner, and leave the more sober folks to themselves. Here a waiter in a blue apron attended (as was the fashion then) and all things in the room were contrived so as to humour the illusion. Here, every one called for what liquor they liked, with as little restraint as if they were really in a publick-house, and to pay their share of the reckoning. Here too, the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated, with the same noisy mirth as is customary in his city temples, without in the least disturbing the repose of the more sober part of the family. Games of all sorts were allowed, but under such restrictions as to prevent gambling; and so as to answer their true end, that of amusement, without injury to the purse of the players. There were two billiard tables, and a large bowling-green; ample provision was made for all such as delighted in country sports; fishing tackle of all sorts; variety of guns with proper ammunition; a pack of buck hounds, another of fox hounds, and another of harriers. He constantly kept twenty choice hunters in his stables, for the use of those who were not properly mounted for the chace.

It

It may be thought that his income was not sufficient to support so expensive an establishment; but when it is considered that eight thousand a year at that time was fully equal to double that sum at present; that his large demesne, in some of the richest soil of Ireland, furnished the house with every necessary except groceries and wine; it may be supposed to be easily practicable if under the regulation of a strict economy; of which no man was a greater master. I am told his plan was so well formed, and he had such checks upon all his domesticks, that it was impossible there could be any waste, or that any article from the larder, or a single bottle of wine from the cellar could have been purloined, without immediate detection. This was done partly by the choice of faithful stewards, and clerks of improved integrity; but chiefly by his own superintendance of the whole, as not a day passed without having all the accounts of the preceding one laid before him. This he was enabled to do by his early rising: and the business being finished before others were out of their beds, he always appeared the most disengaged man in the house, and seemed to have as little concern in the conduct of it as any of the guests. And indeed to a stranger he might easily pass for such, as he made it a point that no one should consider him in the light of a master of the house, nor pay him the least civilities on that score; which he carried so far, that he sometimes went abroad without giving any notice, and staid away several days, while things went on as usual at home; on his return, he would not allow any gratulations to be made him, nor any other notice to be taken of him, than if he had not

been absent during that time. The arrangements of every sort were so prudently made, that no multiplicity of guests or their domesticks, ever occasioned any disorder, and all things were conducted with the same ease and regularity, as in a private family. There was one point which seemed of great difficulty, that of establishing certain signals, by which each servant might know when he was summoned to his master's apartment. For this purpose there was a great hall appropriated to their use, where they always assembled when they were not upon duty. Along the wall bells were ranged in order, one to each apartment, with the number of the chamber marked over it; so that when any one of them was rung, they had only to turn their eyes to the bell, and see what servant was called. He was the first who put an end to that inhospitable custom of giving vales to servants, by making a suitable addition to their wages; at the same time assuring them, that if they ever took any afterward, they should be discharged with disgrace; and to prevent temptation, the guests were informed that Mr. Mathew would consider it as the highest affront, if any offer of that sort were made.

As Swift had heard much of this place from Dr. Sheridan, who had been often a welcome guest there, both on account of his companionable qualities, and as being preceptor to the nephew of Mr. Mathew, he was desirous of seeing with his own eyes whether the report of it were true, which he could not help thinking to have been much exaggerated. Upon receiving an intimation of this from Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the Dean, requesting the honour of a visit, in company

pany with the Doctor, on his next school vacation. They set out accordingly on horseback, attended by a gentleman who was a near relation of Mr. Mathew, and from whom I received the whole of the following account. They had scarce reached the inn where they were to pass the first night, and which like most of the Irish inns at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when a coach and six horses arrived, sent to convey them the remainder of their journey to Thomastown; and at the same time bringing store of the choicest viands, wine, and other liquors for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark of attention paid him, and the circumstance of the coach proved particularly agreeable, as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey. When they came within sight of the house, the Dean, astonished at its magnitude, cried out, "What in the name of God can be the use of such a vast building?" "Why, Mr. Dean," replied their fellow traveller before mentioned, "there are no less than forty apartments for guests in that house, and all of them probably occupied at this time, except what are reserved for us."

Swift, in his usual manner, called out to the coachman to stop, and bade him turn about, and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. "Well," said he, afterward suddenly, "there is no remedy, I must submit; but I have lost a fortnight of my life."

Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of respect; and then conducting him to his apartment, after some compliments, made him his usual speech; acquainting him with

the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after the cook appeared with his bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper, and the butler at the same time with a list of wines and other liquors. "And is all this really so," said Swift? "and may I command here as in my own house?" The gentleman before mentioned assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of that mansion, than that all under his roof should live conformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint. "Well, then," said Swift, "I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests while I stay, for I think I shall hardly be tempted to mix with the mob below."

Three days were passed in riding over the demesne, and viewing the several improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew, or any of the guests; nor were the company below much concerned at his absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not know him with awe, and they were afraid his presence would put an end to that ease and cheerfulness which reigned among them.

On the fourth day, Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew in one of the finest complimental speeches that ever was made; in which he expatiated on all the beauties of his improvements, with the skill of an artist, and taste of a connoisseur. He showed that he had a full comprehension of the whole of the plan, and of the judicious adaption of the parts to the whole, and pointed out several articles which had escaped general observation. Such an address, from a man of

Swift's

Swift's character, could not fail of being pleasing to the owner, who was at the same time the planner of these improvements; and so fine an eulogium from one who was supposed to deal more in satire than panegyrick, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained against his character, and prepossess the rest of the company in his favour. He concluded his speech by saying, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine if we do not pass our time agreeably." After dinner, being in high spirits, he entertained the company with various pleasantries: Doctor Sheridan and he played into one another's hands; they joked, they punned, they laughed, and a general gayety was diffused through the whole company. In a short time all constraint on his account disappeared. He entered readily into all their little schemes of promoting mirth, and every day, with the assistance of his coadjutor, produced some new one, which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. Never were such joyous scenes known there before; for, when to ease and cheerfulness, there is superadded, at times, the highest zest of gay wit, lively fancy, and droll humour, nothing can be wanting to the perfection of the social pleasures of life. When the time came which obliged Dr. Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the Dean, that they earnestly intreated him to remain there some time longer; and Mr. Mathew himself for once broke through his rule of never soliciting the stay of any guest, (it being the established custom of the house that all might depart whenever they thought proper, without any ceremony of leave taking) by joining in the request.

request. Swift found himself so happy in his situation there, that he readily yielded to their solicitations, and instead of the fortnight which he had originally intended, passed four months there much to his own satisfaction, and that of all those who had visited the place during that time.

Having gone somewhat out of my way to give an account of the owner of this happy mansion, I am tempted to digress a little farther by relating an adventure he was engaged in, of so singular a kind, as deserves well to be recorded. It was toward the latter end of queen Anne's reign, when Mr. Mathew returned to Dublin after his long residence abroad. At that time party ran very high, but raged no where with such violence as in that city, insomuch that duels were every day fought there on that score. There happened to be, at that time, two gentlemen in London, who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one of them was Pack, the other Creed; the former a major, the latter a captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knight-errants, to go over in quest of adventures. Upon inquiry, they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack, rejoiced to find an antagonist worthy of him, resolved the first opportunity to pick a quarrel with him; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, jostled the fore chairman. Of this Mathew took no notice, as supposing it to be accidental. But Pack afterward boasted of it in the public coffee-house, saying, "that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman, who had

had not the spirit to resent it." There happened to be present a particular friend of Mr. Mathew's, of the name of Macnamara, a man of tried courage, and reputed the best fencer in Ireland. He immediately took up the quarrel, and said, " he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose the affront intended, otherwise he would have chastised him on the spot; but if the major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on his friend's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town." The major said " that he should be at the tavern over the way, where he and his companion would wait their commands." Immediately on his arrival, Mathew being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern, accompanied by Macnamara. Being shown into the room where the two gentlemen were, after having secured the door, without any expostulation, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying, " he had something to propose before they proceeded to action." He said, " in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator; so, sir, (addressing himself to Creed) if you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of instantly drawing his sword; and to work the four champions fell, with the same composure as if it were only a fencing match with foils. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the

the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion, Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the first; upon which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed are you gone?" "Yes," said Mathew, very composedly, "and you shall instantly *Pack* after him;" at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seems almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterward ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best dispositions, except in this Quixotish idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured.

The Dean was often applied to, to redress private grievances, by persons of whom he had no knowledge, and never failed to interpose his good offices, when the case was such as merited his attention.

Among

Among these he was particularly struck with that of a young gentleman in the college of the name of Fitzherbert; whose father, though a man of considerable estate, had treated him with great inhumanity, banishing him his house, and not affording him the common necessaries of life. The young man, driven almost to desperation, though he had no other acquaintance with Swift than that of seeing him sometimes at Dr. Sheridan's school, where he was bred, drew up so affecting a narrative of his case, and in such a masterly style, in a letter to the Dean, as gave him a high opinion of his talents and genius, and rendered him an object well worthy of his protection. Accordingly he wrote to the father, who was a stranger to him, in very strong terms; highly extolling his son's abilities, and recommending him to his favour*. He waited for an answer to this letter from the father, before he could make a satisfactory reply to that of the son; but after some days had elapsed, the young man growing impatient of the Dean's silence, resolved to second his first address in prose, by another in poetry, and sent him the following copy of verses:

To the DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S.

" Obscure in garret vile I lay,
And slumber'd out the tedious day;
Or par'd my nails, or watch'd the cries
Of savoury sausages or pies;
Or strove, with dexterous art, to hide
Chinks in my stockings gaping wide;
Or read old authors o'er and o'er,
In number hardly half a score;

* This letter, dated March 19, 1734-5, is printed in the thirteenth volume of the present collection. N.

Those, dusty, tatter'd, full of holes;
The rest were gone to purchase coals.
In prose† I told how EPICTETUS,
Upon a pinch, the best of meat is;
On which I was compell'd to dine,
While gay PETRONIUS paid for wine.
How HORACE cater'd, PLUTARCH, pot—
Companion boon, discharg'd my shot.
How TULLY too the kennel thumps,
Converted to a pair of pumps.
I told how GULLIVER, with sense
Enrich'd me first, and then with pence,
And ah! I might with tears relate
Poor metamorphos'd VIRGIL's fate;
Who, having erst adorn'd my leg,
Now hangs and rots upon a peg.
Unable to dismiss a crowd
Of duns importunate and loud:
Though pinch'd with hunger, thirst, and cold,
I yet disdain'd to have it told.
Too proud for pity, I suppress'd
The sighs that struggl'd in my breast;
And while a vulture gnaw'd my heart,
Smiles in my face, conceal'd the smart.
Ye younger brothers, who inherit,
In lieu of fortune, the *bon* spirit;
For which, unless your fathers bail,
You must for ever rot in jail;
Ye gamesters, who have lost codille,
Unpaid as yet your tailor's bill;
Ye thieves detected on the top
Of houses, or within a shop;
Ye tender damsels, who bestow
Your virgin treasures on a beau,
Forsaken of your fop, the scorn
Of bitter prudes, and quite forlorn;
Say, did ye oftner wish to die,
Or feel sincerer grief than I?
Now ripe with injuries and age,
My spirits kindle into rage;

† Alluding to his former prose letter to the Dean. S.

Now

Now visionary projects roll,
And crowd tumultuous on my soul.
So fire conceal'd from human eyes,
In mount Vesuve or Ætna lies,
Till burst at last, and finding vent,
Is to the clouds with fury sent.
My story to the Dean I wrote
With great expense of oil and thought;
Did he receive it with a nod,
Profess it was extremely odd?
Did he his shoulders shrug, or think
My cause unworthy of his ink?
Did he a ragged youth despise?
Ah! no, the Dean is just and wise:
And truth an easy passage finds,
Like a full tide, to generous minds.
Hail Bard and Patriot! could I hope
The Muses would from thee elope,
To make me, by their mighty pow'r,
A poet only for an hour;
Thy matchless virtues should be known
In verse as lasting as your own.
But I ne'er tasted of the spring
Which taught immortal Swift to sing;
Nor e'er invok'd the tuneful nine
To help me with a single line;
Then let your own Apollo praise
Your virtue, humour, wit, and ease."

Swift, on receipt of this, returned a short answer, and enclosed a bill for twenty pounds, telling him he should soon hear from him again. He then went to his father, and having rated him sufficiently for want of manners in not answering his letter, proceeded to the affair of his son. The gentleman, who had nothing to offer in his excuse, exceedingly alarmed at the resentment shown by Swift for his neglect, to make amends for this, immediately acquiesced in any measures that Swift might propose, with regard to the

the object of his visit; and it was agreed upon the spot, that the young gentleman should be sent immediately to Leyden to study physick, with a suitable allowance for his support.

In one of his rambles through the country of Ireland, he happened to stop at a small village in some part of the Bog of Allen. The landlord of the house to which he was directed for entertainment, was quite unfurnished of every kind of provision that might refresh either himself or his horses. The Dean seeing a church not far off, inquired who was the parson, and where he lived. Being informed in these points, he desired the landlord to go in his name, and beg a little hay and oats for his horses; who brought him back for answer, "that the vicar, Mr. Hervey, would send him none; but if the Dean would do him the honour to take share of his dinner, which was near ready, he should have as much as he pleased." The Dean readily accepted the invitation; and going immediately to Mr. Hervey's, asked "what he had for dinner?"—"A shoulder of lamb and sallad."—"And what have you got to drink?"—"Some pretty good ale; and had I known of your coming, I would have had a bottle of wine."—"Wine! said the Dean, what is your vicarage worth?" "About fourscore pounds a year."—"And dares such a little fellow as you pretend to drink wine?"—"Only on extraordinary occasions." The Dean was much pleased with his host and his entertainment; and when he was going away, he called to his servant to take good notice of that clergyman, "And be sure remember, if ever he should come to inquire for me at the deanery, to say I am *not at home!*" Mr. Hervey understood his meaning well: and on his next visit to Dublin,

Dublin, did not fail to pay his respects to the Dean; who received him very cordially, and entertained him with great kindness.

Once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, he sent for a barber to shave him; who performed his office very dexterously, and being a prating fellow, amused the Dean, during the operation, with a variety of chat. The Dean inquired of him who was the minister of his parish, and whether he had one farthing to rub upon another? The barber answered, "that though the benefice was but small, the incumbent was very rich."—"How the plague can that be?"—"Why, please your reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, stockings, shoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and sells them at an advanced price to the parishioners, and so picks up a penny." The Dean was curious to see this vicar, and dismissing the barber with a shilling, desired the landlord to go in his name, and ask that gentleman to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had bespoke *a yard of mutton* (the name he usually gave to the neck) for dinner. Word was brought back "that he had rid abroad to visit some sick parishioners."—"Why then," said the Dean, "invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone." The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel, came to the inn, first inquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had so kindly invited him. "What the vengeance," said the servant, "don't you know Dean Swift?" At which the barber turned pale, said his babbling tongue had ruined him; then ran into the house, fell upon his knees, and intreated the Dean "not to put him into print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family

mily to maintain, and if his reverence put him into black and white, he should lose all his customers." Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity; bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him "he would neither put him, or his wife, or the vicar in print." After dinner, having got out of him the history of the whole parish, he dismissed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

One day Swift observed a great rabble assembled in a large space before the deanery door in Kevin street, and upon inquiring the cause of this, was told it was to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him his lesson what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing it some time among the crowd, bawled out, "O yes, O yes, all manner of persons concerned, are desired to take notice, that it is the Dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to morrow. So God save the king, and his reverence the dean." The mob upon this notice immediately dispersed; only some, more cunning than the rest, swore they would not lose another afternoon, for that the Dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them a second time.

Swift, once in a private conference between some of the ministry and monsieur Menage, acted as interpreter. Observing both parties using their utmost endeavours to deceive each other, and that the whole time was spent in disguising their true designs, and finding artful evasions, his impatience arose to that height, that forgetting his situation as interpreter, he took upon him to offer his advice to the ministers on both

both sides; which was, in short, to speak plain truth and nothing else; adding, " that if they followed that method, they would do as much business in an hour, as they then did in a week."

In one of his jaunts to Windsor with lord Oxford, being employed full as idly as Horace says he was when taking the air with Mæcenas, they were playing a sort of game called *Cocks and Hens*; which consisted in each of them counting the poultry on his side of the road, and whichever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman in a certain posture, won the game. It happened while they were thus engaged, lord Bolingbroke's coach overtook them, who got into that of lord Oxford, and immediately entered upon some political business. He had not talked long before lord Oxford cried out, " Swift, I am up, there is a cat." Lord Bolingbroke, much offended at this, called to the coachman to stop, got out of the carriage, saying, " when his lordship was disposed to be serious, he would talk to him about business." This seems to have happened when things were tending toward that breach between them, which all the Dean's address and influence were not able to close.

Swift, like many who jest freely on others, could not bear a retort. Dining one day at a publick dinner of the mayor and corporation at Cork, he observed that alderman Brown, father to the bishop of that diocese, fed very heartily without speaking a word, and was so intent upon that business, as to become a proper object of ridicule. Accordingly he threw out many successful jests upon the alderman, who fed on with the silence of the still sow, neither seeming to regard what the Dean said, nor at all moved by the

repeated bursts of laughter at his expense. Toward the latter end of the meal, Swift happened to be helped to some roasted duck, and desired to have some applesauce on the same plate; upon which the alderman bawled out, "Mr. Dean, you eat your duck like a goose." This unexpected sally threw the company into a long continued fit of laughter, and Swift was silent the rest of the day.

One time going out of town, he said to Mr. Cope, "will you write to me?" And without waiting for an answer, continued, "No, I forgot, you are an idle man, and will never find time." He spent a good deal of time in the north at Mr. Robert Cope's, and was member of a club consisting of the neighbours who met periodically: one of the members was an old man remarkably stiff and surly; who valued himself much upon great plantations of fir-trees which he had raised about his house. Swift desired to look at them; and having put a rule in his pocket for the purpose, said he would try whether they were planted at exact distances, and laying down his rule, went obliquely on purpose from tree to tree, saying, "he that planted them knew nothing of the matter." The old gentleman snatched up the rule in a great passion, swearing "he never saw such a fool of a measurer in all his life."

There was a trap laid for the same old gentleman by one of the merry members of the club, Dr. Tisdall; who riding in company with Dr. Swift and others, near his house, laid a wager, "that he would make old Workman call himself Bruin the Bear." He had beforehand known that it was his day for brewing. They all rid up to the door, when Tisdall accosted the old gentleman with, "Pray, Mr. Workman, are not

not you brewing to-day?"—"Yes." "Are you brewing the barley, or brewing the beer?"—"Brewing the barley," said Workman, to Tisdall's great disappointment; who, beside losing his wager, had the laugh of the company against him.

A young gentleman, much addicted to laughing, happened to get into Swift's company; and having heard much of the Dean's pleasantries, was upon the titter at every thing he said: "Where is the jest?" said some one. "There," said Swift, pointing at the laughing young gentleman.

One day travelling in England, he asked a farmer which was the road to such a place; the farmer said it lay straight before him, he could not miss it. Swift riding a little way, observed a by-road to the left, and turned into it. The farmer called out to him that he was going wrong. "Why," said Swift, "did you not tell me I could not miss it?"—"No more you could," said the farmer, "if you had not been a fool."

Another time seeing a man fall from his horse in a slough, he rode up to him, inquiring whether he was hurt? "No," replied the farmer, "but I am woundily bemired." "You make good the old proverb," said Swift, "the more dirt, the less hurt." The man seemed much comforted with the old saying, but said he had never heard of that proverb before; and no wonder, for Swift had made it on the occasion. He used often to coin proverbs of that sort, and pass them for old.

One day walking in the garden of a stingy old gentleman, with many others in company, he saw a quantity of fine fruit, of which the owner never offered them a taste; Swift stopped at a peach tree

loaded with tempting fruit, and addressed the company with, "It was an old saying of my grandmother's, always pull a peach, when it lies in your reach:" he accordingly plucked one; and his example was immediately followed by all the rest, under the sanction of that good old saying.

He had many useful rules which he threw into rhime for the more easy recollection of them. One of them I remember was a direction to those who ride together through the water:

> "When through the water you do ride,
> Keep very close, or very wide."

Another related to the decanting of wine:

> "First rack slow, and then rack quick,
> Then rack slow till you come to the thick."

In a conversation with Dr. Ellwood, the doctor happened to speak of some one, as a fine old gentleman; "What!" said Swift, "have you kept company with me these twenty years, and have not the common sense to know that there is no such thing as a fine old gentleman; because, if the persons to whom that title is given, had been possessed either of a mind or body worth a farthing, they would have worn them out before they arrived at that age."

Dining one day at Mr. B——'s, his son, the present Mr. B——, then very young, was sent into the parlour after dinner to pay his compliments to the Dean. His mother, lady B——, had always kept him drest in the nicest manner. After drinking a glass of wine, and staying a little while with the company, he returned to his father, who was confined to his chamber with the gout, "Well, Will, what did

the Dean say to you?" "I heard him say, as I was leaving the room, '*Enfan gâte*'." His father laughed, and told it lady Betty. This came round to the Dean before he left the house; who said upon it—"What a confounded blockhead was I, to think there could be such a thing as a spoiled child who had not learned French."

In the pursuit of the *bagatelle*, he often descended to puerilities. Passing some time in the country, where Dan Jackson was one of the company (he whose long nose furnished a subject for several humorous copies of verses*), Swift used to try many practical jokes on him. One day he pretended to lay hold of a creeper on Dan's neck, and put himself in the posture of cracking it on the table with his thumb nail, at the same time making a noise similar to it with the joint of his finger; a common schoolboy's trick. He had served him in this manner more than once, when Dan resolved to be prepared for him if he ever attempted it again. With this view he procured a louse of the largest size he could get, and stopping it up in a quill, kept it in his pocket. It was not long before Swift repeated the trick; when Dan Jackson took an opportunity, while the Dean was looking another way, of unstopping the quill, and dropping the louse just before him, calling out "Mr. Dean—Mr. Dean—you have missed killing it this time, there it is crawling just before you." This turned the laugh against Swift, and put an end to that and some other of his pranks, as he found Dan was not so patient a butt as he had taken him for, and knew how to retaliate with advantage.

* See them in vol. XVI.

Among

Among other *jeux d' esprit*, he was fond of punning, and used to say that none disliked it but those who could not make one. The old lord Pembroke was a remarkable punster, and when lord lieutenant of Ireland, delighted much in Swift's company on that account. One day being at the castle when a learned physician was reading a long lecture to his excellency on the nature and qualities of bees, calling them on every occasion, a nation, and a commonwealth; "Yes, my lord," said Swift, "they are a very ancient nation; you know, my lord, Moses takes notice of them; he numbers the *Hivites* among those nations which Joshua was appointed to conquer."

Lord Pembroke had brought over with him, as his first chaplain, one Dr. Milles, a man remarkable for a large Roman nose, against whom Swift had taken a particular dislike. After dining one day with a private party at the castle, of which Milles was one, Swift began to rail at the lord lieutenants of Ireland for bringing over such blockheads for chaplains as they usually did. Lord Pembroke said, "that censure could not be applied to him, as his first chaplain present had been a professor at Oxford, and was accounted an excellent scholar."—"He a scholar!" said Swift; "I dare say he does not know how to construe a line of Virgil." Lord Pembroke, who expected some sport from this, took part with his chaplain, saying, "he was sure there was no passage in Virgil which he could not perfectly explain."—"Let the book be brought," said Swift. Accordingly a Virgil was sent for, and Swift opening the book, pitched upon the following line, *Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.* Milles immediately translated it very properly in the usual way. "There," says Swift, "I knew he could

not do it—he has not construed one word of it right." "Why, pray how would you construe it?" "Thus—*Romanos*—you've a Roman nose—*rerum*—you're a rare rum—*dominos*—damn your nose—*gentemque togatam*, and the whole race of chaplains." Swift then took up his hat and walked off, leaving lord Pembroke and the rest of the party laughing heartily at the droll scene which had just passed.

Now I am upon the subject of his punning, I cannot refrain from mentioning an excellent one which he made at my father's, in a happy application of one of Virgil's lines. It happened that a lady whisking about her long train, which was then the fashion, threw down and broke a fine Cremona fiddle belonging to him; upon which Swift cried out—

Mantua *væ miseræ nimium vicina* Cremonæ!

Once in the country he was making inquiries about a gentleman in the neighbourhood, with whom the others did not seem to associate, and asked the reason of it. They said, "he was a very stupid fellow." Swift some time after, in one of his rides, overtook him, and entered into conversation with him by praising his horse, saying, among other things, that he carried a very fine tail; to which the gentleman replied, "and yours carries the best head in Ireland." The Dean, on his return, related this as a very clever saying, and wondered how they could account the author of it stupid. One of the company, when he next saw the gentleman, told him how much the Dean was pleased with what he had said to him. "Why, what was it," said the other? "You told him that his horse carried the best head in Ireland." "And so he does," replied the gentleman (utterly unconscious

unconscious of his having said a good thing) "I think I never saw a horse with a finer forehead."

When George Faulkner the printer returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony that he would show to a perfect stranger. "Pray, Sir, what are your commands with me?"—"I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London."—"Pray, Sir, who are you?"—"George Faulkner the printer."—"You George Faulkner the printer! why, thou art the most impudent barefaced impostor I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace, and other fopperies. Get about your business, and thank your stars that I do not send you to the house of correction." Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and having changed his apparel, returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, on seeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, shook him familiarly by the hand, saying, "My good friend George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. Here was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you; but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

He could not bear to have any lies told him, which he never failed to detect; and when the party endeavoured to palliate them, his usual expression was—"Come, come, don't attempt to darn your cobwebs." It was a saying of his, that an excuse was worse than a lie, because an excuse was a lie guarded.

There was a violent quarrel between the Dean and sergeant

sergeant Bettesworth, which for some time made a great noise in Dublin. It was occasioned by the following verses in one of Swift's Poems*:

> So at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
> Though half a crown outpays his sweat's worth,
> Who knows in law, nor text, nor margent,
> Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.

The animosity of the Dean against the sergeant, did not arise from any personal pique, but on account of his being an avowed enemy of the clergy, and taking the lead in the house of commons in procuring one of the most unjust and arbitrary votes ever made by that body, by which the clergy were deprived of a considerable part of their tithes, which they had enjoyed time immemorial.

The poem was sent to Bettesworth when he was in company with some of his friends, from one of whom then present, I had the following account: He read it aloud till he had finished the lines relative to himself. He then flung it down with great violence, he trembled and turned pale; and after some pause, his rage for a while depriving him of utterance, he took out his penknife, and opening it, vehemently swore, with this very penknife, by G—d, will I cut off his ears. Soon after he went to seek the Dean at his house, and not finding him at his home, followed him to Mr. Worrall's, where he had an interview with him, which has been described by Swift in a letter to the duke of Dorset, then lord lieutenant

* "In a short poem on the Presbyterians, whom he always regarded with detestation, he bestowed one stricture upon Bettesworth, a lawyer eminent for his insolence to the clergy, which, from very considerable reputation, brought him into immediate and universal contempt." Dr. JOHNSON.

of

of Ireland*. But as there are some passages omitted in that narrative, which he related to Dr. Sheridan, immediately after the scene had passed, I shall here insert such part of them as I recollect. Upon inquiring for Swift, the sergeant was shown into the street parlour, and the Dean called out to him from the back room, where he was sitting after dinner with Worrall and his wife. Upon entering the room, Swift desired to know his commands. "Sir," says he, "I am sergeant *Bet-tes-worth*," (which was always his pompous way of pronouncing his own name in three distinct syllables).—"Of what regiment, pray?" says Swift.—"O, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery, you know me well enough, that I am one of his majesty's sergeants at law."—"What then, Sir?"—"Why then, Sir, I am come to demand of you, whether you are the author of this poem (producing it) and these villanous lines on me?"—At the same time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphasis, and much gesticulation.—"Sir," said Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my early days by lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge; because if I did this, in some cases, whatever I did not disown afterward, would infallibly be imputed to me as mine. Now, Sir, I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and as such have followed it ever since; and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetorick, as great a master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule†." Many other things passed

* See the Epistolary Correspondence in January, 1733-4. N.

† "Bettesworth was so little satisfied with this account, that he publickly professed his resolution of a violent and corporal revenge;

passed as related in the above-mentioned letter. But when Bettesworth was going away, he said, "Well, since you will give me no satisfaction in this affair, let me tell you, your gown is your protection; under the sanction of which, like one of your own Yahoos who had climbed up to the top of a high tree, you sit secure, and squirt your filth round on all mankind." Swift had candour enough not to conceal this last circumstance, at the same time saying, "that the fellow showed more wit in this than he thought him possessed of." After this, as Bettesworth still continued to utter furious threats against the Dean, there was an association formed and signed by all the principal inhabitants of that quarter, to stand by one another with their lives and fortunes, in support of their general benefactor, against any one who should attempt to offer the least injury to his person or fortune. Beside which, the publick indignation was kindled against him for this treatment of their great favourite, and the resentment of all the wits was poured out upon him in a vast effusion of libels, pointed with ridicule, or edged with satire, which placed his character in a contemptible, or an odious light; so that the unfortunate sergeant, who had before made a considerable figure at the bar, in a short time lost his business, and was seldom employed in any suit afterward; so dangerous was it to attack this idol of the people.

He was always attended by two servants when he rode out, but he walked through the streets, and did not put on his spatterdashes (which he always wore

revenge; but the inhabitants of St. Patrick's district embodied themselves in the Dean's defence. Bettesworth declared in Parliament, that Swift had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a year." Dr. JOHNSON.

instead

instead of boots) and spurs till he came to the place of mounting. One day, being detained longer than usual, and inquiring into the cause, he found it was owing to a dispute between the two servants, to which of their offices it belonged to carry the spatterdashes and spurs. Swift soon settled the matter, by making each of them carry one of each, and in that manner walk behind him through the streets. The blackguards of Dublin, who are remarkable for low humour, sooned smoked the design, and ridiculed the fellows as they passed along in such a way as made them quite ashamed of themselves, and willing to come to a compromise. But Swift, to punish them, made them continue their progress in the same way, enjoying the low jokes of the mob as they passed; till at their earnest entreaty afterward they were allowed to take it turn about.

He had always some whimsical contrivance to punish his servants for any neglect of his orders, so as to make them more attentive for the future. The hiring of the maidservants he left to his housekeeper; and when that ceremony was over, he used to send for them, saying, "he had but two commands to give them; one was, to shut the door after them whenever they came into a room; the other, to shut the door after them when they went out of a room;" and bade them be very punctual in executing these orders. One of these maids went to him on a particular occasion, to request that she might be allowed to go to her sister's wedding, which was to be on that day, at a place distant about ten miles from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but said "he would lend her one of his horses, with a servant to ride before her;" and gave his directions accordingly. The maid in

in the midst of her joy for this favour, forgot to shut the door after her when she left the room. In about a quarter of an hour after she was gone, the Dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse, and make what speed he could after them, and wherever he overtook them, to oblige them to return immediately. They had not got much above half way, when he came up with them, and told them "it was the Dean's positive commands, that they should return instantly;" with which, however reluctantly, the poor girl was obliged to comply. When she came into Swift's presence, with a most mortified countenance, she begged to know his reverence's commands: "Nothing child," said he, "only you forgot to shut the door after you." But not to carry the punishment too far, he then permitted her to pursue her journey.

One day when Swift was travelling, a dispute arose between his two servants which of them should clean his boots. He ordered his butler to do it; upon which the man observed, that if they were clean they would be dirtied again. To the truth of his remark Swift assented; observing, at the same time, that if the man eat his breakfast he would be hungry again; and calling for the landlady, expressly forbad her to give his servants any breakfast. Accordingly these two *useful* domesticks began their journey fasting. On the road a gentleman joined them, and asked the butler whither they were going? on which the man replied, "To Heaven, Sir, for my master is praying and we are fasting." Swift, who overheard the conversation, presented the fellow with a guinea.

There was nothing Swift disliked more than applications from witlings and poetasters to look over their pieces, and he generally had some whimsical contrivance

contrivance to make them repent of this, which, being told, might also deter others from the like. Among these, there was a poor author of my acquaintance, who had written a very indifferent tragedy, and got himself introduced to the Dean, in order to have his opinion of it. In about a fortnight after the delivery, he called at the deanery to know how he approved of it. Swift returned the play carefully folded up, telling him, "he had read it, and taken some pains with it; and he believed the author would not find above half the number of faults in it, that it had when it came into his hands." Poor Davy, after a thousand acknowledgments to the Dean for the trouble he had taken, retired in company with the gentleman who had first introduced him, and was so impatient to see what corrections Swift had made, that he would not wait till he got home, but got under a gateway in the next street, and, to his utter astonishment and confusion, saw that the Dean had taken the pains to blot out every second line throughout the whole play, so carefully, as to render them utterly illegible. Nor was it in the power of the unfortunate author to conceal his disgrace, as his friend, from whom I had the story, thought it too good a joke to be lost.

Swift, whatever mastery he had gained over the greater passions, had no command of his temper. He was of a very irritable make, prone to sudden starts of passion, in which his expressions of course were not very guarded. His friends made all due allowance for this, knowing it to be an infirmity often attendant on the best natures, and never took any thing amiss that he said or did on such occasions.

sions. But Dr. Sheridan, when he saw one of these fits coming on him, used to divert its course, by some whimsical stroke of fancy that would set him a laughing, and give his humour another bent. And in this he was so successful, that one of their common friends used to say, that he was the David, who alone could play the evil spirit out of Saul. Among the many off-hand poems, which they daily writ to each other, there was one come to my hands, which, though negligently written, is so descriptive of the mode of their living together, and so characteristick of Swift's manner, that I am tempted to lay it before the publick. When he was disengaged, the Dean used to call in at the doctor's about the hour of dining, and their custom was to sit in a small back parlour *tête à tête*, and have slices sent them upon plates from the common room of whatever was for the family dinner. The furniture of this room was not in the best repair, being often frequented by the boarders, of which the house was seldom without twenty; but was preferred by the Dean as being more snug than the state parlour, which was used only when there was company. The subject of the poem, is an account of one of these casual visits.

" When to my house you come, dear Dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Through dirt and mire along the street,
You find no scraper for your feet;
At which you stamp and storm and swell,
Which serves to clean your feet as well.
By steps ascending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and ball,
With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
A sad uneasy parlour door,

Besmear'd

Besmear'd with chalk, and carv'd with knives,
(A plague upon all careless wives)
Are the next sights you must expect,
But do not think they are my neglect.
Ah that these evils were the worst!
The parlour still is farther curst.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.
How oft by turns have you and I
Said thus—" Let me—no—let me try—
" This turn will open it I'll engage"—
You push me from it in a rage.
Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, staring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens—in we go—
How glad are we to find it so!
Conquests through pains and dangers please,
Much more than those attain'd with ease.
Are you dispos'd to take a seat;
The instant that it feels your weight,
Out go its legs, and down you come
Upon your reverend deanship's bum.
Betwixt two stools 'tis often said,
The sitter on the ground is laid;
What praise then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if such there be,
At present nought but smoke we see.
" Come, stir it up"—" Ho! Mr. Joker,
How can I stir it without poker?"
" The bellows take, their batter'd nose
Will serve for poker, I suppose."
Now you begin to rake—alack
The grate has tumbled from its back—
The coals all on the hearth are laid—
" Stay, sir—I'll run and call the maid;
She'll make the fire again complete—
She knows the humour of the grate."
" Pox take your maid and you together—
This is cold comfort in cold weather."
Now all is right again—the blaze
Suddenly rais'd as soon decays.

Once

Once more apply the bellows—" So—
These bellows were not made to blow—
Their leathern lungs are in decay,
They can't even puff the smoke away."
" And is your reverence vext at that ?
Get up in God's name, take your hat ;
Hang them, say I, that have no shift ;
Come blow the fire, good doctor Swift.
If trifles such as these can tease you,
Plague take those fools that strive to please you.
Therefore no longer be a quarrel'r
Either with me, sir, or my parlour.
If you can relish ought of mine,
A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
You're welcome to it, and you shall fare
As well as dining with the mayor."
" You saucy scab—you tell me so—
Why, booby-face, I'd have you know
I'd rather see your things in order,
Than dine in state with the recorder.
For water I must keep a clutter,
Or chide your wife for stinking butter.
Or getting such a deal of meat,
As if you'd half the town to eat.
That wife of yours, the devil's in her,
I've told her of this way of dinner,
Five hundred times, but all in vain—
Here comes a rump of beef again :
O that that wife of yours would burst—
Get out, and serve the boarders first.
Pox take 'em all for me—I fret
So much, I shall not eat my meat—
You know I'd rather have a slice."
" I know, dear sir, you are not nice ;
You'll have your dinner in a minute,
Here comes the plate and slices in it—
Therefore no more, but take your place—
Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

END OF VOL. I.

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